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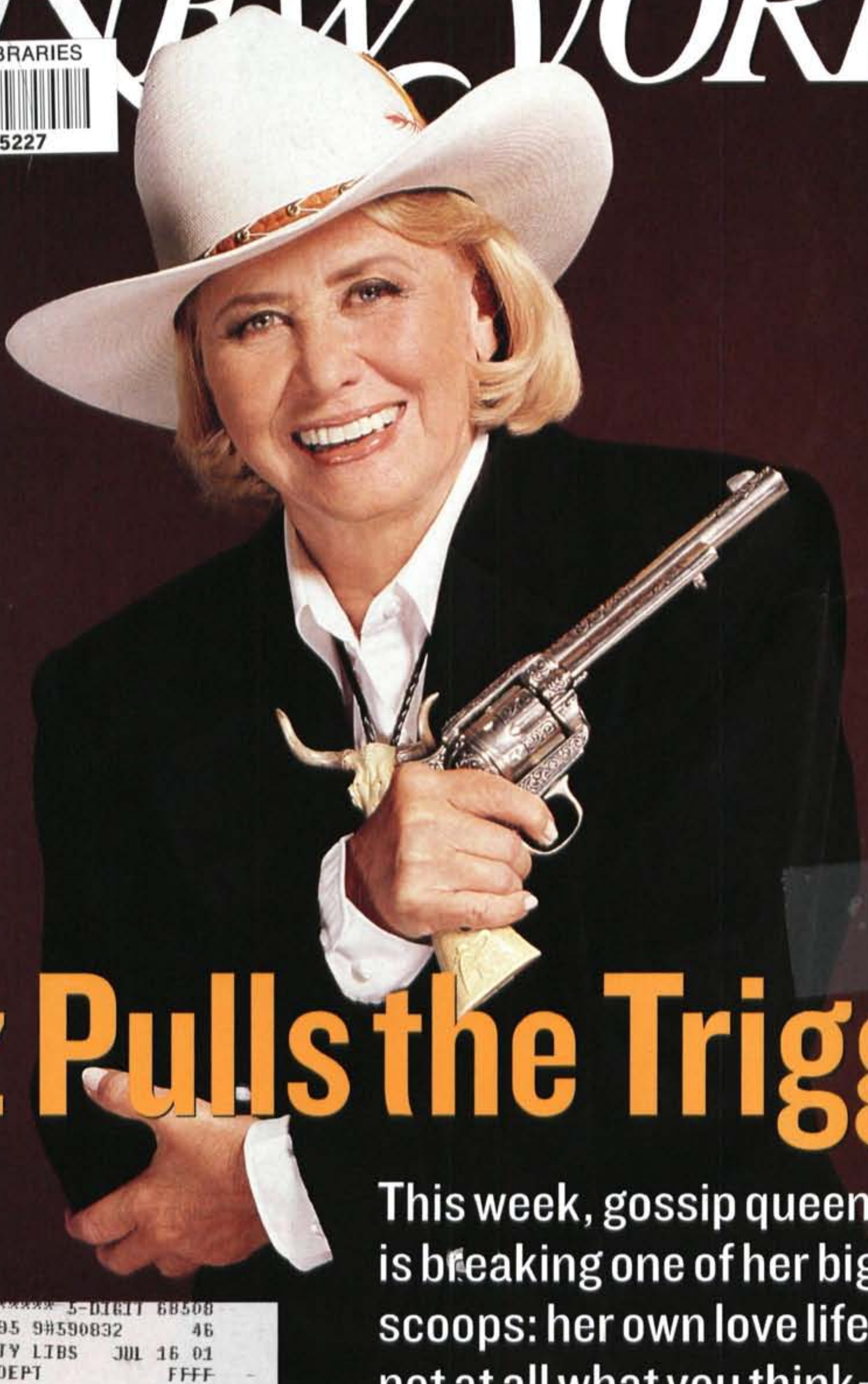

SEP 25 2000

Liz Pulls the Trigger

This week, gossip queen **Liz Smith** is breaking one of her biggest scoops: her own love life. And it's not at all what you think—*whatever* you think. **By Lisa DePaulo**

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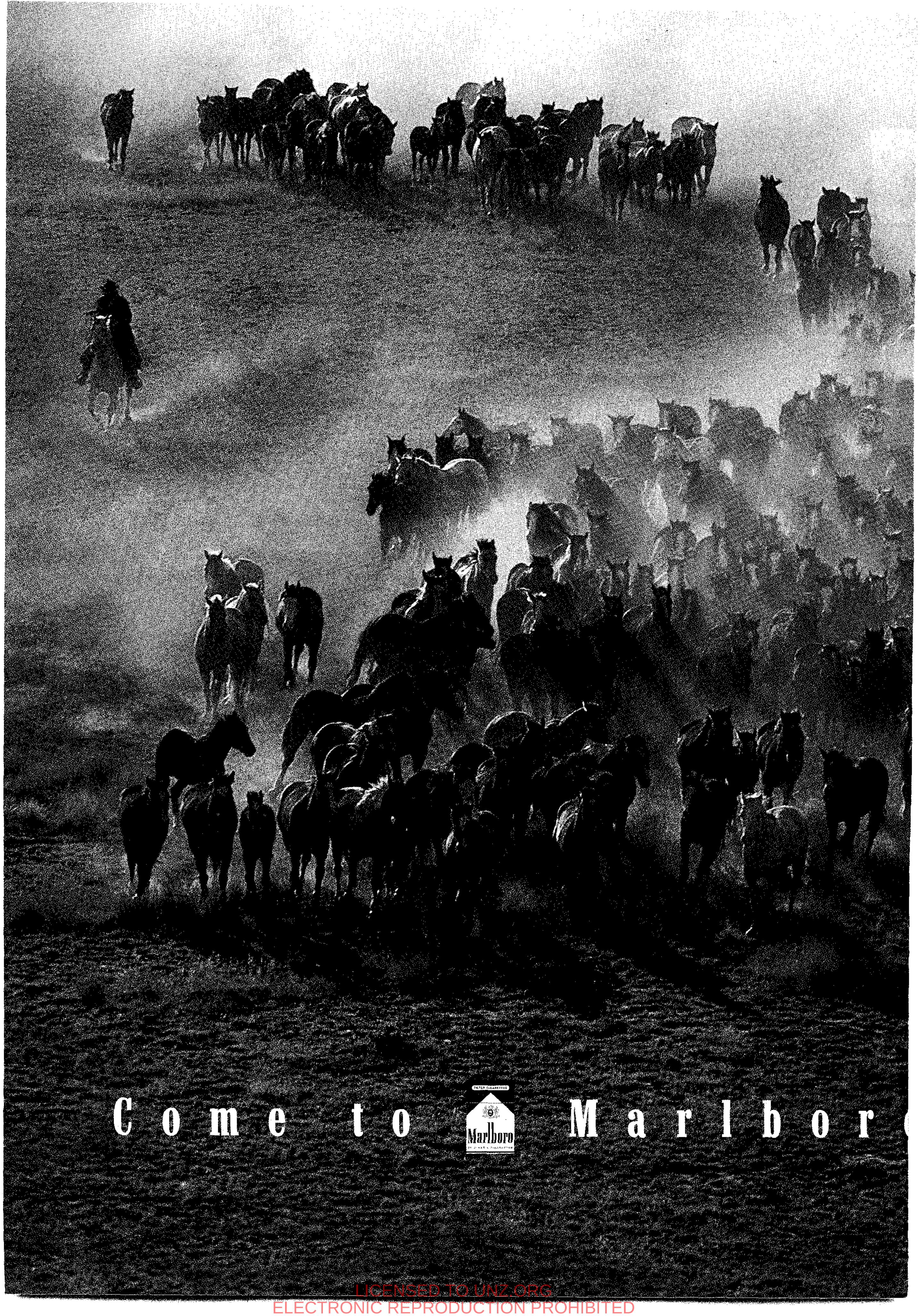

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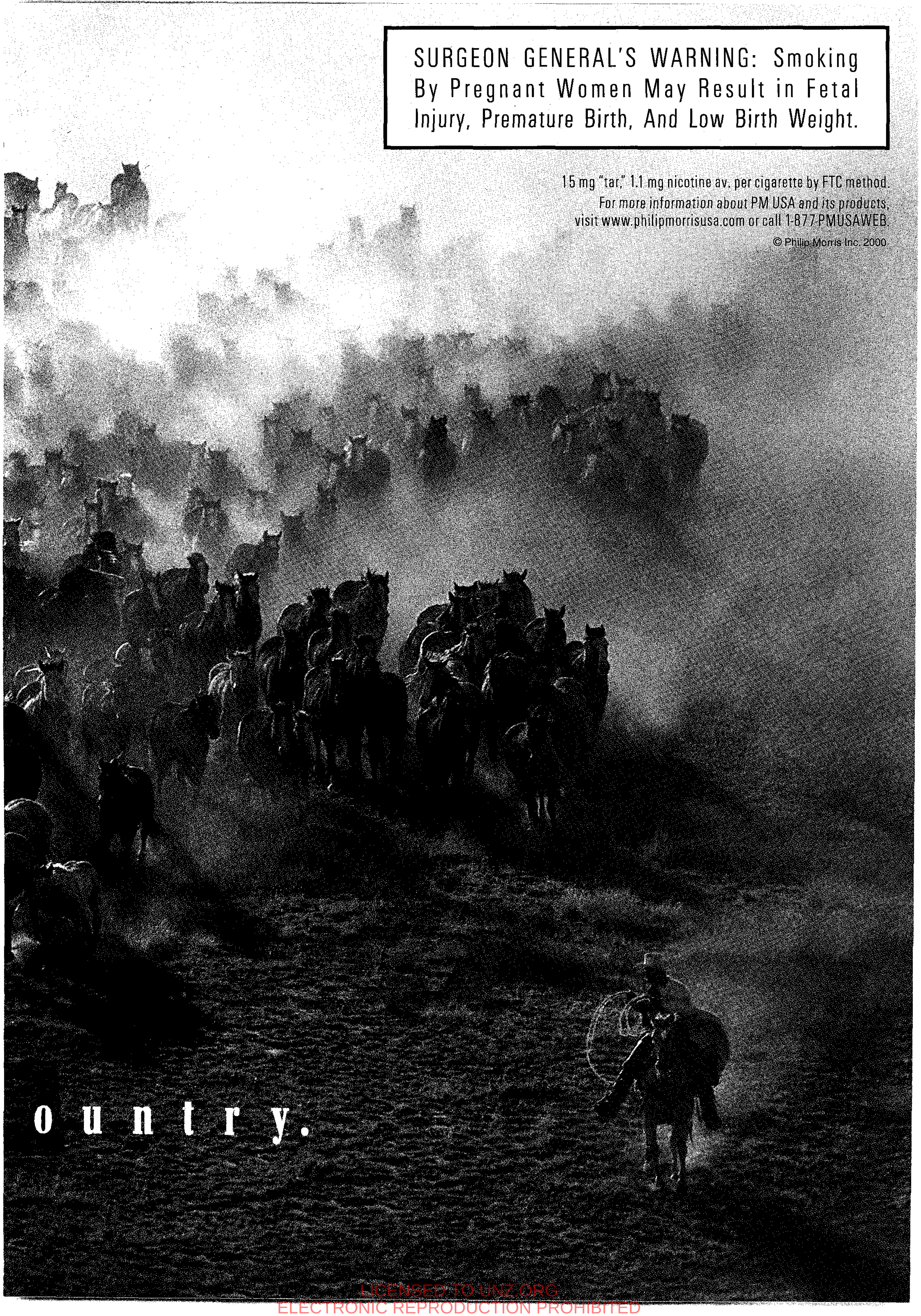

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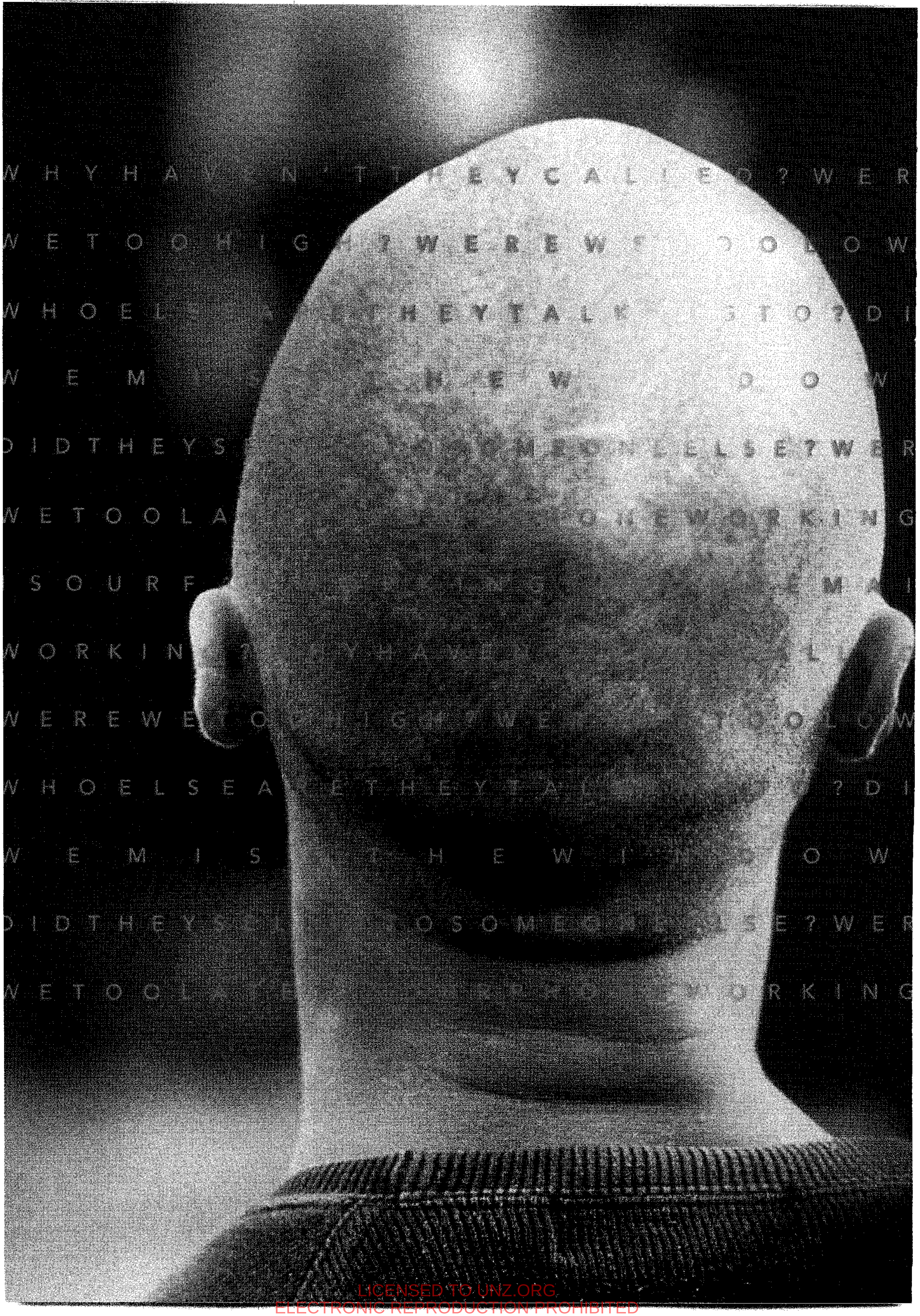
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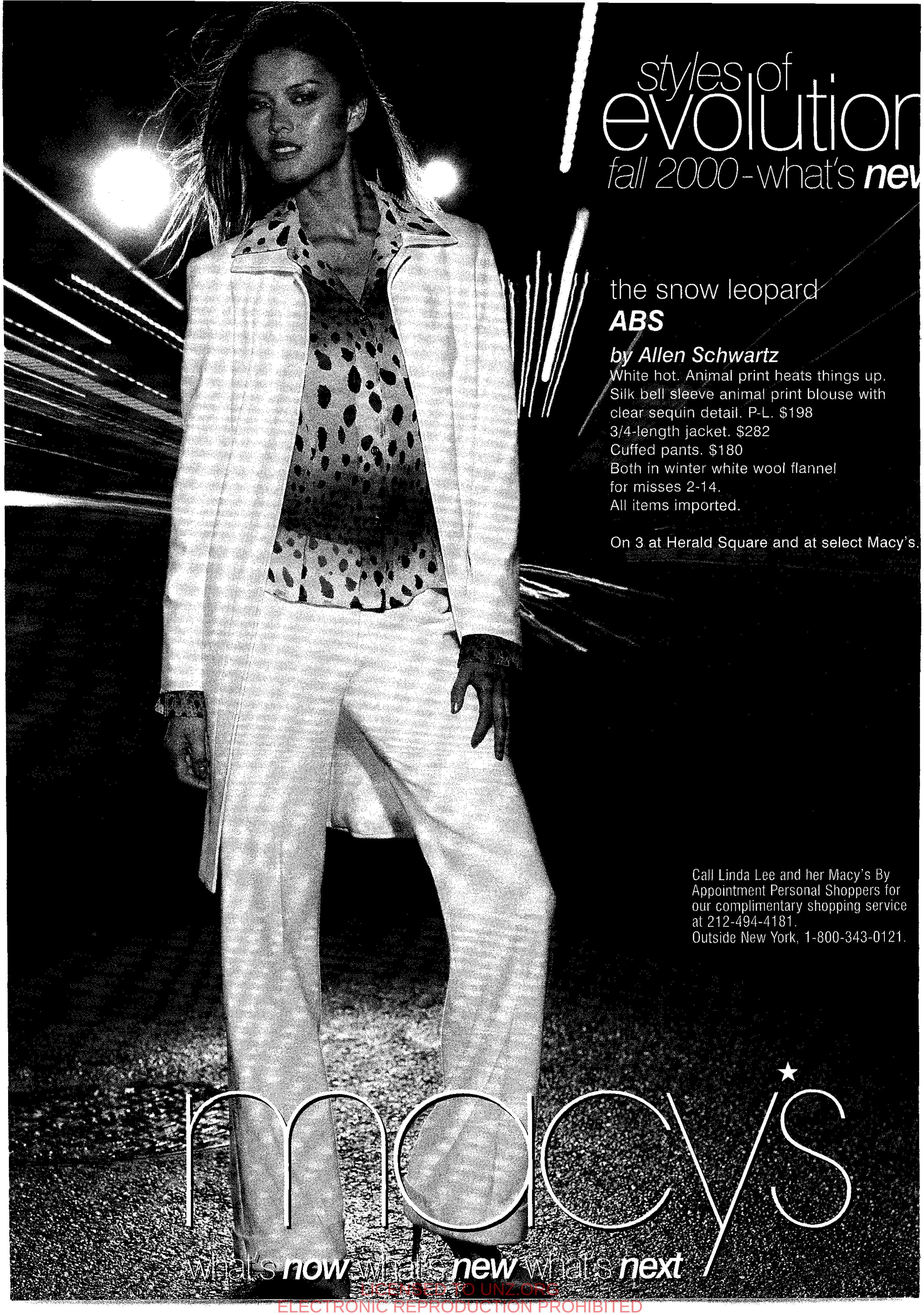
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"All this crap about 'coming out'! I don't think I have ever really been in."
LIZ SMITH, PAGE 34

Staten Island Advance
SPORTS
NEW YORK POST

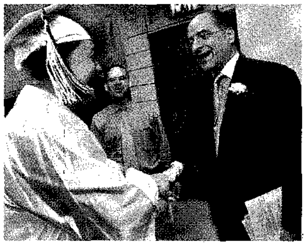
34 Straight Dope By Lisa DePaulo

After 50 years of prying into the personal affairs of celebrities, gossip columnist Liz Smith offers up her own in *Natural Blonde.* So is she, or isn't she? While her first, heartbreaking romance with a woman is included, so are more than a few affairs with men, some consummated, most not. Like the time she fell in love with Rock Hudson . . .

40 Dish du Jour By Maer Roshan

Put Liz Smith in a room with Jeannette Walls, Joanna Molloy, and Michael Musto, and the talk turns to the occupational hazards of gossip: being seduced by celebrities, getting burned by publicists, losing your friends—or your access. And, of course, how long Angelina and Billy Bob will last.

46 Head of the Class By Robert Kolker



We tend to see schools chancellors as tragic figures waiting to happen. But don't fret over Harold Levy just yet: The former Citigroup executive brings Fortune 500 bona fides and a network of powerful friends (not to mention his own apartment) to the task of fixing a system in disarray. And since being run out of town isn't an option, he's ready to go for broke.

52 Couch Trip By Steve Fishman

What's the most well-adjusted beach town in America? If it's August, it's Wellfleet, Massachusetts, where New York therapists retreat en masse to get *their* heads together. But the doctors who help patients find perspective for a living often find it hard to get in touch with their vacationing selves.

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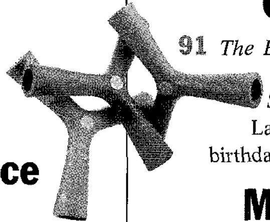

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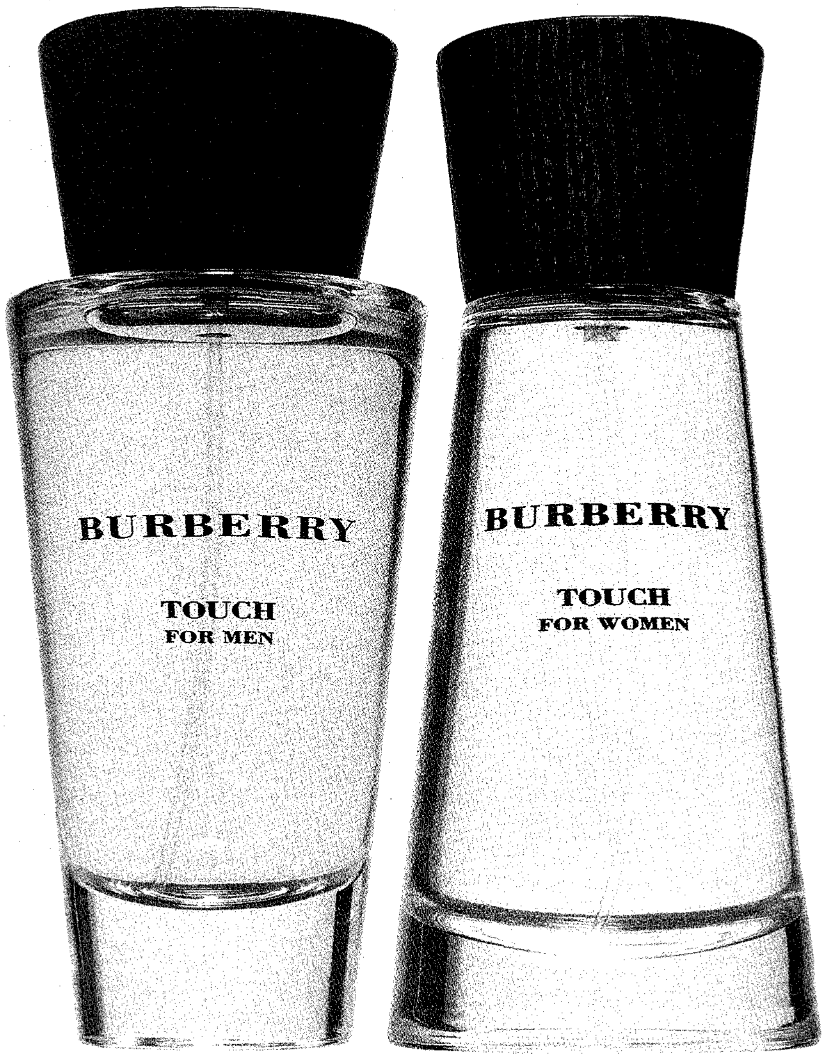

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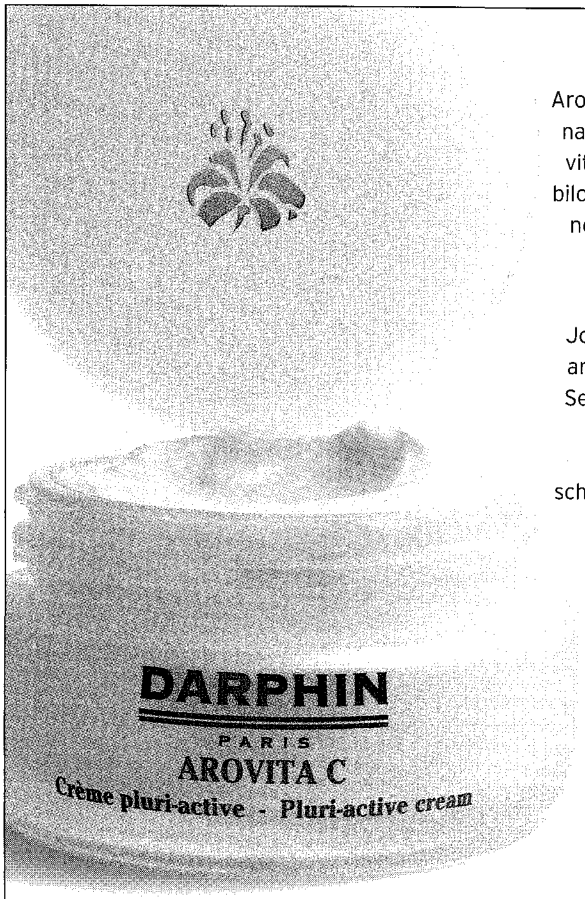

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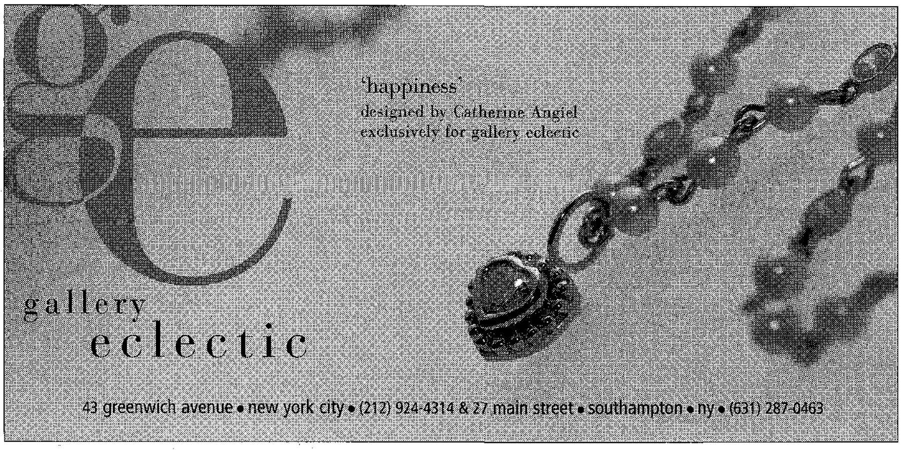

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LETTERS SEPTEMBER 25, 2000

Join the Club

Gore Vidal's illustrious enemies; why Republicans are good for the markets; choosing ice cream for the Chosen.

I'M DISTRESSED TO HAVE BEEN CAST into the well-inhabited Vidalian everlasting pit ["Vidal Statistics," by Logan Hill, September 11]. Norman Mailer has been thrown there. Truman Capote, Robert Kennedy, Harry Truman, William Buckley, Vidal's mother. Many of his onetime friends. All academics. His previous biographer. Editor. Agent. The New York *Times*. Even God. The latter I would think the least offending, unless of course God is responsible for Vidal. Which is possible but unlikely.

Fred Kaplan
BROOKLYN

Just Dandy

I'M GLAD SOMEONE HAS FINALLY REVEALED the identity of the mysterious Style Man from the New York *Times* Style section ["Gotham: A Cunning Subject," by Marion Maneker, September 11]. Patrick McDonald proves that to have a truly unique look, you need the guts to pull it off. I applaud Mr. McDonald for having a lot of guts.

Eric Marin
THE BRONX

Shooting the Bull

BY TRUMPETING A RISING STOCK MARKET IF Gore is elected and a meltdown under Bush, James Cramer's September 11 "Bottom Line" column ["Bull and Gore"] continued to fit the pattern of bull from a Bull. With his own stock, TheStreet.com, trading near $8 now from its $50-to-$60 post-IPO range, he cannot run on his record. He says the market's run in the Clinton years is thanks to the Democrats, yet a look at stock charts shows that in Clinton's first two years, with a Democratic Congress, the market rose almost 7 percent per year. However, since the '94 Republican Congress, the market has risen more than 15 percent a year.

Ray Weisner
MANHATTAN

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Food Fight

I'M ALL FOR TODD ENGLISH'S INVADING OUR shores ["The English Invasion," by Robin Raisfeld, September 11]. He makes some of the best food in America, hands down. What I can't figure out is why you failed to mention the flagship Olives' poor service. They don't take reservations. When I walked in the door, they wondered out loud if that night's wait would be the usual two hours. Calling him Boston's Danny Meyer is an insult to Meyer and the extraordinary care he shows for his customers. I hope that as English moves to the national capital of restaurant arrogance and hostility, he and his staff will leave their attitudes behind.

Ron Lieber
BROOKLYN

Who Knew?

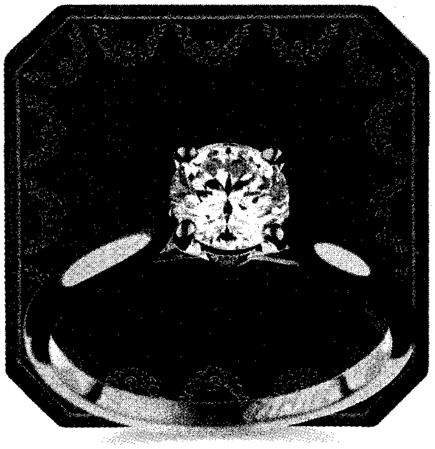
ANY SELF-RESPECTING 5-YEAR-OLD CAN tell you that the Dr. Seuss characters who populate his floating speck of dust are denizens of Whoville—not Hoo-ville, as you have it in your Fall Preview issue ["Theater," by Logan Hill]. Hoo are your fact-checkers? But, having just seen *Seussical* in Boston, I can tell you that it's more like Why (bother)–ville.

Eric Spence
BROOKLYN

Cool Reception

IN TARA MANDY'S BLURB ON KOSHER ICE cream ["Cue Restaurants: Scoop du Jour," August 8], she asks, "But how does it taste?" A quick walk down the freezer aisle in my local supermarket yielded the fact that most flavors of the following national brands of ice cream are certified kosher: Ben & Jerry's, Breyers, Dolly Madison, Edy's, Good Humor, Häagen-Dazs, Nestlé, Starbucks, Turkey Hill. In light of the above, I suspect almost everyone who has eaten ice cream indeed already knows what kosher ice cream tastes like. (One may wonder, however: What does nonkosher ice cream taste like?)

Sandra L. Mallenbaum
PLAINVIEW, N.Y.



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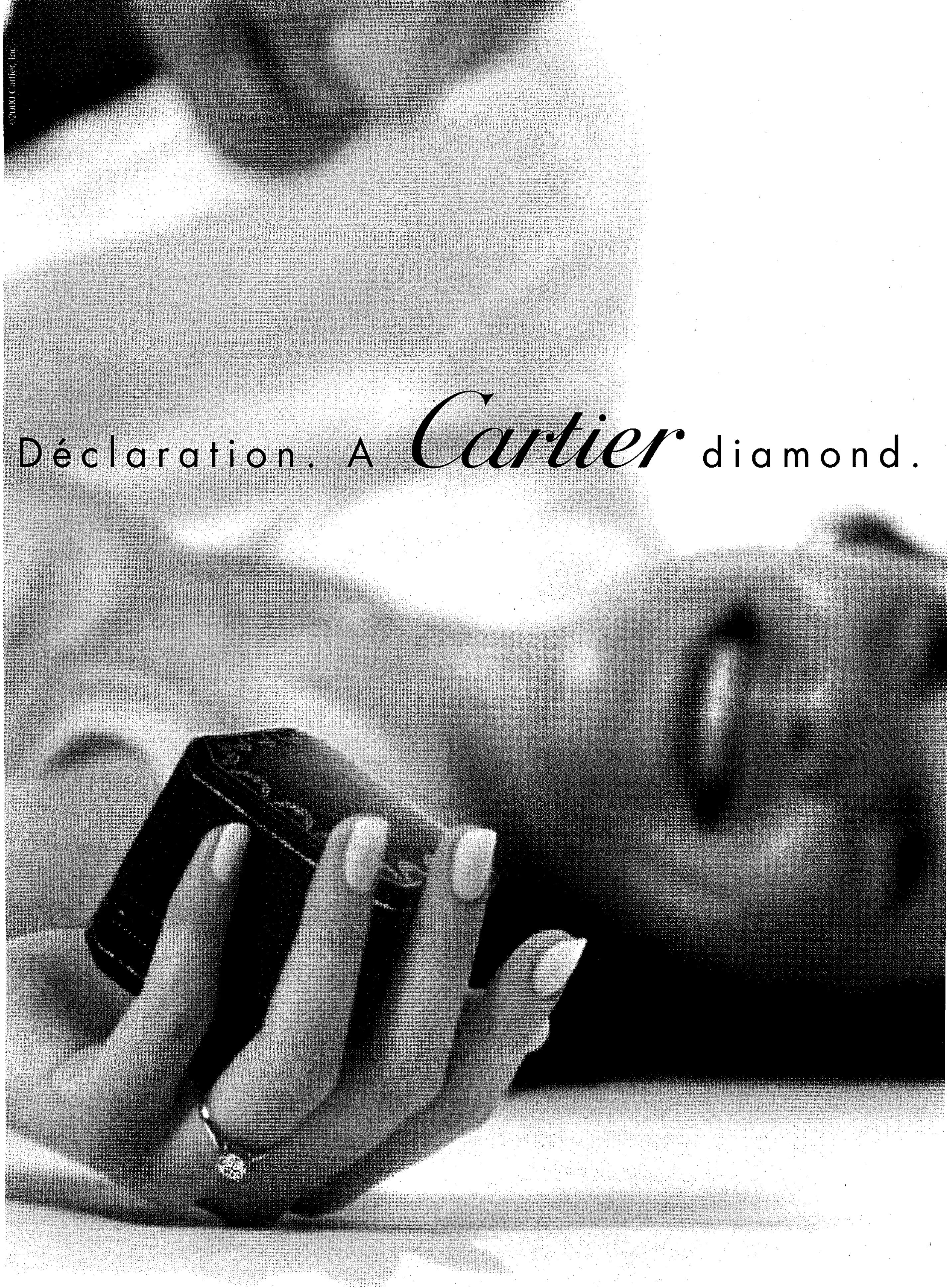
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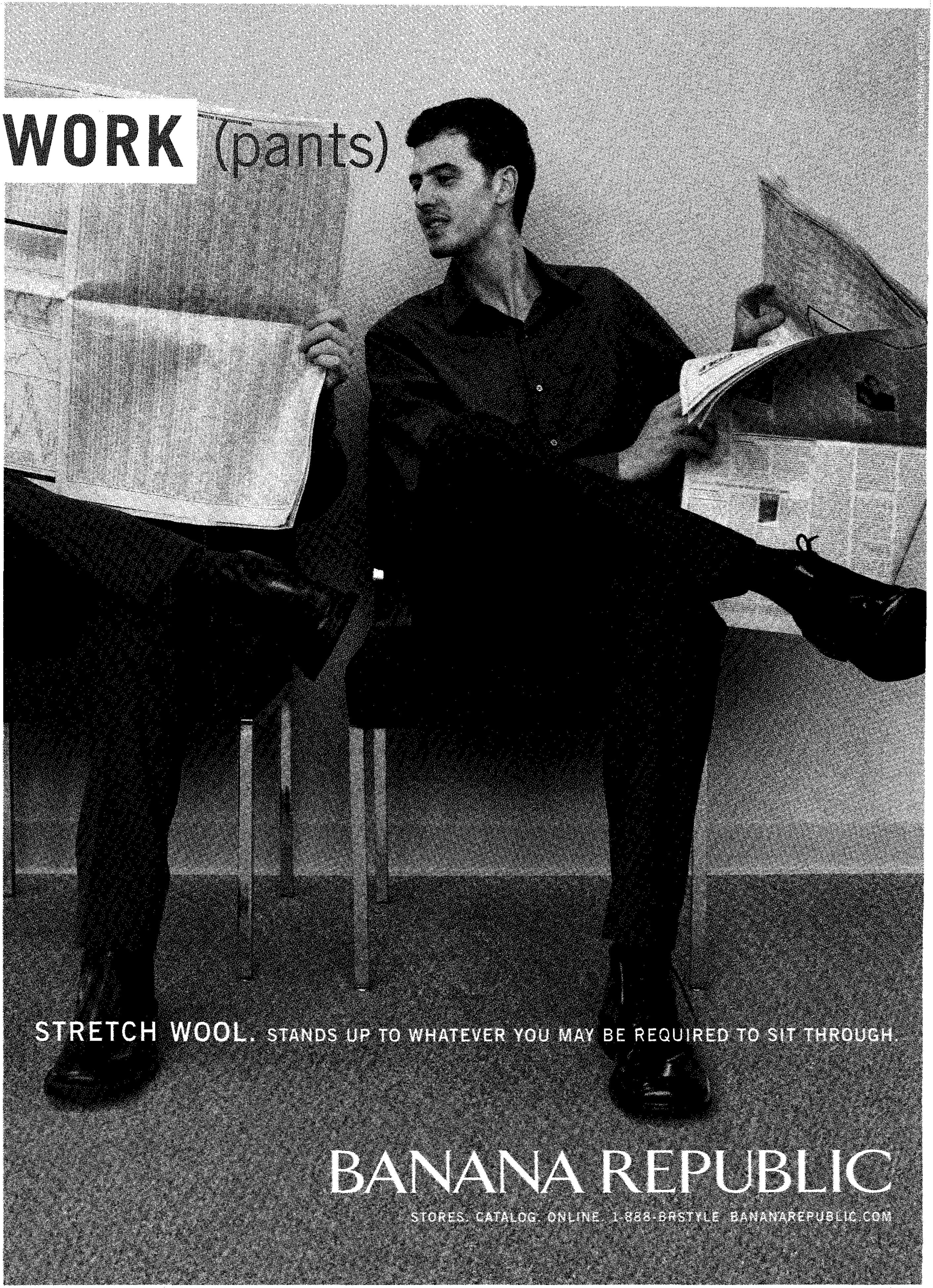
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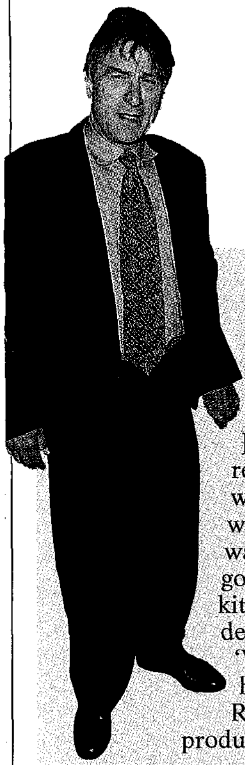
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND IAN SPIEGELMAN

INTELLIGENCER



ROBERT DE NIRO'S ANIMAL MAGNETISM

The chemistry between **Robert De Niro** (pictured) and **Ben Stiller** in Universal Pictures' *Meet the Parents* is nothing compared to the electrifying action between the great actor and a cat known as "Mr. Jinx." At the film's premiere party at the TriBeCa Grand last week, director **Jay Roach** described the animal attraction: "When we started working, [De Niro] told me about a relationship he'd had with a woman who had a cat, where he became so connected to the cat that it was almost as important as the woman." The legendary thespian even got involved in casting just the right feline, Roach told us, and the lucky kitty who landed the job was rewarded by becoming one of De Niro's dearest friends. "He kept insisting that it be part of the scene. He'd say, 'Where's the cat?' He developed such a relationship with that cat that he'd have whole conversations with it while we were filming." But, Roach adds, don't look for all that friendly furry footage in the final product. "It started to make him look insane, so we couldn't use it."

MIRAMAX AXES ITS WAY TO THE FUTURE

The cozy homespun approach that made Miramax unique will soon be studio history. According to one insider, the House of **Harvey Weinstein** will be laying off about 100 staff members in an ongoing plan to outsource as much pre- and postproduction work as possible. Just fired was the studio's entire in-house creative-advertising department, including its veteran head, **John Fahy**—whose long stint had earned him the nickname "Mayor of Miramax." Also gone is **Chip Farnham**, the longest-serving editor in the studio's history. The tipster tells us that 20 to 25 people on staff have already fallen by the wayside, and that most of them couldn't afford the blow. "They fired a lot of people who it made no sense to fire," says the tipster, "people making $20,000 or $30,000 a year, living paycheck to paycheck. It's pretty screwed up that *Scary Movie* just broke all these records and these people are getting canned." John Fahy declined to comment on the situation, while Farnham said simply, "It was an inevitable progression of events, and it was interesting to watch it happen." A rep for Miramax did not return calls.

ANOTHER PIECE OF HER HEART FOR SALE

If you want to read the innermost thoughts of a pre-famous Janis Joplin, get your checkbook ready. This week on eBay, the ex-wife of **Peter DeBlanc**, one of Joplin's ex-lovers, will auction off 64 letters the singer wrote him in 1965. The missives, which offer insight into the last few semi-normal moments of Joplin's life, were written over a six-month period while she was living with her parents in her hometown of Port Arthur, Texas, and attending school at Lamar Tech—where, the letters reveal, she scored a 99 for an essay on social problems. Joplin also related such suburban scenes as decorating her sister's car for homecoming and watching the Royal Ballet with her mother. But Joplin already had the makings of a rock-and-roll tragedy: She writes of using everything from pot and booze to meth and LSD, even describing the tracks on her arms. Music aficionados will be interested in those passages where Joplin details her powerful obsession with blues and rock, and her conviction that she possessed a unique gift. And since drugs and rock are nothing without sex, Joplin's letters also touch

OPPONENT THINKS SILVER IS WASTED

State Assembly hopeful **Raymond Dowd** thinks something stinks in the portfolio of Speaker **Sheldon Silver** (pictured). Dowd—the Green Party's candidate for Silver's 62nd District seat—believes he's found a hot issue in the fact that Silver owns stock in Waste Management, Inc. After Silver led the charge to have the Fresh Kills landfill closed by 2002, WMI bagged approximately $200 million worth of city contracts as part of the interim disposal plan to transport our trash out of state. "It's an outrage that Silver is speculating in this stock while the city has no viable disposal plan," says Dowd. Defending Silver is former NYPIRG advocate **Larry Shapiro**, who helped draft the 1996 bill ordering the Fresh Kills shutdown: "To attack Silver on solid-waste issues is the height of idiocy." Though Silver was lauded for sealing the fate of Fresh Kills, the city's interim waste-disposal plan has been riddled with problems: State Attorney General **Eliot Spitzer** filed suit against the city for violating a state law requiring an environmental-impact review, and WMI is under investigation in Connecticut on allegations of price fixing and collusion. Silver's rep brushes Dowd aside, saying, "It's a very sad commentary that a third-party candidate is using any means necessary to get his name in the paper."

Photographs: top, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; bottom, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos.

on her experiments with lesbianism. The correspondence is expected to net as much as $300,000.

PETA'S PIPERS: PRINCE, BERNHARD

Fashion Week is upon us, which means lots of twiggy models, tiffs between designers, and over-the-top antics from the folks at PETA. While the animal-rights group wouldn't tell us if they planned on repeating last season's pie-throwing stunts, they did reveal how they intend to celebrate their twentieth anniversary. Alongside **Todd Oldham**, **Sandra Bernhard** (pictured) will be hosting an "Antidote to Fashion Week" bash at Spa on Thursday, where she will perform the tune "Undressed," an ode to shedding one's high-end garments in favor of life in the buff. Bernhard tells us she imagines the party will be "much subtler than the standard PETA fare, unless **Anna Wintour** storms in and heaves a bucket of paint at someone's rubber shoes." Fashionistas invited will get a sneak preview of Bernhard's song when they receive the invitation, which comes with a CD featuring her ditty, along with a tune **Prince** wrote for the occasion titled "Animal Kingdom." In his song, Prince dispenses such invaluable counsel as "We're all members of the animal kingdom / Leave your brothers and sisters in the sea." Sounds like good advice to us.

'N SYNC SUIT: IT'S GOTTA BE HIM

'N Sync's tour manager has been using his boy band's success to throw his weight around—or has he? When **Abraham Duarte** recently phoned the P.R. house of Harrison and Shriftman asking that he and the band be put on the list for *Jane* Magazine's MTV Music Awards after-party, the publicists happily complied. The kids, however, failed to arrive, and Duarte didn't show, either. But a strange man claiming Duarte had put him on the list appeared at the door, and he was politely directed toward the curb. The next morning, a fellow identifying himself as Duarte left a message with Harrison and Shriftman saying, in part, "You fucked up big time last night! You also fucked with **Jane Pratt**, because she wanted an autographed picture of the band, and now she's not gonna get one. I don't even want to hear from you people!" A Jive Records rep claims that the entire episode was perpetrated by a Duarte impersonator. The publicists counter that they had spoken to the real Duarte at the award-show rehearsal and at Trump International by dialing numbers the so-called imposter had given them. When we asked the Jive flack if we could speak to Duarte and judge for ourselves, we were told, "He's a pretty busy guy. He doesn't even speak to the press." Breaks our hearts.

SCHRAGER EXPANDS; CHUCK D. GOES D.C.

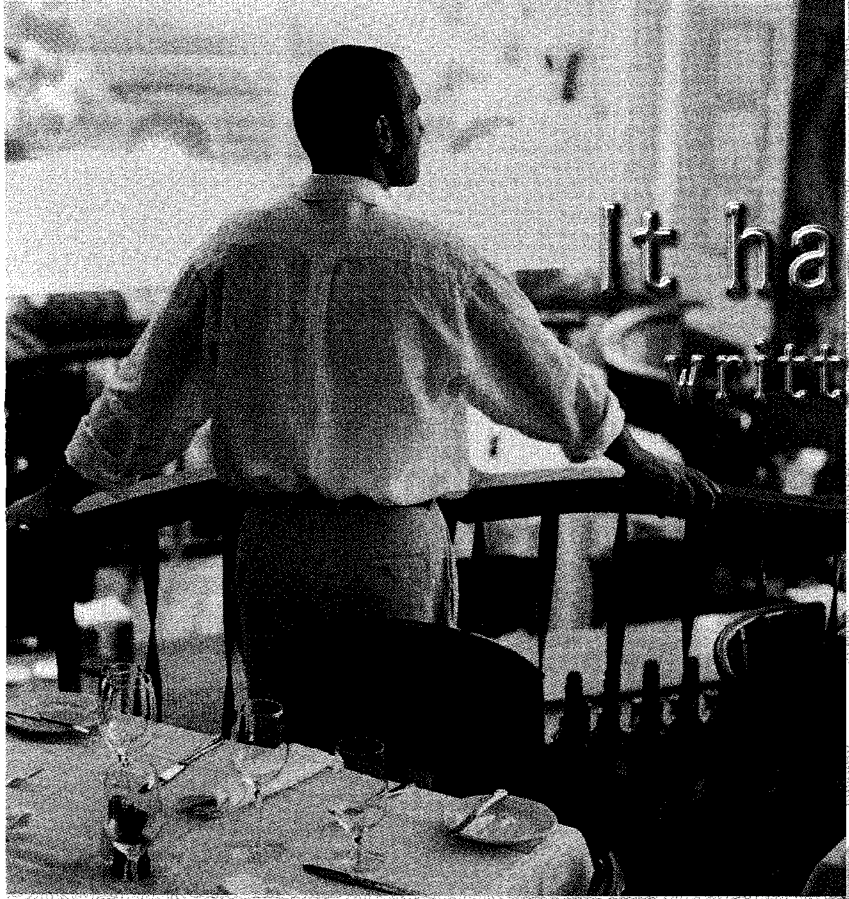
DELANO DELUXE: News from Miami: **Ian Schrager** is racing to get his Delano ready to take on the competition from the soon-to-be-opened Shore Club and the upscale Setai hotel. Schrager has purchased the National Hotel next door and will convert the forties Art Deco building into a Delano annex, with 160 new **Philippe Starck**–designed rooms plus an expanded spa, twice the oceanfront area, and a second pool. The plans also include fifteen apartments, restaurants, and a nightclub. **FIGHT THE POWER?** You know times have changed when the staunch chaps at the *Wall Street Journal* turn to a Public Enemy to better understand policy in the cyber age. For their Technology Summit 2000, a New Economy conference set for October, the paper invited fiercely liberal rapper **Chuck D** to spend a day at the Ronald Reagan Building in Washington, D.C., to discuss the music industry's view of the Internet. So now Chuck D—whose raps have long documented his loathing for the white-collar Establishment—will be followed to the podium by one of the country's more established white collars: Treasury Secretary **Lawrence H. Summers**.

INTERNATIONAL BODY IN TOPLESS BAR

Some of the dignitaries in town for the U.N.'s Millennium Summit certainly agreed on one thing: They like half-naked women. According to a source, the East Side flesh temple Scores had a summit of its own when diplomats from Saudi Arabia, Trinidad and Tobago, Australia, and various former members of the Soviet Union showed up. "It was like International Week," says the tipster. "Security guys were casing the joint, with little white earpieces. It looked like an electronics convention." According to the spy, the peacemakers all found their way to the famed "Champagne Room," where they took in the entertainment alongside the likes of **Oscar De La Hoya** and **Ice-T**. While the Saudi Arabian contingent spent the most money—"easily a few thousand," says the source—Trinidad and Tobago might have supplied the highest-ranking official, someone the other dignitaries kept referring to as "prime minister." We called Trinidad's mission to the U.N. and asked if **Basdeo Panday** had in fact put in an appearance at the pleasure palace, and were told that he was not at Scores but, rather, "fully engaged in matters of state." Saudi Arabia's mission didn't return calls. As for Australia, a rep categorically denied that any members of the Millennium delegation set foot in Scores, theorizing, "It could have been members of the Australian media—who have spoken fondly of Scores in the past."

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Abbey Goodman.

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Patrick McMullan



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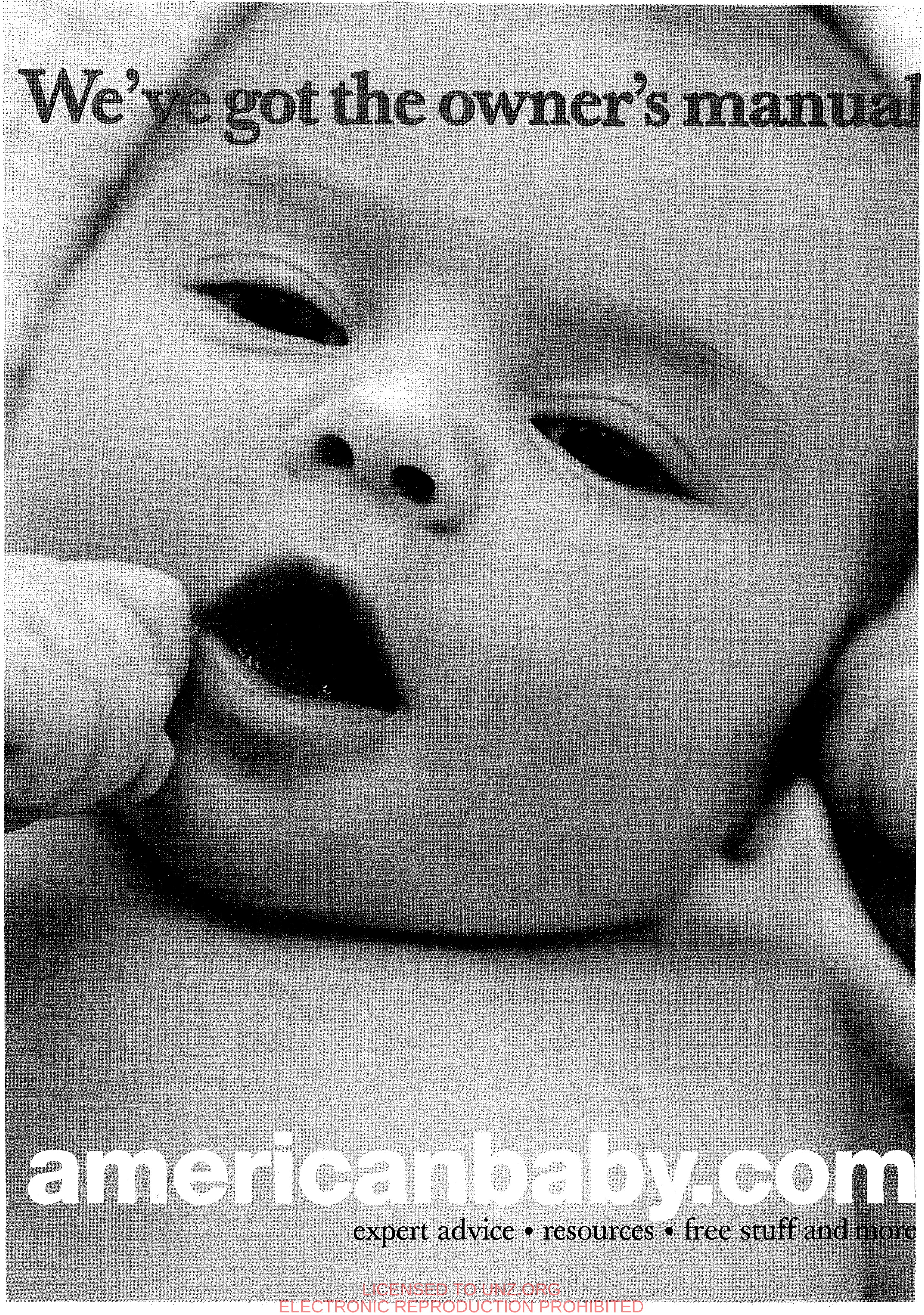
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IF YOU FALL DOWN, SOMEONE WILL PICK YOU UP BY YOUR WALLET—*AL MCGUIRE*

GOTHAM

Protection Racket

To combat Napster pirates, music labels are adding unexpected sounds to the mix.

CALL IT THE "NOISE ANnoys" theory: In an effort to avoid the Napster-ized fate of new albums by Madonna, the Wallflowers, and Radiohead, music stars and their record companies are adding irritating sounds, lapses in volume, or outright statements of ownership to advance CDs sent out to industry insiders, radio programmers, and rock critics.

The labels argue that such low-tech means of keeping bootleggers at bay—Prince Paul used the sound of braying goats, De La Soul had the names and affiliations of journalists spoken aloud, Fatboy Slim utilized precisely timed drops in volume—yields music that is less appetizing to the millions who could download it from the dreaded San Mateo, California–based file-sharing service.

"You've got to create a deterrent so you don't have an early version of an artist's work ending up on Napster," says Errol Kolosine, general manager of Astralwerks, home to Fatboy Slim, the Chemical Brothers, and Air. Kolosine hopes that journalists won't be too peeved by the numerous drops in volume on each advance copy of Fatboy Slim's upcoming album, *Halfway Between the Gutter and the Stars*—which, by the way, are noted by the minute and second at the Astralwerks office should they end up on Napster. "For the most part, we have a healthy relationship with journalists," Kolosine muses, "but a few people think they're smarter than everybody else." He allows himself a crafty cackle. "We'll show them that we can be just as devious as anyone else."

For its recent release *Art Official Intelligence* on Tommy Boy, De La Soul devised an even more insidious plan aimed at smarty-pants scribes: personalized advance CDs with the repeated message "This is the property of . . ." The Orwellian measure was devised by the group after the bootlegging of both label-mate Prince Paul's *A Prince Among Thieves* and their own *Buhloone Mindstate*—even though advance copies were marked with barnyard noises. "A lot less material ended up on the Net because of it," says Tommy Boy marketing rep Ian Steaman. Critics' reactions to hearing their own names repeated mantralike on a hip-hop CD were mixed. "Some people thought it was kind of funny, some were honored to have their name on the album, and some really bitched about it," Steaman admits, adding that even Tommy Boy staff members received personal-

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POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

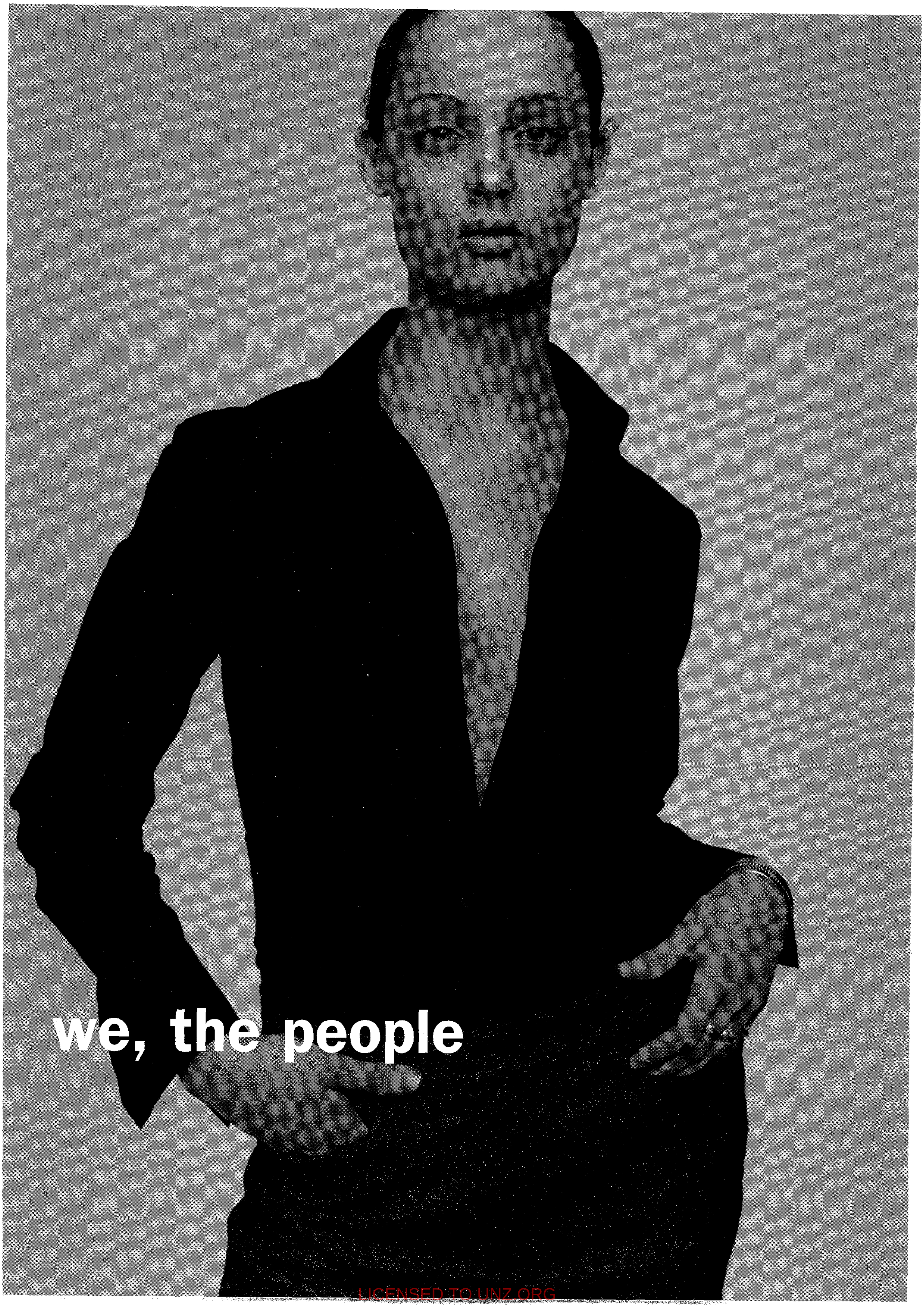
"Sign this pledge" was big hit with the tabloids, but tough-guy debate tactics score overall minus. Whoa, dude—like, chill with the negativity! ○

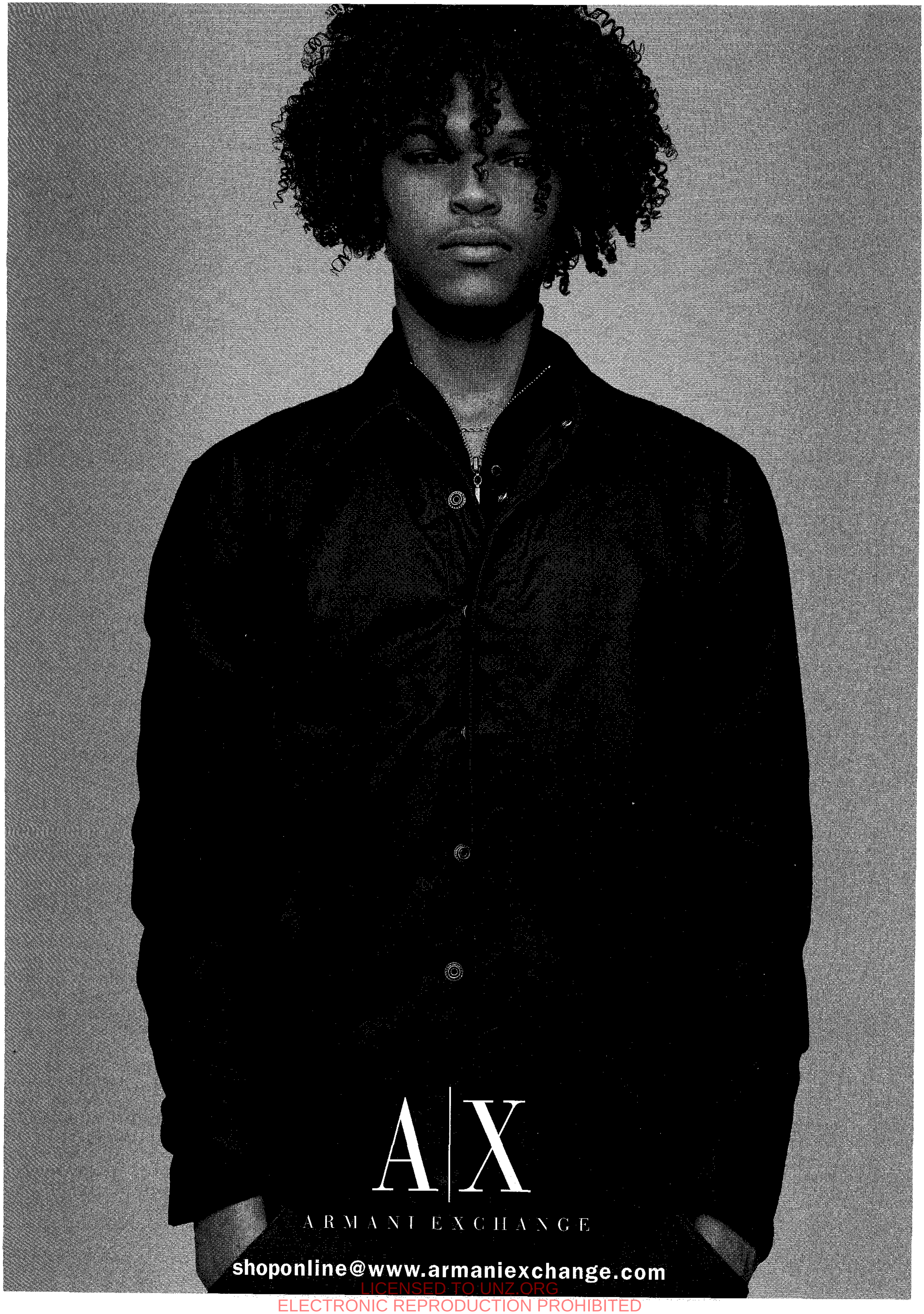
Hey, guess who shook Arafat's hand? And no forced, Rabin-style stiffie: big-bro power shake. There goes the Suha ad. ○

Pundits chose Rick, natch, but early post-debate focus groups say it's all Hill. One thing's fer shure—she got the degenerate gamblers' vote! ●

Friday appearance with Lieberman provides help with Jewish voters. And just in time for the Sabbath, too! ●

hotographs: Richard B. Levine (2). Illustrations: top, Peter Hoey; bottom, Ingo Fast.


we, the people



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Protection *continued from page 17*

ized copies: "A lot of times in the music industry you'll have a situation where people are saying, 'I'll trade you the new De La Soul for the new Dr. Dre.' "

Blak Shawn, an A&R rep at hip-hop label Rawkus, concurs with Steaman about the "inside" nature of leaks. "It could come from someone at the studio, or an assistant at a label might 'lose' a copy and it could end up in the wrong hands." After music from rapper Big L's posthumous debut appeared on Napster before its late-August release date, Blak Shawn had a long, phenomenally irritating message—"This is the property of Rawkus, Talib Kweli, D.J. Hi-Tek, and Reflection Eternal"—recorded on advance copies of rapper Talib Kweli's upcoming album. He took further measures in a recent studio session with hip-hoppers Mos Def, Nate Dogg, and Pharoahe Monche: "I stood over the engineer and watched him dump the file into the trash on the computer."

At least one act appears to be conceding the inevitability of bootlegging. The arty British rockers Radiohead scored lots of press for refusing to send out advance copies of their upcoming *Kid A*, out October 3 on Capitol Records. Instead, Capitol scheduled listening sessions at the IMAX theater and allowed journalists to hear the album on the Sony-developed Music Clip, a small, penlike device that is supposed to securely hold up to 120 minutes of music. Yet early last week, several tracks from *Kid A* were available for download on Napster, according to Radiohead spokesperson Steve Martin. "Someone I know compared it to *Survivor,*" he says ruefully. "So between us, Madonna, and the Wallflowers, I guess we won."

ETHAN BROWN

FASHION

Show and Sell

At Bendel's open call, unknown designers try to make the cut.

Photographs by Brian Finke

ALTHOUGH NO ONE WAS CLUTCHING A head shot, the line snaking around Henri Bendel last Wednesday looked like a cattle call for *Sex and the City* extras. But the fashionable folk struggling with garment bags, rolling suitcases, and hatboxes outside the venerable department store weren't there to act alongside Sarah Jessica Parker. They were there to dress her—well, someday. More than 400 up-and-coming designers lined up as early as 5:30 A.M., invited (via ads in *WWD*) to present their clothing, accessories, beauty, and home lines to buyers from each department. The new-talent bazaar, on an eight-year hiatus until this year, is where Anna Sui, Todd Oldham, and Susan Lazar were discovered.

Cigmond, a milliner wearing a top hat adorned with silk scallions, had hopes of similar Seventh Avenue success. "I've gotten good response from SoHo boutiques," she said. "But not many can handle my price point"—she asks up to $600 for her fruit- and vegetable-decorated hats. The store was undecided. Ling-Shan Li's printed-silk dresses are already sold in Saks, Takashimaya, and Zao. The designer insisted that they also belonged in Henri Bendel, and the buyers agreed. Bridget Daly Gerety took the day off from her photo-editor gig at *Scientific American*. "I can stand rejection," she said bravely, bear-hugging a garment bag full of silk charmeuse. Good thing: "I didn't even finish pulling it all out of the bag," she lamented later.

Jessie Della Femina, 15, joined the group at 11 A.M. "I just got out of French class," the Spence student (and Jerry's daughter) said breathlessly. "I've only been doing this for four months!" Bendel's snapped up her resortwear sarongs. What's she planning next? "I have to finish high school," sighed the debut designer, with a glance at her mom.

KRISTINA RICHARDS

POLITICS

Maybe *Hillary* Invented the Internet

PRESIDENT CLINTON IS FAMOUS FOR PEPPERING HIS CONVERsation and speeches with references to scholarly books on economics and politics. When the occasion demands, he can do science too. On a recent Friday, introducing the First Lady at a Silicon Alley fund-raiser for the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee at a downtown penthouse, he mentioned *Nonzero*, Robert Wright's book on evolution, as he made the point that the New Economy need not be a zero-sum game. Minutes later, Hillary Clinton stressed her commitment to New York State's technology sector and noted that "the pace of change will move forward in an almost geometric progression." When the Clintons weren't playing to the Alley, the Alley played to them: Most of the $1,000-a-head crowd traded their khakis for suits, and people who usually talk about recontextualizing business almost giddily lined up for presidential handshakes, (nondigital) photo ops with Hillary, and the chance to hobnob over cocktails with Democratic senators Charles Schumer, Robert Torricelli, and Jay Rockefeller. Fifteen new Masters of the Universe, including Razorfish CEO Jeff Dachis, Digital Club Network founder Andrew Rasiej, and StarMedia CEO Fernando Espuelas, stayed for the $25,000-a-plate meal. "Hillary spent most of the dinner talking about linking Buffalo, Rochester, and New York so we could synergize the tech communities in those cities," said one Alley executive who ponied up the dough. "A lot of these people have never been in the presence of a senator before, much less a president, and all of a sudden, everyone knew a *lot* more about Buffalo and Rochester."

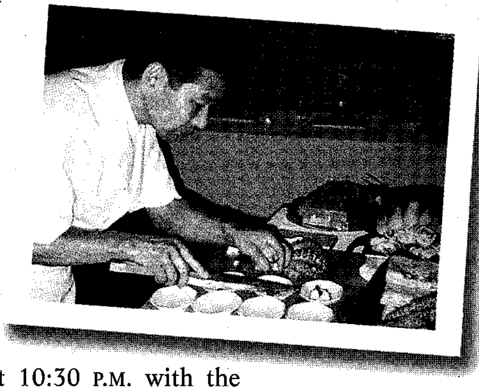
ROBERT LEVINE

RESTAURANTS

Raw Talent

For one night, Restaurant Daniel imports fish—and chef—from Japan.

IT WAS A FIRST IN THE HISTORY OF RESTAURANT Daniel: Nothing—or almost nothing—was cooked, and nobody drank wine. Daniel Boulud, who likes to throw the occasional late-night chefs' gathering, had assembled some of the most illustrious food names in town—including Charlie Palmer of Aureole, Alfred Portale of Gotham Bar & Grill, former and current Lespinasse chefs Gray Kunz and Christian Delouvrier, Andrew Carmellini of Cafe Boulud, and Jean-Louis Dummonet of Palladin—to a private dinner. Katsuhisa Hasegawa, a longtime Daniel diner, flew in sushi master Tadao Saito from his ten-seat restaurant on the island of Shikoku in the Inland Sea of Japan. Saito had shopped in the seafood market in Tokyo that morning and hopped a plane to New York with a bag full of iced fish.



The meal began at 10:30 P.M. with the toro, or belly meat—pale and rippling with fat—of a prized Japanese black tuna from the waters around Hokkaido. "These are difficult to catch," Hasegawa advised. "They are rare, like blue diamonds, and fetch the top price in the market." It was topped with julienned mountain potato dressed with soy sauce and a rare rice vinegar unavailable in the States. "Super-slimy and delicious," pronounced Carmellini.

Thus began a parade of courses served over the next four hours, punctuated with tall glasses of cold beer and shots of cool sake. Like out-of-towners oohing and aahing over bananas flambé, the New York chefs were fascinated with the wasabi that Saito ground by rubbing it against a piece of abrasive sharkskin. Portale mulled over the provenance of the Beluga and sea-urchin rolls. "I'm sure Beluga isn't Japanese," he said after a mouthful, "but in context, it's pretty convincing." The Fusion Award, however, was won by the foie gras sushi topped with daikon and chilies. Next up was the eel course, which turned the grand private dining room into a neighborhood sushi bar with the addition of a toaster oven plugged into a jury-rigged extension cord so the chef could broil his slices of baby eel.

It was nearly 2:30 A.M. when a smoky broth with bonito flakes and water-lily buds roused nodding heads. ("Sake goes down easy," Carmellini would report the next day. "Boy, am I hung over!") "I have an 8 A.M.," remembered Portale. "Kids' first day of school tomorrow," seconded Palmer. It was time for dessert—a serving of a single large Concord-like grape, the kyoho. "Religious experience" was the phrase that echoed down the table. Someone began to applaud. The others joined in. Everyone rose, and the claps swelled and then swelled some more. Saito let it wash over him, finally allowing a smile to cross his face. "Thirteen thousand miles is a long way to go in one day for ingredients," said Boulud, "but they were the right ones."

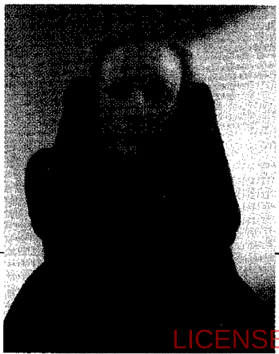
PETER KAMINSKY

ARTBYNUMBERS

Face Value

KEN WYNN, BROTHER OF LAS VEGAS HOTELIER STEVE WYNN, HAS already beaten out many other eager collectors with a $100,000 purchase of an Edward Steichen portrait of Greta Garbo from a group of Steichen photos that will be exhibited late in October at the Howard Greenberg Gallery in SoHo. These works by Steichen, who died at 94 in 1973 and shot for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* from 1923 to 1938, will be shown in a gallery for the first time in more than a generation. Twenty of the photographs have already been sold for nearly $1 million (at prices of $10,000 to $250,000 each) by Greenberg, who obtained them through his exclusive representation of the several-hundred-piece estate of Steichen's widow, Joanna. Expect more millions in sales—Steichens go for as much as $450,000—thanks in part to the indirect publicity push the Greenberg show will get from the major Steichen exhibit that opens at the Whitney Museum on October 5.

JOSH BAER



More art-world news can be found online at **baerfaxt.com.**

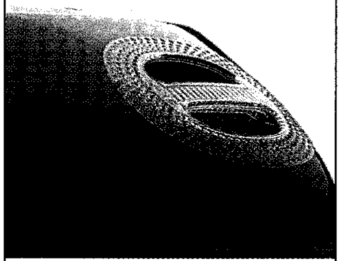
BRAND X

Sound Effects

BRAND: Apple **AGENCY:** TBWA Chiat/Day **CREATIVE DIRECTORS:** Ken Segall and Duncan Milner

WHO NEEDS JEFF GOLDBLUM? IN ITS new spots for the latest crop of iMacs, Apple dispenses with the actor whose mellifluous, gleeful voice-overs ushered in the very first Bondi Blue Little Computer That Could two years ago. To plug the new ruby-red model, Apple presents nothing more than slo-mo, close-up, panning shots of the iMac, set to the soundtrack of Dion's "Ruby Baby." The effect is simultaneously erotic—you won't find more worshipful camera work this side of a Herb Ritts celebrity photo shoot—and guilelessly charming. Each of the other new iMac flavors also gets its own 30-second spot and color-specific soundtrack (indigo gets Elvis's "Blue Suede Shoes"; snow gets Cream's "White Room"), while the new Apple Pro Mouse races around to Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild." No product specs, no testimonials, no nothing. No other major computer brand could afford to go this minimal, but 3.7 million sales later, we all *get* the iMac, so there's no need for narrative. Apple's already rewritten the rules of product design; now it's overhauled the visual vocabulary of the product pitch. You're supposed to imagine that when you take home an iMac, you're inviting a superstar—one worthy of its own music videos—to live with you. Since the new iMacs are basically the same as the old iMacs, just slightly faster and smarter, the company is simply selling what it has always sold best: the glamorous, seductive Apple mythology.

SIMON DUMENCO

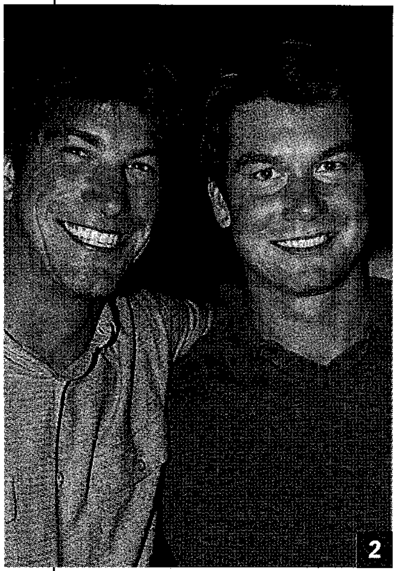


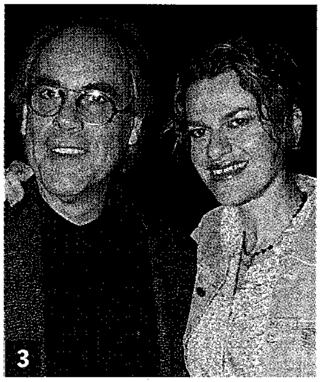
THE SCENE

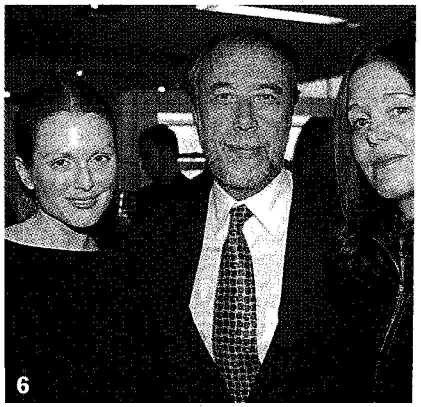
Fan-tasia

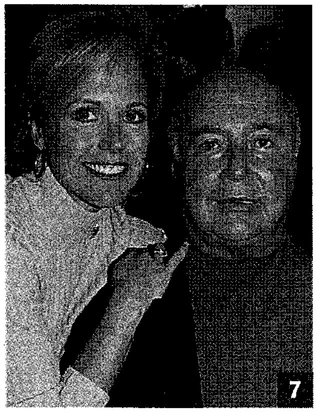
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

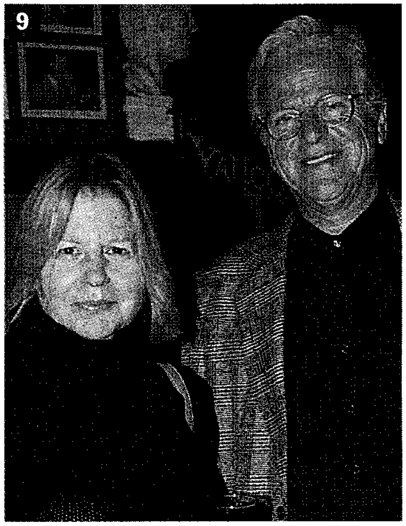
THE *ALMOST FAMOUS* MINGLED WITH THE ULTRAFAMOUS AT CENTRO-Fly after the September 11 premiere of Cameron Crowe's seventies-rock epic. Goldie Hawn, dressed in era-appropriate *Laugh-In* regalia—floral fringed dress, *faux*-fur collar, and sparkly sunglasses—held court in one of the roped-off VIP areas; Hawn's daughter, the film's starlet, Kate Hudson, stayed in character as she clung to boyfriend Chris Robinson of the Black Crowes. On the other side of the club, Crowe, Tim Robbins, and Billy Crudup clasped hands and posed for one another's I-Zone pictures. *SNL* star Jimmy Fallon interrupted the first-time introduction of his fan club—his folks—to his agent when he saw his hero Ethan Hawke pass by. "I loved *Hamlet,* man," gasped Fallon, before admitting that he was actually Hawke's No. 2 fan: "My college roommate was you from *Before Sunrise* for Halloween!" Harvey Weinstein, who must be a Crowe fan because his company had nothing to do with the film, overheard and patted Hawke on the back. Outside the VIP section, the film's star, 17-year-old Patrick Fugit, and two of his hometown pals from Salt Lake City looked about in awe. When asked if he was thinking of moving to the city, the teenager shook his head. "No way, man—New York would eat me alive!" KRISTINA RICHARDS











1. Patrick Fugit and Cameron Crowe at the *Almost Famous* premiere. 2. Charlie and Jerry O'Connell at the Playboy Lounge celebrating Kylie Bax's *Playboy* pictorial. 3. Robert Klein and Sandra Bernhard at the *New York* Magazine and Metro Channels party at Métrazur. 4. Queen Latifah and Isaac Hayes at the Lane Bryant fashion show, which was held at The Four Seasons. 5. Jimmy Carter, Muffie Potter Aston, Rosalynn Carter, and Sherrell Aston at the Aston home for a cocktail party in honor of the Carters. 6. Julianne Moore, Domenico De Sole, and Marin Hopper at the Gucci store opening and benefit party for Community Research Initiative on AIDS. 7. Katie Couric and Kal Ruttenstein at Bloomingdale's for the opening of Boulevard Four, benefiting the National Colorectal Cancer Research Alliance. 8. Karenna Gore Schiff at Radio City Music Hall for the MTV Video Music Awards. 9. Susan Cheever and Barry Golson at the *Yahoo! Internet Life* magazine party at Elaine's.

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REALTY BITES

Co-oped Up

Unlocking shareholder value.

EARLIER THIS YEAR, JED GARFIELD OF Leslie J. Garfield & Company got a call from the president of a five-unit co-op on the Upper East Side with a question: "What do you think we could get?" The board was interested in selling their building back into mansionhood (it was converted in 1975). "You're seeing it quite a bit because the whole is now worth more than its parts," Garfield says. Before the New Economy, the only way to save Manhattan's turn-of-the-last-century palazzi was to cut them up into affordable apartments; these mini-co-ops were a trend twenty years ago, but they often turned out to be economically unstable ("Few of them made it out of the early-nineties recession alive," says Robert Knakal of Massey Knakal Realty). Now there's a new threat: Today's rich folks want the mansions back. Douglas Elliman's Wilbur Gonzalez has a ten-unit co-op at 102 Bedford Street on the market as a single-family house for $3.2 million. Philanthropist Otto Kahn converted the place for artists' housing in 1925 to keep the Village from becoming a "desert of mediocrity." Today's Village doesn't have much use for bohemia; an apartment hunter who considered buying a single unit in the building last year described it as "some smelly English bedbug thing." "In their bylaws, they only need 80 percent of the owners agreeing to sell, but I think they have everyone signed on," says Gonzalez. But it's hard to get co-ops to cooperate: William B. May's Midge LaGuardia, who's been selling small buildings in Manhattan for 24 years, says most of these efforts founder. "It's difficult enough when there are two partners, but when you get a co-op with four or five owners, it's nearly impossible." C.S.

GOTHAM REALESTATE

Al Roker's Forecast: A Townhouse

TV weatherman finds a new place to hang his slickers.

REMEMBER WHEN THAT WEIRDO ON THE sidewalk waved a rubber phallus at Al Roker through the window of the *Today* show's studio? The jolly weatherman must have gotten over his trauma, because he's moving to the street level himself. This summer, he and his wife, *20/20* correspondent Deborah Roberts, sold their eight-room prewar co-op on East 68th Street and bought a townhouse in the East Eighties off Lexington. Roker's broker, Spencer Means of the Corcoran Group, says the TV couple called him after attending a dinner party that Spike Lee and his wife, Tanya, threw in their Upper East Side townhouse (which had been owned by Gypsy Rose Lee). "They fell in love with the idea of townhouse living," he says. Their search took only a month—"Al gets off at noon, so we could look till four every day." The house they settled on is four stories and "very, very traditional," Means says. Roker's kids, Leila and Courtney, get their own floor. Sources say Roker and Roberts sold their old place for about $1.5 million to an advertising executive; their new house, which had been occupied by the previous owners for two generations and needs work, put them back $3.25 million. CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Upper East Side

1120 Park Avenue

Three-bedroom, two-bath, 2,800-square-foot co-op. Asking: $3.3 million. Selling: $3.35 million. Monthly maintenance: $2,706. Time on market: one week.

THIS VENTURE CAPITALIST'S BIG adventure began when he sold his old apartment at 120 East 87th Street for $2.2 million. That's "a record price for this building," says his broker, Douglas Elliman's Arthur Fenton. Then Fenton found him a classic seven at 1120 Park Avenue—a lucky break, says Fenton, because the the supply of such places is "at best minimal." To get it, his client spent his good fortune, setting another building-price record (for a seven-room place, anyhow). The seller, an attorney represented by Stribling & Associates, moved across the park.

Hamilton Heights

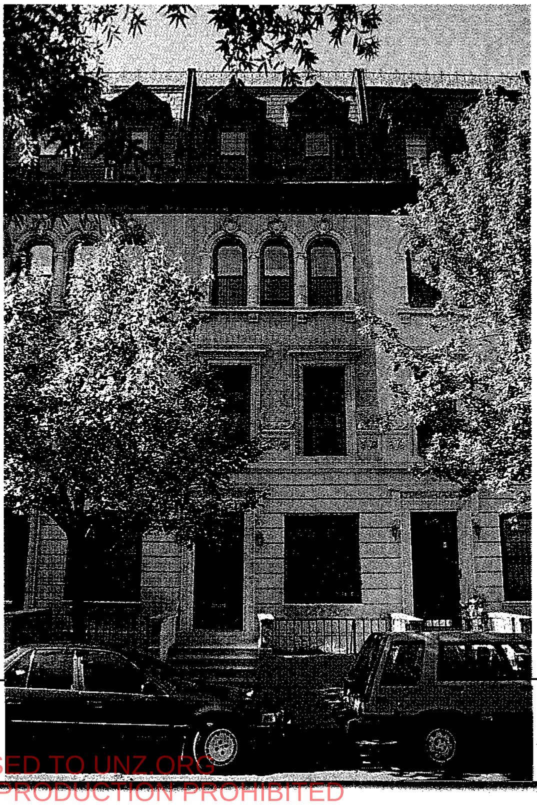
420 West 144th Street

3,800-square-foot two-family townhouse. Asking: $799,000. Selling: $750,000. Time on market: seven months.

"A GREENWICH VILLAGE TOWNhouse uptown" is how broker Willie Kathryn Suggs describes this two-family brownstone. That means "high ceilings, four stories, narrow lot." It was gut-renovated about fifteen years ago, before the recent seller moved in; though the house is in good shape, the lack of architectural detail may explain why it didn't sell for a while. The buyer, represented by William B. May's Curtis Jackson, says he and his partner actually prefer the stripped-down interior, since "we didn't have to worry about keeping the original integrity." Renovations are in the works, though "we're keeping the first-floor apartment intact," says the new owner, and its tenants are staying put. The seller, an attorney with a family, is "trying apartment living for a while," elsewhere in Harlem.

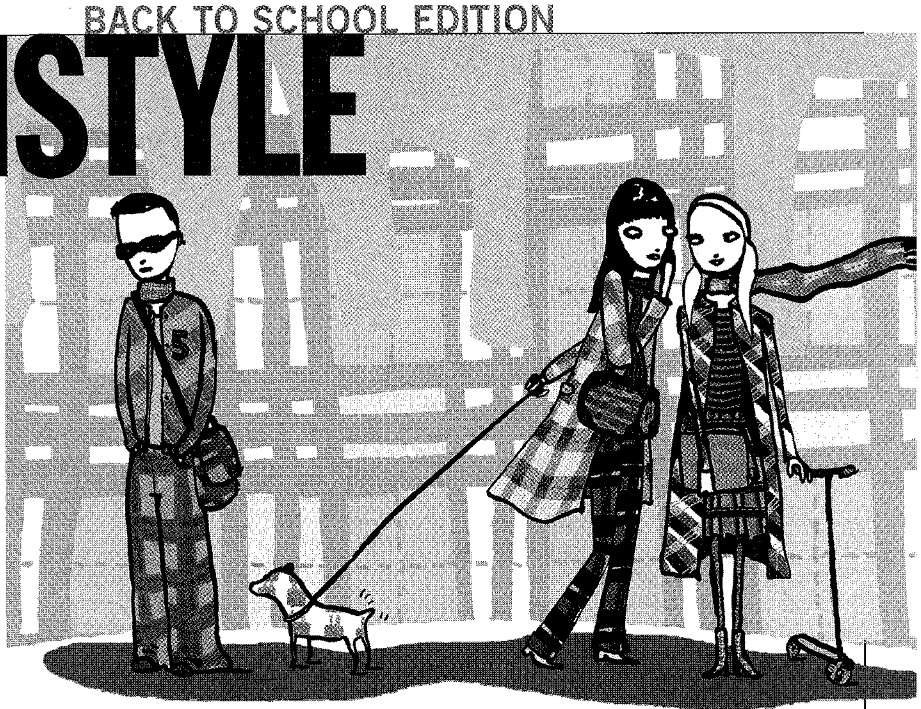
CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

The Village of Harlem: 420 West 144th Street sells at last.



BACK TO SCHOOL EDITION

GOTHAMSTYLE



Highland Fling

Chapin and Spence students have been wearing plaid for years, but this fall, even those who don't have to wear uniforms are wrapping themselves in the schoolgirl staple. Rather than consulting *The Official Preppy Handbook,* however, they're taking a page out of the Britney Spears primer, with pleated minis (U's is $58 at Urban Outfitters) and candy-colored tartan coats barely long enough to cover them (Sara Berman's is $418 at Henri Bendel). Just the sort of outfit to persuade heads of school to bring back *real* uniforms. KRISTINA RICHARDS

Heavyweight Champ

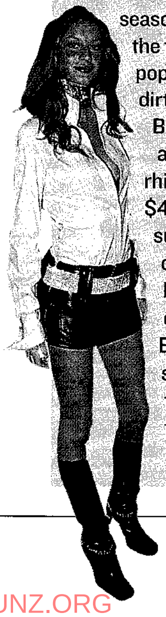
Kate Spade's reign as the satchel supplier to the city's trendiest teens may be over: Head Porter, a line previously available only in its native Japan, has opened its first U.S. outpost, in SoHo (140 Wooster Street; 212-995-8108). Bags like the Three Way ($298; pictured), which can convert from a backpack to a messenger bag to a briefcase, are made from specially reinforced industrial-strength nylon, and each sporty sack comes with a lifetime guarantee. That should provide some small comfort to worried parents watching their kids stagger beneath a 45-pound heap of French and biology texts: The bag, at least, won't split its seams. K.R.

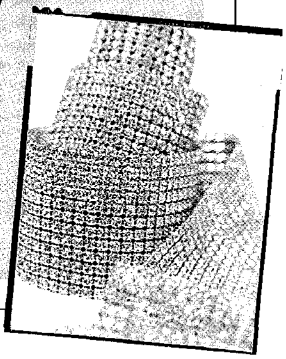
Vision Quest

British kids, the first to go nuts for Harry Potter's 500-page tales, were also the first to turn Harry's glasses into a myopic must-have. Now eyewear emporiums on this side of the Atlantic are doing a brisk business with middle-schoolers clamoring for the signature round dark frames. Selima Optique (59 Wooster Street; 212-343-9490) noticed an uptick in sales of its circular frame ($225) as soon as Potter popped up on the best-seller list. In the past few weeks alone, Zeitlin Optik (40 East 52nd Street; 212-319-5166) has sold almost a dozen of its $140 frames to four-eyed tykes. And last week, Morgenthal-Frederics (399 West Broadway; 212-966-0099) introduced a very Harry-ish frame in mahogany or ebony ($335). If only the glasses came with a wizard card. K.R.

Inside the Beltway

Nicky Hilton may wear hers as the micro-est mini of all, but other New York City teenagers are strapping this season's allowance-allotted accessory—a copy of the three-inch-wide glittery Dolce & Gabbana belt popularized by Gisele; pictured—over their Diesel dirty denims and Katayone Adeli work pants. Best-selling belts have beads and sequins ($17 at H&M), fringe (Inca's is $150 at Scoop), or rhinestones (Cathy Waronker's, pictured, is $440 at Fragments). Why such a fancy look for the classroom? Well, if you're Nicky, you get to show off at the collections. But the average high-schooler goes to a different fashion show—the one in the cafeteria. K.R.





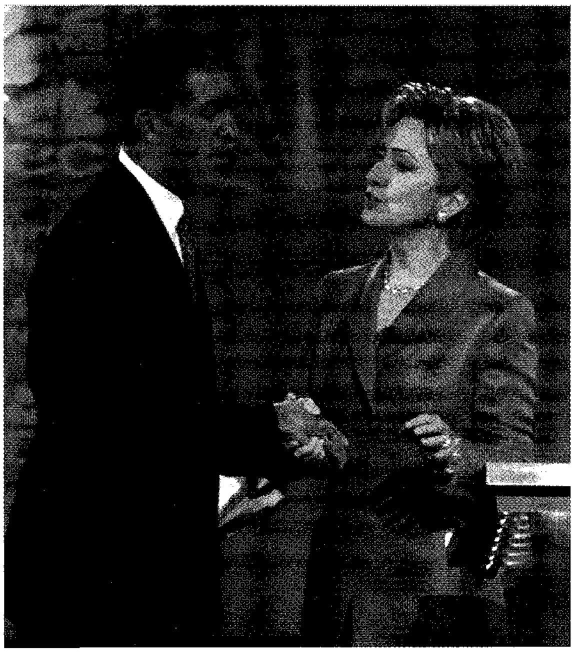
Photographs: still lifes, Laura Johansen; Patrick McMullan. Illustration: top, Alli Arnold.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Buffalo Gal

The debate may have helped put Lazio back in the race—but while pundits gave the congressman the win, regular voters seemed to finally thaw under Clinton's resolve.

THE FIRST DEBATE BETWEEN Hillary Clinton and Rick Lazio demonstrated two facts of political life, one old and one just emerging. The old one is that, wherever a Clinton is concerned, the press's reaction will invariably be the opposite of the public's. To the press, Lazio won. The phrase I heard most often in the press filing room after the debate was "He held his own." This was, partly, an example of the manner in which the conventional wisdom can be comically self-fulfilling. For months, reporters and other insiders have been imagining the first debate and saying that Hillary, one of the great wonks of our era, would easily flash her superiority on the issues. By the time of the event, this had been repeated so often that any degree of performance by Lazio that distinguished him from the simian orders would be graded A-plus.



Debatable: Lazio and Clinton square off last week in Buffalo.

Lazio did show some spark last Wednesday. For the past two weeks, the Lazio campaign had been on its heels—reacting to Hillary's attack ads, which have been reasonably effective; taking heat from fellow Republicans, who expressed displeasure at his lackadaisical pace; inviting application of the "lightweight" label; and dropping in the polls. But he used last Wednesday night to say, *I'm not out of this yet.* During his best moments—his defenses of his voting record, his very good closing statement—he did narrow the famous stature gap and show himself capable of handling the job.

But this, apparently, wasn't what the public saw at all. I'd imbibed the "held his own" view so thoroughly that, by the time I got back to my hotel room, I was shocked to see that the non-opinion-makers held a different view. The Buffalo NBC affiliate did a phone-in poll during its eleven o'clock newscast that found viewers called Hillary the winner by a margin of 70 percent to 30. The next morning, *The Journal News/USA Today* and the Buffalo *News* added weight to this interpretation. *USA Today* gathered eight Westchester County voters in Harrison—a mix of Republicans, Democrats, and independents—and all eight thought Hillary won. The Buffalo *News* gathered a similar cross-section of ten voters. Eight preferred Hillary, one liked neither, and one was a Hillary hater. Our local dailies had similar stories.

Shades of 1998, when two thirds of the public stood with Bill and four thirds of the big media wanted him gutted and stuffed? Kinda looked that way. True, phone-in polls and small focus groups of voters are unscientific. By the time you read this, science will have been applied to last Wednesday's proceedings, and we'll all know what we're supposed to think. But it's not unreasonable to suspect a hint of a trend in that 70 percent of Buffalonians who responded off the cuff. Which brings us to the emergent point. Maybe Hillary is finally, if nothing else, wearing down people's resistance to her.

She does not possess warmth of heart, at least that she's capable of showing in public, and she lacks her husband's emotive élan. What she has is determination—to learn the issues and keep talking about them, to familiarize herself with the Taylor Law, which made a surprise appearance in the debate (it prevents certain public employees from striking), to go out there and see the GO HOME! and WHERE'S MONICA? signs and wave and smile and give her little speech and get up the next day and do it all over again. Month after month after month. She may not be inspiring the voting masses, but she is Energizer Bunnying her way toward grudging acceptance.

Lazio helped her in this regard with his attacks, because where she looked like the prepared student, he looked like the jock in the back throwing spitballs. The sign-my-pledge gimmick was tacky—not to mention, according to an NBC spokeswoman quoted in the Buffalo *News* the following day, a direct violation of a promise both candidates had made to use no props. And when Tim Russert hit Hillary with those Monica-era video clips, Lazio should have realized that Russert had done his dirty work for him, and there was no need for him to pile it on.

WE'RE GOING TO START HEARING MORE and more now about the undecided vote. The polling on this race since the beginning of time has indicated a small undecided bloc, 7 or 8 percent. When the race was Hillary vs. Rudy, it was totally up for grabs. But when the race became Hillary vs. Rick, Mr. Conventional

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos

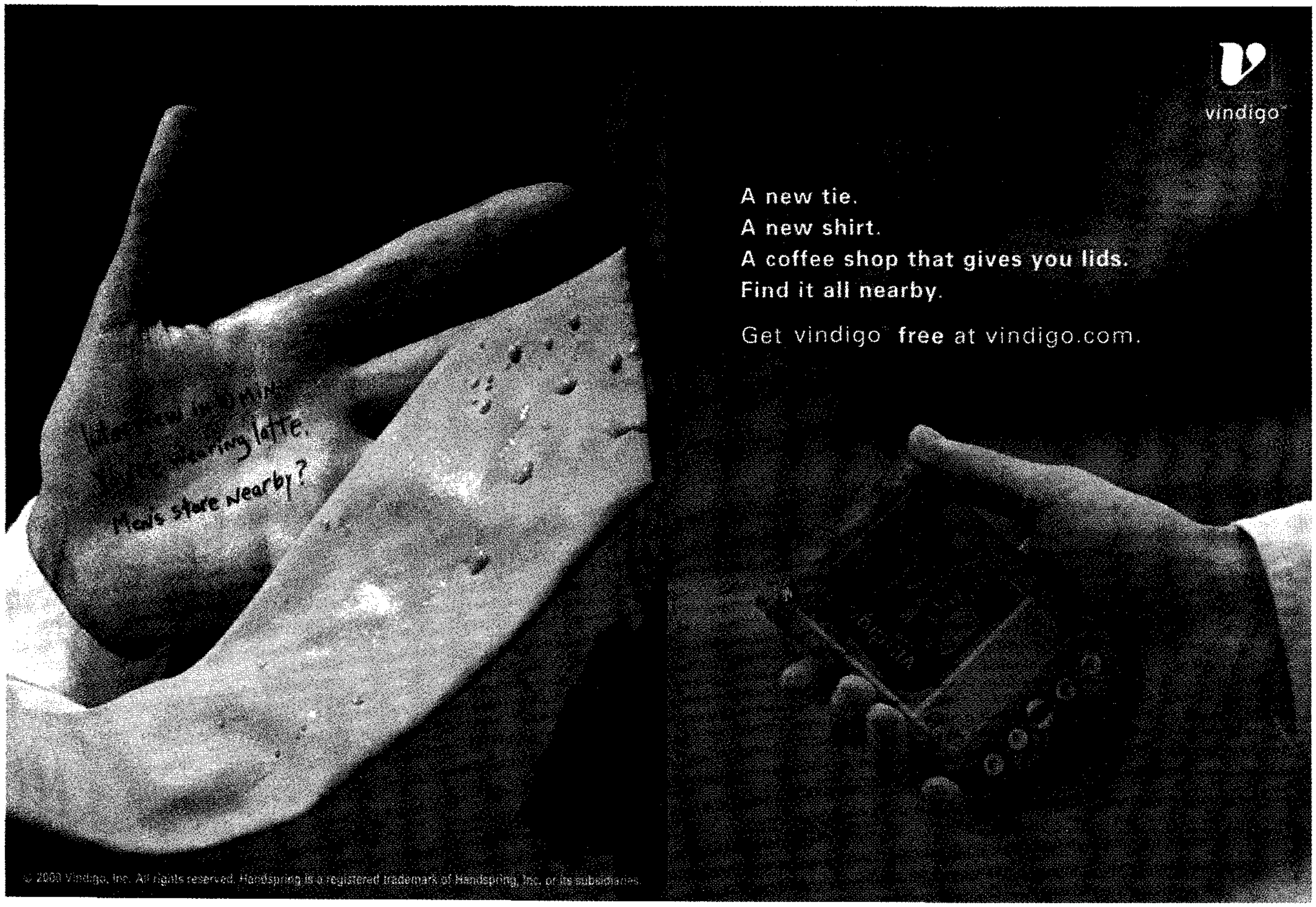
Wisdom—him again—declared that this was to Lazio's benefit because undecideds "break," as they say, in favor of the challenger or the lesser-known entity—in this case, Lazio. Such is almost always the case.

Some evidence suggests that this election might prove to be one of the rare exceptions to that rule. Jewish voters still tend to be more undecided than other categories. I write this before Hillary's appearance in Brooklyn with Joe Lieberman last Friday, but that event can't have hurt her. It might also have provided nice footage for a Lieberman ad of some sort. (Two weeks ago, one Hillary aide told me they planned on holding Lieberman back and using him to respond to the inevitable Suha attack ad; after last week's Rick-Yasser photograph, that attack ad somehow seems less inevitable.) And even before all that, her numbers among Jewish voters have been increasing.

And then there are the white women. Here the resistance remains the strongest. But it's also precisely where the debate may have helped her most. Several women I spoke with after it felt the whole thing was awfully . . . male, and that the Lazio-Russert tag team was a little much. And by the way: If you seek emblems of why women have a hard time getting elected in New York, preserve for your collection the covers of last Thursday's tabloids, both of which fell for the no-soft-money-pledge trick like tourists for three-card monte, in the process showing what high value the discourse of New York politics places on such macho postures. Lazio might have pulled the same stunt on a male opponent, but he never would have invaded a man's space like he did hers. And there's little question that, if a woman candidate had been as harpyish toward a male opponent as Lazio was to Hillary, the adjective of the day would undoubtedly be "shrill."

> *"Several women I spoke with felt the whole thing was awfully . . . male, that* **the Lazio-Russert tag team was a little much.** *Lazio might have pulled the same stunt on a male, but he never would have invaded a man's space like he did hers."*

Campaigns, especially in New York, are not solemn forums for a discussion of the issues. They're obstacle courses. Tests of a candidate's personality, character, and drive. We know Hillary has drive. But Lazio does, too. To be a senator has been his great ambition in life for at least eight years, and probably longer. He Wants This Job, and he wanted it years before Rudy Giuliani ever gave it a moment's thought or Hillary Clinton brought the furniture out of storage to Chappaqua. Two people, one job. And they're both desperate to win it. Maybe, even without Rudy, this will be a great race after all. ▬



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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

He Got Me!

One of Howard Kurtz's targets in 'The Fortune Tellers,' his harsh indictment of financial journalists, is a manic, overemotional wild man named Jim Cramer. No relation, of course.

WE ALL WANT UNBIASED money-making information about the stock market. But what if we can't get it? Should we prefer unbiased information that doesn't make us money? Or information that *has* an agenda but works?

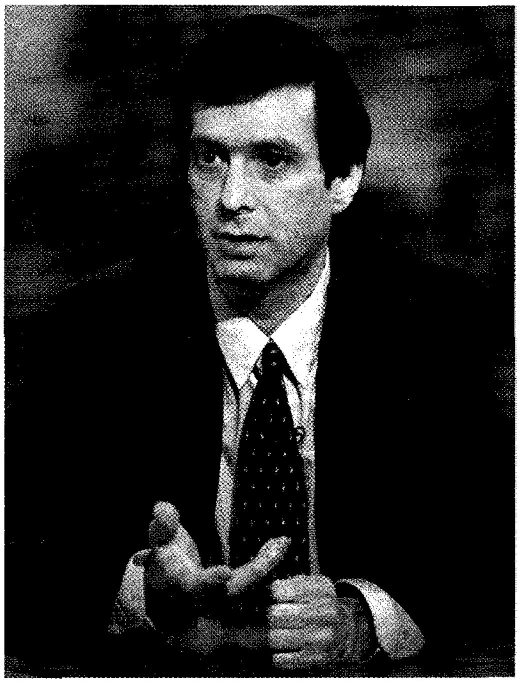
Howard Kurtz, the Washington *Post* media critic and author of *The Fortune Tellers,* a new book about conflicts of interest in financial journalism, thinks what investors should prize, above all, is pristine—if essentially ignorant—input from journalists who don't have a buck in the market themselves. You simply can't trust those who put their money where their mouth is. Playing the market, he says, corrupts. And guess what: He's talking about me.

Okay, I wish the financial universe were as simple as Howard would like it to be. I wish there were such perfect specimens of journalistic integrity, guys who never dirtied their hands with a trade but who understand exactly how stocks work and what moves equities, who know which source is telling the truth and which one is just hyping and promoting a crappy stock he or she has to unload. But there aren't.

That's what I was trying to tell Kurtz during the two years he hung around my office as part of his research for *The Fortune Tellers.* But I'm not sure he ever really understood what I was saying.

I first brushed up against Kurtz about six years ago when he wrote a front-page story in the Washington *Post* about how I had inflated my portfolio by writing a positive article about some small stocks I owned. I never sold the stocks into the strength the article created, but the piece triggered an SEC inquiry and pretty much destroyed seven months of my life as I fought to clear my name. (The disclosure statement had been dropped by the magazine I was writing for, but it was perfectly evident I owned the stocks.) I regretted the incident and vowed to disclose virtually everything I owned from then on.

Oddly enough, considering how we met, I actually like Kurtz. I thought he gave me a fair shake and at least listened to my side of the story. I stayed in touch with him, and when he asked me for help with *The Fortune Tellers,* I said sure. I figured I could break him of his institutional bias, the baggage that comes from being a traditional media reporter.



Money trouble: Howard Kurtz gets it only half right.

I guess I should regret letting Kurtz back into my life, because in his new book he portrays me as a hard-driving, manic, emotional wild man given to fighting with friends, enemies, and everybody else as I clamor for respect. And I *would* regret it, but for the fact that Kurtz got me exactly right. I *am* a hard-driving, manic, emotional wild man who fights with everybody and craves respect.

He got me exactly right, but he got everything else wrong. I wanted Kurtz to understand that the real conflicts, the ones that truly cost the public billions each year, come from what we call the "sellside," the giant promotional machine that is America's brokerage business. Somehow this "research" gets passed on to readers as impartial by reporters and editors who should know better. As I told Kurtz repeatedly, much of what passes for impartial research is really the result of strong-arming by corporate finance departments who need positive research to sell crummy deals—and hence to make huge bonuses for themselves and their firms.

Kurtz ignored me. The result may be a more readable book—hey, who wouldn't prefer reading about flashy personalities who deliver the business news rather than the drab suit-and-tie folks who pump-and-dump losing equities on all of us?—but the man missed the deeper truth entirely.

The very people who are doing their best to tell what really happens on Wall Street are the ones who get hammered the hardest in *The Fortune Tellers.* There's Mark Haines, the CNBC *Squawk Box* anchor, who I think has done more to keep business execs honest with his tough questioning than anyone else on TV. There's CNBC's David Faber, who, along with Joe Kernen, has led the way in exposing how Wall Street's promotion machine often costs the

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Photograph by Richard Ellis/Newsmakers.

public billions in lost investment dollars.

And yes, there's me. I've spent my whole writing career trying to demystify Wall Street, trying to show how individuals can control their own finances and do much better than if they rely solely on Wall Street sources. I helped start TheStreet.com in the belief that individuals are entitled to the same information and analysis that the big boys get. And I write every day about what I am doing, right or wrong, so individuals can get the word right from my trading turret rather than from "unbiased" journalists who are dependent on money managers for their information, the same money managers who trade self-serving stock picks for publicity! This unholy partnership provides plenty of good copy, but it wreaks havoc with readers' finances.

I come under the most scrutiny from Kurtz, who suggests throughout the book that what I do might be morally ambiguous at best, and, at worst, completely biased without any hope of making you money. That's just dead wrong, and I resent it. I disclose all of my positions and frequently excoriate those who don't. In Kurtz's eyes, it is better for a reporter to help a source pump-and-dump some crummy stock through an unattributed quote than it is for me to say why I like a stock and am buying it! One has the "impartial" journalist as intermediary, the other just has you and me.

Oddly, there *was* a time when the media were indeed in the pocket of the bad guys. For a while in the eighties, the *Wall Street Journal*'s "Heard on the Street" column was sold in advance to a couple of brokers who were able to print money because they knew what tomorrow's paper would say. And CNBC used to allow Dan Dorfman to run a show each day where money managers would bag stocks, gun them through Dorfman, and then blow them out to the unsuspecting public.

But those days of real, undisclosed conflicts have long since passed. And in some cases, I was one of the commentators who helped expose them. Too bad Kurtz missed an opportunity to do the same for our time. That would have made for a terrific book. ▬

James J. Cramer is manager of a hedge fund and co-founder of TheStreet.com. Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell stocks. Cramer's writings provide insights into the dynamics of money management and are not a solicitation for transactions. While he cannot provide investment advice or recommendations, he invites comments at jjcletters@thestreet.com.

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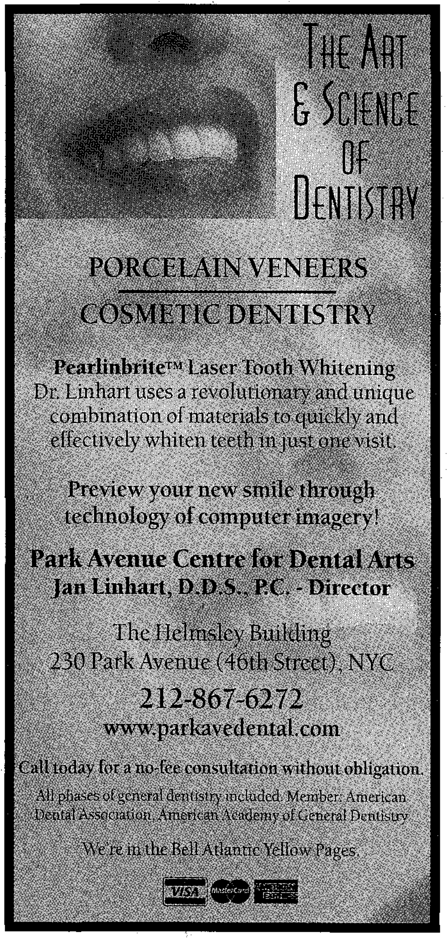
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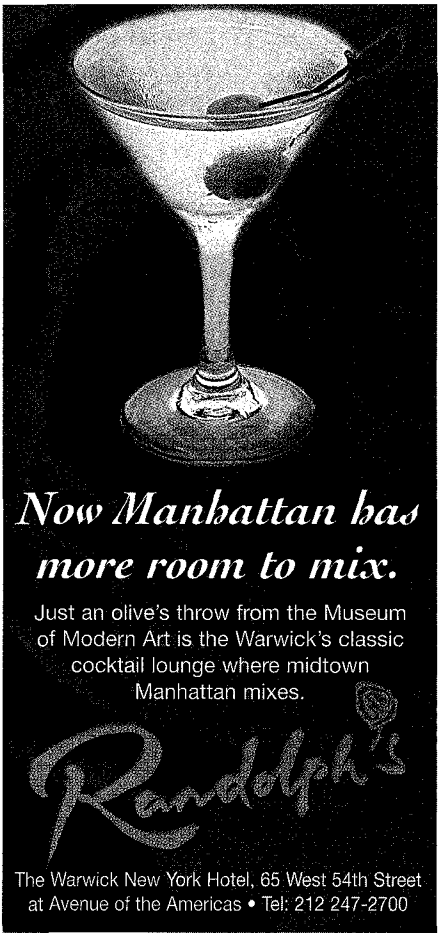
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Cruise Control

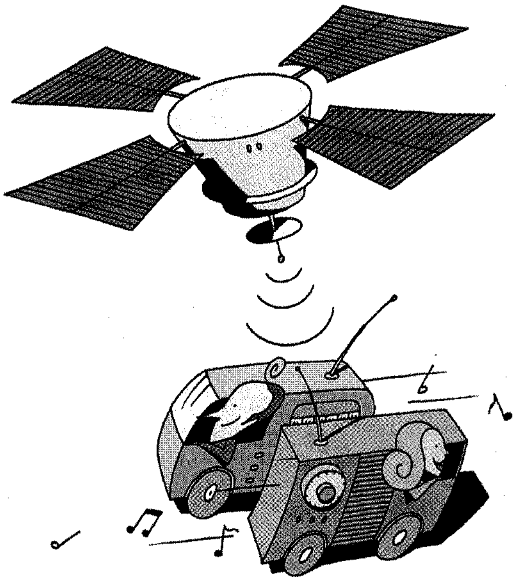
High above Sixth Avenue, a techie genius plots to take over drive time, using a fleet of satellites to knock out local radio. Meanwhile, who killed "Rambling With Gambling"?

IT IS POSSIBLE TO CONNECT THE FAILURE of Howard Stern's marriage on Long Island and the launch of a satellite two weeks ago from Kazakhstan, and, my mother would add, the end of "Rambling With Gambling" the other day, after 75 years on WOR-AM in New York.

Radio is the lowest order of the media business. It is local, primitive, and penny-ante. Even with his vast success, Stern still represents the small-time heart of radio; he's just a next-generation Gambling. He is localness writ large. Radio is a barter business, a salesman's game, a redoubt of questionable, if ritualized, business practices. You need to know the secret handshakes. And even though radio has been consolidated into a mighty cash cow (Howard is the udder of this cow), and is the instrument by which Mel Karmazin took over CBS (largely on the strength of Howard's cash flow), and has now pretty much taken over Viacom, if you're not in the radio business, you'll never get it. And radio guys tend to like it that way.

But Stern's marital breakup has blown his cover as a normal suburban guy and is, I'd surmise, a prime culprit in the hemorrhage taking place in his show's ratings—as much as 20 percent off in some markets. And a Stern ratings drop affects the radio industry about the same way a similar drop in the Dow would affect the overall economy. As for the cancellation of "Rambling With Gambling"—started by John B. Gambling in 1925, at the dawn of radio, taken over by his son, John A., and continued to its end by his grandson John R.—it is, my mother complains, just another step in the demise of local radio and, she says, perhaps melodramatically, the end of a way of life. The quaint, the amateurish, the familiar give way to the packaged, the professional, the branded—*duh*. Obviously, such a paradigm shift attracts the paradigm-shift specialists.

Indeed, the satellite, launched on September 5 from Baikonur Cosmodrome in Kazakhstan, which, in all fairness, was in the planning long before Stern's marriage went publicly on the rocks or the Gamblings got canceled, is the instrument in a plan to take over drive time—where Stern is the suddenly vulnerable king of the hill and where the Gamblings, at least in New York, used to be reigning princes—and turn the car into a much more powerful media environment by inventing a brave new world of national radio, which, we can be sure, will not target my mother.



It is old media as new media.

I caught up with the satellite—so far, two of three have been launched into highly inclined elliptical orbits that will be able to reach into every car on American roads—from a tracking-and-control room some 30 floors over midtown. Silent technicians tended the clean, well-lit room (I don't think satellites require much human interaction) of digital consoles and celestial maps. Guided on my tour by aloof engineers, I was shown the other part of the $1.5 billion infrastructure, the terrestrial network (this is just one node in the 56-city system of earth-mounted repeaters), a series of NORAD-like megadishes, visible only by helicopter—or if you climb out, as I did, into the sun and hot wind way up over Sixth Avenue.

I got to thinking of the Bond movies.

When a Bond film gets to the set piece that takes place in the control room of the technologically enhanced hideout—under the ocean or dug into a crater or hidden under a *faux* mountain—that serves as headquarters for this or that plan of world domination, I'm always struck by how orderly the staff is, all the security-badged technicians and programmers and security people. I find this to be the most improbable part of this fantasy world, that people engaged in furthering someone else's vast ambition would be quiet and well-behaved and, indeed, appear to know what they're doing. (In fact, disorganization is always the major element in a start-up.) But here in the tracking station, in the 150,000 square feet of office space (emphasis on *space*) of Sirius Satellite Radio, just as in the Bond films, there is the most remarkable sense of precision and order and quiet that I think I've ever encountered in Manhattan. Nothing disturbs it. Not the steady traffic of celebrities. Not the powerful digital sound systems. Not the big dreams. Not even the anxieties surely generated by all the money that has been spent. Indeed, if you've spent $1.5 billion before earning a penny (making the Internet look like a pretty solid business), you might get sort of Zen.

YOU WOULDN'T MISTAKE DAVID MARGOLESE, the 42-year-old founder, chairman, and CEO of Sirius Satellite Radio, an eighties cellular-phone wunderkind who started Canada's largest wireless company (from Vancouver; he lives on the Upper West Side now), in blue button-down oxford shirt, sitting in a perfectly clean, clutter-free, blond-wood office across from a giant map of the satellites and their positions, for a man in the media or enter-

Illustration by Ingo Fast.

tainment business. There is nothing show-businessy or show-offy about him.

He's an unreconstructed stiff. A kind of benign Dr. No.

Indeed, if you work for David Margolese (and it may come to that for Howard), you cannot swear when you are on the job or disparage anyone else who works for his company on pain of immediate dismissal—which makes for a very quiet atmosphere.

If there is a Howard Stern cult, then the Sirius cult (which comprises no more than 150 employees and a growing number of celebrity hosts) might be its antithesis.

While Margolese is not an obvious high-glam media hound, he is definitely not a low-road radio guy either. You can't see him making little local ad-buy deals (buy a twenty-spot schedule and we'll give you five spots to trade with your friends).

But Margolese, like Howard and Mel, and unlike most other media people, who can't see the trees for the glamour, apparently can see the obvious. In radio you have a captive audience (in the car), with almost no competition (books on tape and recorded music hold only a sliver of the market). It's a single message in an enclosed space. And, save for Howard and a few other premium brands, it's cheap to produce. Given the reach and penetration and fixed habits of radio, it's obviously a drive-time, rather than a prime-time, world.

> **" 'We own this spectrum,'** *Margolese says, possibly believing that he has solved the problem that has always bedeviled the media business: competition."*

What's more, Howard Stern, in spite of his localness, has turned radio into a big-time business (or back into a big-time business). Stern has given radio what visionaries in the technology business call *scalability*. That is, your audience just gets bigger and bigger (without your having to spend more or work more).

What doesn't make sense is having to depend on Howard. You have to depend on Howard's weirdness to piece together a national audience—not to mention that network syndication is a throwback to another technology era. It's such a kludgy approach (what with the marriage and the ratings drop, you can see the fragility in depending on Howard).

What you need is a new way to reach America. Not station by station but all at once, via a channel that, well, you can control—and even own.

You need a technology solution.

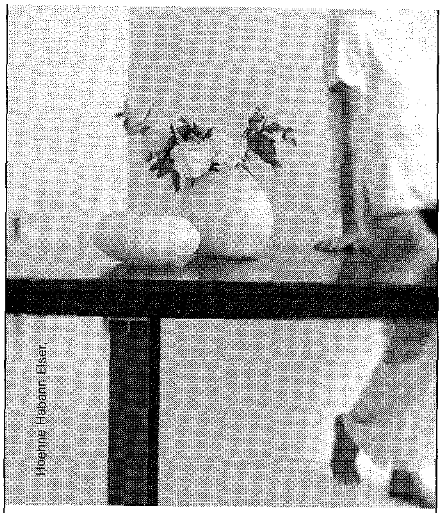
In November, Margolese will begin his effort to achieve scale and bypass the existing radio industry by beaming from his three satellites (his third satellite will launch next month) 100 stations—50 of commercial-free music and 50 of talk—into some portion (theoretically an ever-growing portion) of the 17 million light cars and trucks that roll off the assembly line every year.

The talk stations include two NPR channels (created just for Sirius) and a variety of cable brand crossovers—CNBC, C-SPAN, Bloomberg, and BBC World Service. The 50 music channels represent all known formats and an expanding list of headliners. Indeed, at any given moment you might find hard at work in a well-appointed Sirius studio Sinéad, Björk, Travis, Sting, Sandra Bernhard, Emmylou Harris, Kenny Loggins, or Grandmaster Flash.

"We own this spectrum," Margolese says, possibly believing that he has solved the problem that has always bedeviled the media business, which is competition.

THE GOAL FOR ALL TECHNOLOGY IS, OF course, monopoly. Margolese has come close, garnering for himself a duopoly. There is one other company, XM, that the FCC has granted the right to use this spectrum. The battle now is to sign up car manufacturers, who are just beginning to wake up to the fact that they have, for all these years, given up the benefits of the car as media platform and gotten stuck with the shredding tires. So far, Margolese has nailed down DaimlerChrysler and Ford; XM has General Motors.

Of course, there are other ideas competing for media time in the car. There are mapping systems. There's Web access (which various wireless companies are trying to bring to the dashboard). There are cell phones. And there is the television for the kids in the back of the minivan. Which all could make Margolese's satellite enterprise sound a lot like Iridium, the billion-dollar worldwide cell-phone-satellite enterprise that failed to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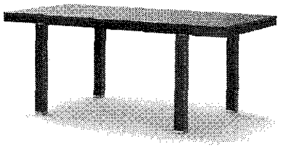

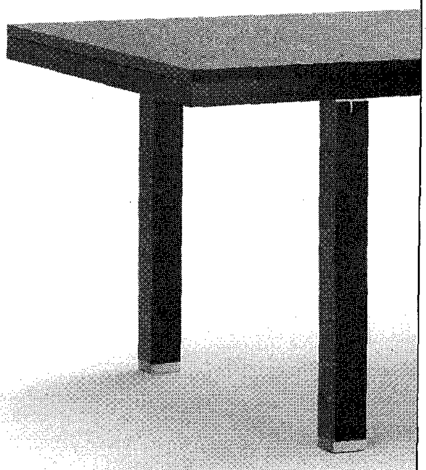

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find almost any interested users.

But for Margolese, the research is incontrovertible: In a car, people listen to the radio. This is America. Radio is what we do when we drive. It is behavior that no one is going to disrupt (anytime soon).

The behavior can stay the same. It's just the universe in which it occurs that Margolese believes he can re-create—and own.

Nowhere will you find radio studios like you will find at the Sirius offices. A real radio studio is a dive. It's old. It's broken. It smells bad. Here at Sirius, it's cool. It's sleek. It's environmentally controlled. There is the constant (and oddly reassuring) presence of the satellites following their celestial paths on the huge diorama in the office. Here are the most incredible sound studios. And in and out, all day long, through the muted, orderly environment, there are the stars that are now part of this new high-quality digital universe. This is radio at the forefront of technology, at the center of the world, with anyone who is anyone eager to be on. Just as radio must have been 50 years ago.

SOMETHING DRAWS TECHNOLOGY GUYS TO media. Gates and Paul Allen and Steve Jobs have all taken a crack. Steve Case bought himself Time Warner. Partly this desire is because technology-business guys see the media as a business wherein they know about the important stuff—the pipes and optics and cells. The media, for them, is about overcoming technological hurdles. Jerry Levin, in his new role of media-technology-telecommunications CEO, is talking more and more like this, too.

They are right, of course, that the pipes are the thing. If you can't talk pipes or satellites, then you have no business in show business. The smart media-business plan of the future will be about reaching an audience by building a new system, an amazingly complex and costly system (which, among other things, creates what's called a high barrier to entry) that will be better than the existing system it bypasses.

It's probably natural, too, if the geeky guy gets a little starstruck and begins to think of himself as the producer—Dr. No as D.J. to the world.

As for long-term trends, Andrew John and Bradley John, the twin Gambling great-grandsons now in college, should definitely be looking for another line of business. ▬

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EXCEPT FOR THE ANNOYING phone calls pouring in about whether she is really going to Out Herself in the book—like, *hello!*—it's business as usual for Liz Smith this morning.

"Wait a minute, I'm writing something," says Liz, her eyes on her computer screen, which her loyal elves have rigged so the words are THIS BIG. "She's terrified of computers," whispers her longtime assistant and pal Diane Judge. And e-mail. "Oh, God, yes. We have to do it for her." Fifty-four years after Liz Smith's byline first appeared in print, there are certain things she shouldn't be asked to do.

"Heh!" cackles Liz.

In just a matter of days, the 77-year-old gossip queen's much-hyped, super-secret, heavily embargoed memoir, *Natural Blonde,* will finally appear on bookshelves, bringing a whole new meaning to the phrase "Does she or doesn't she?" Which means that Liz Smith, the premier purveyor of gossip in this country for nearly half a century, will be the topic of, yes, fabulous gossip! Not to mention that she's been sitting on the hottest scoop in town. But today, she is writing her syndicated column, read by millions of people in nearly 70 newspapers a day, about . . . *Cats.* "I first saw it in London with the mighty Elaine Paige, I loved it!" she is typing, in what will be a five-paragraph eulogy for the Broadway show.

She swivels in her chair toward me. "I brought you a bagel. Eat it!" she instructs.

Two days later, while her own column in the New York *Post* has her waxing sentimental over *Cats,* and even *A Chorus Line* ("It was one singular sensation," she notes), her former newspaper the *Daily News* has written what everyone's been speculating for months now: that Liz Smith will finally dish the dirt on her own much-speculated-about sex life.

"Oh, for Chrissake," says Liz, settling into a more comfortable chair in her office-apartment. On the coffee table in front of her, she has placed not her new book but a spoof of her new book. Mary Jo, another of her assistants, took the cover photo from *Natural Blonde* and plastered a new headline on it: THE FUCKING BOOK. "Isn't this great?" howls Liz. "This is how I've always referred to it. The fucking book!"

So to speak. "I'm beginning to realize," Liz says wearily, "that the emphasis, the publicity emphasis, will be on this 'bisexual thing' or this 'gay thing.' You know, my so-called mythic sexuality from the dark ages when dinosaurs roamed the earth!" She frowns. "And I find that slightly unfortunate, because that's not what I think the book is about. It's not about *sex*!" she says in her Texas drawl. "All this crap about 'coming out'! Honey, I don't think I have ever really been *in.*"

WHICH MIGHT COME AS A SURPRISE to avid Liz observers, especially the legions of gay activists (and journalists) who have been trying to coax her out of the closet for almost twenty years—to the point where she complained they were "terrorists." It may seem unseemly, all this frenzy about the sex life of a 77-year-old woman, but then, Liz Smith isn't just *any* woman. She has regularly used her powerful column as a platform to promote social issues—along with show tickets. But her relationship with the gay community has been ambivalent at best. When AIDS launched a new generation of activism, Smith came under constant fire not only for staying in the closet but for helping celebrities like Malcolm Forbes and Rock Hudson stay in with her.

In *Natural Blonde,* an advance copy of which was shared with *New York* Magazine, Smith does finally—stop the presses—out herself. But mostly as a shameless star-kisser. Liz is right. Her book is not about sex. It's about love! In 445 pages, she never met a celebrity she didn't positively adore. With a few notable exceptions. Lee Radziwill, for one, will probably not be at the book party.

Liz has never forgiven the princess for turning her back on Truman Capote, refusing to testify on his behalf in a lawsuit filed against him by Gore Vidal. According to the book, Liz pleaded with her, prompting Radziwill to deliver the coup de grâce: "What does it matter, Liz? . . . After all, they're just a couple of fags."

"Well, she won't like that," says Liz today. "But I don't like *her.* I don't approve of her. And I didn't approve of the way she treated Truman."

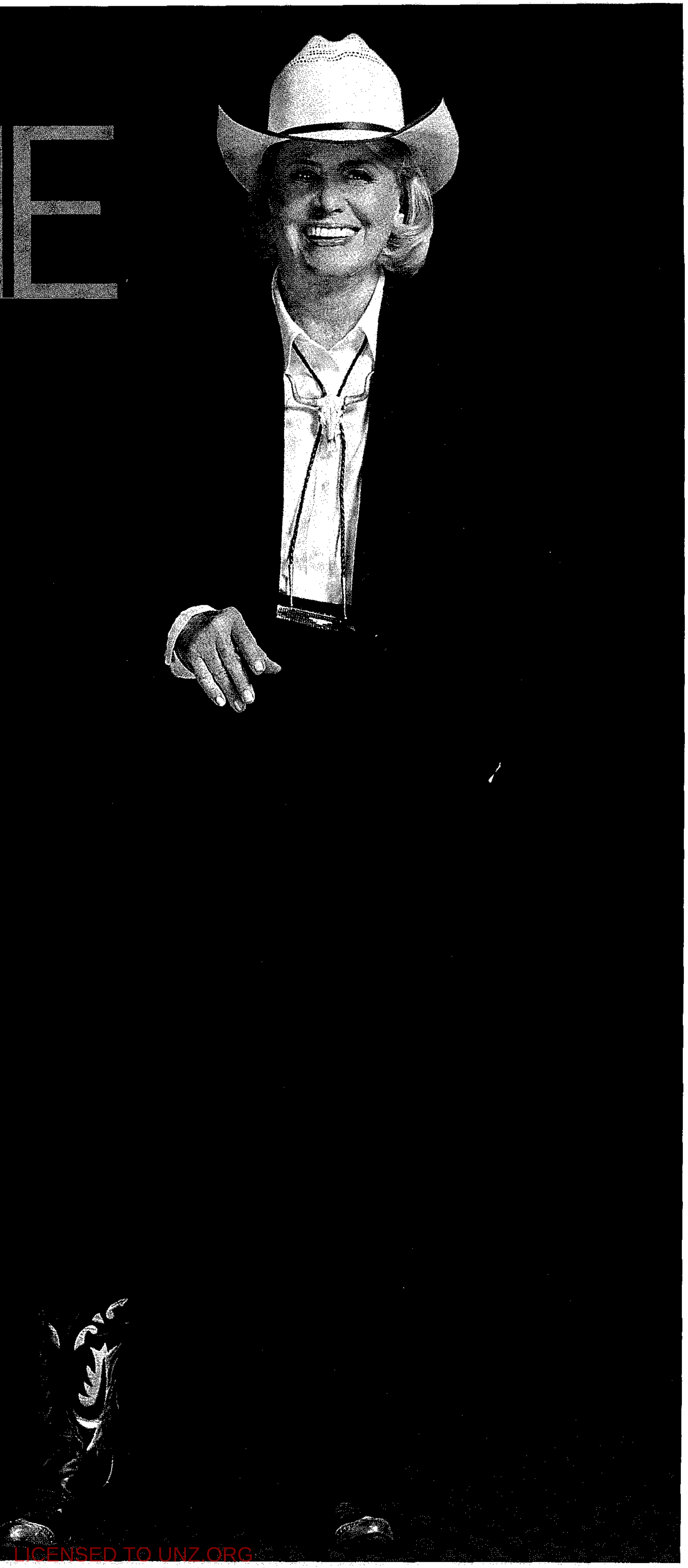
Liz in *Natural Blonde* is a beguiling combination of prude and shrewd, raunchy and naïve, Texas and New York. But mostly, she is an equal-opportunity flirt. She adores women; she adores men; she even ends up adoring Richard Nixon. It didn't take much. After skewering him for decades, she became putty in his hands at Malcolm Forbes's funeral, when Nixon turned in his pew and complimented her! She was mush. "I left the part out about how he was always sending me wine at Le Cirque."

Like her column, her book is an ongoing cocktail party, funeral, and press release. And that's why it, like her column, will be successful. "We need Liz," as rival gossip columnist Michael Musto of *The Village Voice* puts it, "because we need someone who actually *likes* celebrities. We knock everyone down, and then she builds them back up."

And yes, she also reveals—though mostly in carefully coded language (she does not, for example, actually use the G-word or the L-word, or even the B-word)—her tendency to have pretty intense feelings for both teams. But alas, despite all the hoopla, she *really* fesses up to only one intimate relationship with a woman. In 1946! Her "affairs" with men get much more airtime, even the unconsummated ones. In *Natural Blonde,* Liz comes close to bedding everyone from Warren Beatty to bandleader Artie Shaw.

Photographed by Nigel Parry

GAME



Forget about those people she writes about—Liz Smith herself is the story. She's feuded (and made up) with Frank Sinatra; flirted with everyone from Warren Beatty to Norman Mailer; flacked for Liz Taylor, Barbara Walters, and Madonna; married a college-football star; and had her heart broken by a college girlfriend. So is she coming out? "Honey," she says, "I've never been *in*." BY LISA DEPAULO

In 1957, while in Rome, she becomes “ga-ga over Rock”—yes, Hudson—doodling “Mrs. Rock Hudson” on a tablet all night after meeting the actor over dinner. “On my last day in Rome . . . Rock's handsome face appeared. ‘You're leaving, Liz? Give me a good-bye kiss, girl.’ I touched his perfect lips with mine,” she writes, deadpan. She also goes on to say that while Hudson “never confessed the nature of his problem,” he once turned to Smith when he was about to be blackmailed over his homosexuality by a female acquaintance. Liz responded by handing him a thick file of material she had gathered on his tormentor, helping Hudson turn the tables on the blackmailer—and keep his secret for another two decades.

But Liz didn't limit her affections to closeted gay men. There was the night Artie Shaw begged Smith, while in the backseat of a car, to go home with him. “I was sorely tempted. He was damned sexy,” she writes. But the thought of his having been with Ava Gardner and Lana Turner made her feel faint. Now, she says, “I wish I had let him take me home. At the very least, I'd have been talked to death in a most interesting manner.” We also learn that Warren Beatty once confided to an acquaintance that there was “one particular woman in the world he wanted to sleep with. . . . It turned out to be me.” And did we mention her crush on Robert Redford? “Here was the most beautiful man in America . . . munching a crunchy drumstick,” she writes, about watching Redford eat Kentucky Fried Chicken. “He wanted me to stay and have dinner with him in his motel room!” But Liz had a dinner date with her mother.

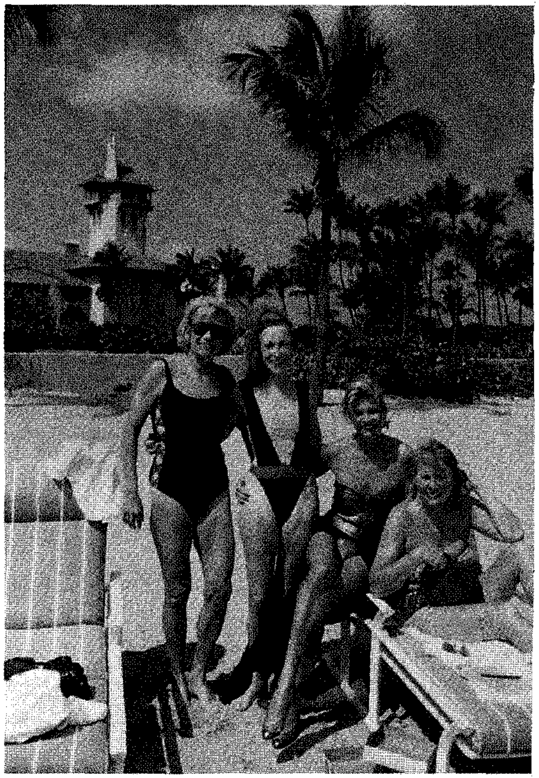
In all fairness, though, she often admits to having been “potted to the gills.” In one memorable scene, even Norman Mailer—out on the town without his wife Norris—tries to bed her. “ ‘I guess you know,’ he said, ‘that you are a very attractive woman.’ (Yes, I thought, especially when I'm drunk.) ‘Can you tell me,’ asked Norman, ‘why you and I have never gone to bed together?’ ” To which Liz Smith replies, “If I go to bed with any of the Mailers, I'd rather it be Norris.”

Who knew that Liz Smith was such a sex magnet?

“You think so?” she says, blushing. “Oh, I'm so silly. You know, I used to be really cute when I was young . . . but I never could make too much distinction between men and women. I really couldn't. I was always amazed at the depth of my own feelings.” So she's . . . ?

“I don't even want to use the term *bisexual,*” says Liz. “Because it seems weaselly. It's a weasel word! And I'm not gonna categorize myself. Because I might change my mind tomorrow. But I don't care if other people do. I've had a lot of sniping and gossip and rumor and damaging things said about me since I became a public person. That's the fate of public people.”

Liz Smith's office-apartment is about 90 percent office and 10 percent apartment. She has lived and worked in this antiseptic high-rise in the East Thirties since 1976—moving from one rent-controlled apartment to another. “Oh, I don't own anything!” she confides. “Except this house in Texas my mother died in. And I *do* have a car.” (An old navy-blue Mercedes.) But basically, as she puts it, “I'm still living like a college sophomore.”



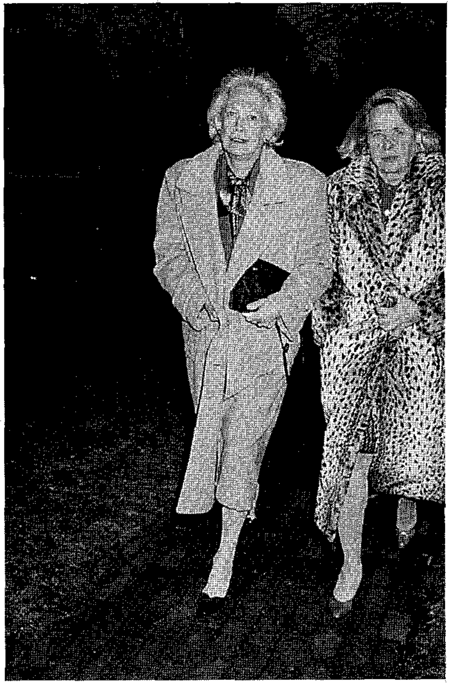
She stands up and ambles toward a tiny bathroom decorated only with electric curlers. “I'm gonna go to take my medicine now, as much as I hate to,” she gripes. “Oh, you know, blood pressure, cholesterol, arthritis . . . and the good ol' hormone,” she says, winking from the bathroom door. “Let's not forget the hormone!”

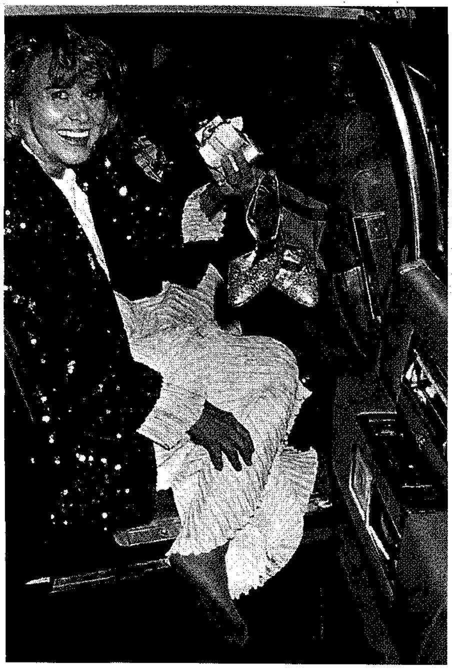
“Lizzie?” asks Diane Judge. “Do you need taxi money? I'm going to the bank.”

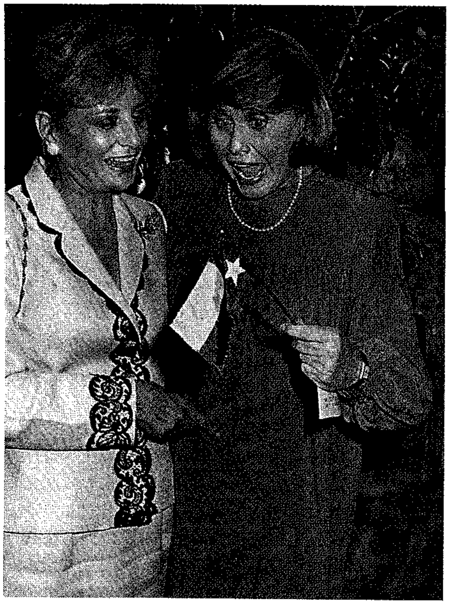
“I'd *love* some cash—thank you, honey,” says Liz. Diane, who's known Smith for 45 years, handles all her money.

“Come,” Liz says, leading me into the bedroom—the only room not overrun with files, papers, books, and ringing telephones. On her bed, she has an enormous red pillow with a Texas logo. Another is embroidered with the words I DON'T REPEAT GOSSIP, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY. Lying on top of a simple white bedspread is a remote control and a book about Richard Nixon. On her bedside lamp, a crucifix is draped around the shade. “Don't read too much into that,” she laughs. “I just thought it was pretty.”

LIZ IS INSTALLED AT HER USUAL TABLE IN EL Rio Grande, the hokey Tex-Mex restaurant in the lobby of her building where she takes “too many” of her meals. She is







talking about what a pain in the ass it was to write “The Fucking Book,” how she resisted the idea for years, fearful that she “wouldn’t remember anything,” worried that she’d piss people off. She didn’t give anyone a peek until the past few weeks. “I didn’t even show *Barbara Walters* what I’d written,” she says, until the other day. And? “She says she loves it! I was really worried that she might not, because, oh, I owe her so much. She forced me down people’s throats! She’d invite me to parties and I knew I wouldn’t have been at those parties without her intervention.”

And, well, Barbara has gotten mad at her before. “Oh, yes. Frequently! You know, she’s hot-tempered,” says Liz. “She thinks I’m part of her family, so she’s always telling me off. She thinks I’m stupid! She’s always telling me, ‘You talk too much, you tell too much.’ So I was delighted that she likes the book.”

Natural Blonde is filled with Barbara-is-marvelous stories. “I consider her the biggest star and the grandest VIP in the world,” Liz writes, with her usual understatement. In one memorable scene, Walters invites Liz to Egypt with her and her then-husband, Merv Adelson, promising her the last seat on Linda Wachner’s private jet to see the pyramids with a group that includes Mort Zuckerman and the Leonard Lauders. But when they took off from New York, “I discovered,” writes Liz, “that there wasn’t really a seat for me on the plane. Barbara had erred on the side of generosity,” as she puts it. And so “I slept stretched in the aisle overnight under a blanket.”

BROAD TASTES Clockwise from far left, Liz Smith at the University of Texas, Austin, where she edited the school paper; horsing around at age 20; embracing her first husband, Ed Beeman, before he went to war; with *Cosmopolitan* editor Helen Gurley Brown, her friend and onetime boss, in 1975; with Robert Redford a year earlier; partying with Barbara Walters in 1983; taking a stroll with then-partner Iris Love in 1992; in Palm Beach with Love, Brown, and Ivana Trump. Center, all dressed up for the Steinberg wedding in 1988.

It is vintage Liz Smith that this is gleefully relayed without the slightest trace of humiliation. Later she describes her dilemma in being “inside” but never really inside: “I seemed always to be passing awkwardly through first class,” headed back to coach as her fancy “friends” sipped champagne and waved. But she rewarded them nevertheless with glowing items in her column.

Over the years, Smith has broken numerous scoops (just last week, the Gotti divorce), but as she’s gotten more inside, her columns have gotten more fawning. Her gushy valentines to favorites from Joel Schumacher to Madonna—people often ask her, “How much is Madonna *paying* you?” she admits—got her famously skewered. In the eighties, *Spy* magazine ran a monthly “Liz Smith Tote Board,” itemizing her ass-kissing. Of course, that didn’t stop Smith and Graydon Carter, *Spy*’s then co-editor, from becoming fast friends as soon as he became editor of *Vanity Fair.* Today, over a bowl of hot chili, all seems to be forgotten. “Oh, I just *adore* Graydon,” she says.

“How ’bout dessert?” she asks. “*Yes?* . . . Oh, I love a woman who’ll have dessert! Life’s too short!”

ALREADY, THOSE LISTED IN LIZ’S INdex are sweating over how they might appear. On a recent weekend in Martha’s Vineyard, she let it slip to Vernon Jordan that “I have a little chapter about you in my book.” The next day, says Liz, Jordan cornered her friend Louise Grunwald, worried that her revelations “might upset his wife, Ann.” “You know,” says Liz, “he’s never seen a woman he didn’t like.” Then quickly adds: “He’s just nice to everybody.” (Memo to Vernon: You’re off the hook.)

Smith did share her book with director Mike Nichols, whom Diane Judge describes as “her real bosom buddy.” Nichols calls or faxes her every day. Liz was thrilled when she got his fax from London raving about the book. “That was a real triumph,” says Liz, though she confides that her editor at Hyperion

Photographs: clockwise from far left, courtesy of Liz Smith (3); Ron Galella (2); courtesy of Liz Smith; Ron Galella; Anthony Savignano/Galella; courtesy of Liz Smith.

made her trim down the Mike and Diane Sawyer chapter because it was filled with a bit too much praise.

In the end, *Natural Blonde* is the story of a woman who managed to become a quintessential New York icon against enormous odds. Smith was raised in Fort Worth, Texas, in the thirties (before the invention of plastic, she notes), the daughter of a priggish mother who was "southern Baptist to the core" and a father who was both a gambler and a moralist. She describes her daddy, Sloan Smith, who sold cotton for a living, as "masculine but dandified." A man who frequently shot his wad at the racetrack and "faltered in his mortgage payments" but was so fastidious that he would shave under his arms. "I realized early on that he was eccentric and no yardstick for what to expect of males in general," she writes. Though she had two brothers—with whom she was extraordinarily close—her father used to call Liz his "best boy." As she writes in her book: " 'My best boy!' he'd whisper, holding me between his legs, scattering ashes over everything. . . . Hello, Dr. Freud!"

Little Mary Elizabeth took refuge in the movies—which cost a dime and were the only "minor pleasure," she writes, that her mother did not consider "a sin." To this day, writes Liz, "I almost always and invariably dream of famous stars." In her childhood dreams, "I was in the movies. I was Tom Mix. And later I was Ginger—and Fred." This didn't go over big in the Smith home. "My mother spent an entire summer going mad," she writes, "while I marched up and down in our driveway shooting off my cap pistols and yelling over and over, 'I'm Tom Mix! I'm Tom Mix! . . . Mother would jerk me into the house exasperated. 'Stop this silliness. You are Mary Elizabeth Smith. Get out of those dirty coveralls, take a bath and put on a little dress before Daddy comes home.' "

And, of course, she obeyed: "I was a horrible little coward and I did want to please Mother and Daddy." Every Sunday night, she would listen to Walter Winchell on the radio. She was also obsessed with the film *The Gay Divorcee.* She learned all the lyrics to "Night and Day" and would sing it in the driveway until one day her mother told her to "hush up," because her aunt was upstairs recovering from a broken heart. "No more love songs around this house," her mother yelled.

SMITH MET HER FIRST HUSBAND WHILE she was a freshman in college. Eddie Beeman was a "tall, dark and handsome right tackle of the football team, and I had been told . . . no girl could get to first base with him. I decided I'd go for a touchdown, to mix a metaphor." Soon after they started dating, he enlisted in the Army during World War II. "My unexamined life would stumble on to the altar. No guy who had flown 25 missions over embattled Europe deserved what Ed Beeman was about to get—me for a wife."

The marriage lasted little over a year, and most of that time, Beeman was at war. When they divorced, Liz was all of 21 and her parents were furious. "They never did forgive me for divorcing Eddie," she says today. "You wanna see a picture of him?" On her desk, she keeps photos of Eddie Beeman—who 56 years later runs a coffee shop in Texas—with his grandchildren. "He's still a wonderful-looking guy, isn't he?" asks Liz.

Soon after her divorce, Sloan won some money on a horse named Soapstix and sent her to the University of Texas. It was there that Liz Smith discovered journalism. And women. She started writing for the college humor magazine *The Texas Ranger.* "Then—bang, something incredible happened," she writes. "I fell in love . . . the only problem was . . . the object of my affection was a woman."

Liz Smith's take on this love affair is undoubtedly the most painful and revealing part of *Natural Blonde.* She writes about how "amazing" it was, and how "neither of us stopped to feel guilty, just a bit confused." But her lover was engaged to an Army officer overseas, and so "part of the time we were fixated on one another. Another part of the time she was planning her wedding."

When they were apart, they wrote love letters. Until their "smartly suspicious parents . . . decided to read our mail." Both women were yanked out of school. Both were "shattered," writes Liz. "We must never see each other again," she remembers being told. "Both of us must ask God's forgiveness. . . . I had committed a sin, a blasphemy against nature." Liz tried to appeal to her mother. "I thought if I could make her see how strong and pure my feelings were, she'd understand. But the more she wept and prayed, the more I saw how useless it was." Finally, writes Liz, she realized that if she adopted "the words of the future, 'Don't ask, don't tell,' she would be fine. . . . I had broken their hearts and they had broken mine." Afterward, writes Liz, "I don't believe I ever said an unfettered, open, frank, or totally honest word to either of my parents again. I told them what they wanted to hear."

She writes that she tried to contact her love, but "she refused to speak with me or even to say good-bye."

"It was very sad," Liz says today. "But everything is live and learn, you know?" She stirs her coffee. "Actually, I think it was very clever of her not to stay in touch with me." Clever? "Well, you know, she headed in a delightful way. I mean, she got married, had kids . . . Yes, I know where she's living and what she's doing and so forth, but we haven't been, you know . . ." Her voice trails off. And then she perks up. "Oh, listen. *What?* When you're young, you're supposed to fall in love and be heartbroken. I just wasn't prepared for that. I didn't know what was happening. I thought it was great and I couldn't understand why everybody didn't approve." She pauses. "Look, it was a great thing to happen, I think, to somebody when they're young. To get sort of jerked around by your feelings. And, um, to encounter so much disapproval. Moral disapproval."

She leans in closer. "You know, one of the things I've always feared most was public humiliation. And I think that was sort of like public humiliation. But I don't blame my parents. I don't know how else they could have reacted. It was not an enlightened time in 1945, '46. But I don't know that things are that different today. I don't think parents are just jumping up and down all over America hoping their kids will turn out to be gay, do you?"

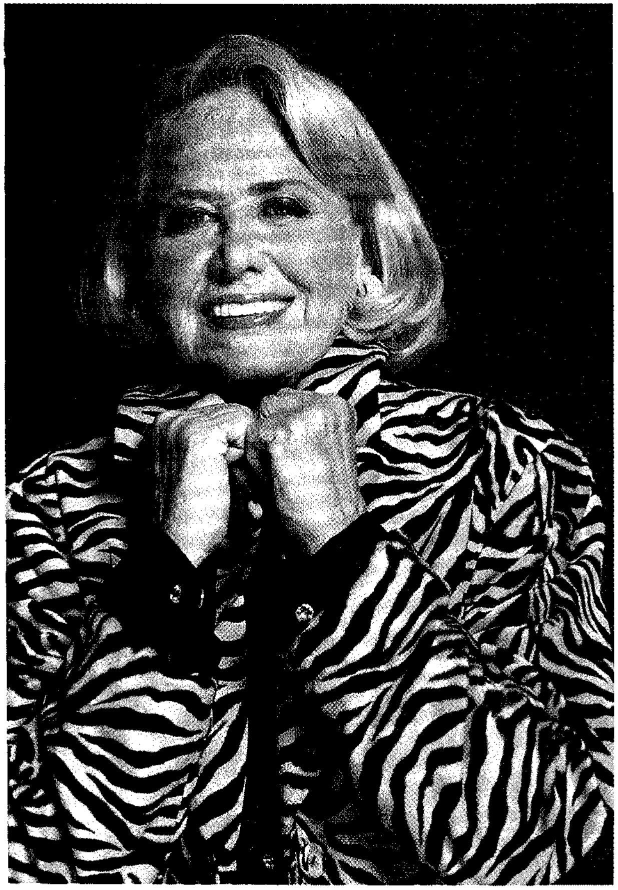
> **"LOOK," she says of her fifteen-year live-in relationship with archaeologist Iris Love. "I don't think I'm under an obligation to tell every intimate thing I ever did. Maybe I feel guilty. She stuck around with me for a long time, but I'm not good at commitment, I guess."**

The waitress wants to know if Ms. Smith wants more coffee.

"I probably wouldn't have written this book if they were still alive."

LIZ SMITH BOUGHT A ONE-WAY TRAIN TICKET to New York City in 1949. She arrived in Penn Station with two suitcases and $50. She found a typing job and started to apply to the places "where I felt I belonged." *The New Yorker,* the New York *Times, Time,* and *Newsweek.* But her University of Texas degree "didn't stagger anybody," she sadly learned. "Young women wanting to work in publishing in 1949–50 needed to be debutantes who had gone to Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr."

"I'm telling you, I almost starved to death," she says, "but I was so enthralled with New York, I didn't even notice." Desperate and broke, she went to a pay phone on the street and called up the actor Zachary Scott—whom she had profiled in college for *The Texas Ranger* (the story is framed in her apartment, with the caption FIRST BYLINE). She reminded him of who she was—"We met at your delightful mother's house in Austin"—then cut to the chase. She needed a job. It was her first valuable lesson in schmoozing and schnorring. The next day, she had a job as a writer for *Modern Screen,* the cloying celebrity magazine of the time, whose editor declared, " 'You have a very virile writing style'—I had to go . . . and look up the word *virile* in the dictionary."



Coat and shirt by Emme.

Those who know Smith well say that deep, deep down, she always wanted to be a "legitimate" writer. Well, maybe not so deep down. "*The New Yorker* was my ideal. It still is," says Liz. "Or *Time* or *Newsweek.* I thought for sure I could get a job at one of them, but I couldn't get arrested." If only she'd had the right credentials, says Liz, "I might have become a *respectable* reporter."

What is staggering about Liz Smith's résumé is how many media outlets she did work for. Long before, and even after, she was Liz Smith, Gossip Queen, she wrote for nine New York newspapers (most of which she has outlived) and dozens of magazines, from *Vanity Fair* to *Cigar Aficionado* to *New York.* She became the only person, let alone woman, to write simultaneously for *Cosmopolitan* and *Sports Illustrated*—a time during which she segued gracefully between the estrogen-charged Helen Gurley Brown and the testosterone-fueled boys at *S.I.* All of whom she, of course, loves and adores. In the fifties, she toiled for Mike Wallace ("I loved him the instant we met") at CBS radio and suffered through a miserable year at *Candid Camera,* working for Allen Funt, who once had her arrange an abortion for his mistress. At one point, Gurley Brown assigned her a story on what the stars ate for dessert. "Those were the good old days," writes Liz, "when the press still asked *what* stars ate, not *who* they ate!"

Along the way, she acquired another husband, Freddie Lister, "a dapper and elegant travel agent from South Africa." She agreed to marry him, but only if they "kept it quiet." This continued for five years, through "some rather stupid playacting in the bedroom. . . . But we lunched and gossiped with gusto. He became my travel agent, of course," she writes. Liz never even told her family about Freddie, who mysteriously disappeared one day on the Long Island Rail Road and was never seen again. When he was finally declared dead, it turned out he had a fortune. "If only I hadn't divorced him," says Liz, "I'd be rich today."

One of the biggest secrets about Liz is that she never made any serious money until she was past retirement age. It wasn't until she broke the biggest scoop of her career—the Trump divorce in 1990, when she was 67—that she suddenly became a hot commodity. New York *Newsday* lured her away from the *Daily News* for a reported $500,000 a year. Then, when she was 72, when the New York edition of *Newsday* folded, she was scooped up for an undisclosed sum by the New York *Post.* She also landed a series of increasingly high-profile (and lucrative) jobs on television. But she still can't balance her checkbook. "The fact that in the end I may be making a lot of money is a real fluke," she says. "And in a funny way, I think I've suffered some for that, because a lot of people really resent that I—I cashed in."

IF THERE'S ONE RECURRING THEME IN Smith's book, it's her absolute phobia of having anyone stay angry at her. The last legendary gossip columnist, Walter Winchell, was so despised when he died that only his daughter showed up at his funeral. This will not happen to Liz. In her book, she lavishly doles out praise and gratitude to anyone who's ever helped her and even a few who hurt her. Take Frank Sinatra. For years, Liz Smith was Francis Albert's most prominent critic. She loathed "his chutzpah, his hubris, his attitude toward women." She gallantly slapped him in boldface when he called an *Entertainment Tonight* reporter a "two-bit hooker," and when he dared to attack Barbara Walters, well, fuhgeddaboudit. Then "he attacked me," writes Liz. "I was a dog. . . . I was fat, old and ugly. He said I preferred Debbie Reynolds to Burt Reynolds." (She left out his crassest crack: that Liz was "a big old dyke.") But one page later, she is invited out to dinner with him. "I dressed seven times that afternoon," Liz swoons. "I threw my clothes around like a demented debutante. I was a girl on a first date." By the end of their meal at a New York steakhouse, Sinatra the thug has morphed into her latest crush. "I had a feeling for what it would be like to be in his strong and capable arms . . . his beautiful French cuffs, fantastic silk tie, wonderful hands with clean strong nails and sexy wrists. (I'd always been a sucker for wrists.) I loved his smell, the scars on his face. . . .

"We kissed good-bye in the drive-through of my apartment building. As his chauffeured car drove away, I realized I had thrown all judgment to the wind. I was Sinatra's slave. Co-opted by a couple of gin and tonics. I was his for the rest of my life. . . . Love is funny that way."

Yep, she wrote that.

But what Liz left out of her book is even more amazing. While she gleefully reports getting whisker burns while "wrestling" with a gentleman from *The Hollywood Reporter,* dancing naked in her former agent's apartment with a TV director sporting a "hard-on," and devotes an entire chapter to her unrequited love affair with decorator Lee Bailey, when she finally gets to her well-known relationship with archaeologist Iris Love at page 272, she is stingy in her depiction of a live-in arrangement that lasted fifteen years. Liz and Iris's relationship was well known enough in certain New York circles that in the eighties, publicist Bobby Zarem, the only enemy Liz *hasn't* made nice with, sent out 400 wedding announcements, to which some recipients actually responded with gifts. (One Hollywood producer reportedly sent the couple HERS and HERS towels.) The book makes no mention of this infamous incident. "I resented it a lot because my mother was still alive—it was disgusting," is all Liz will say.

For years, Liz and Iris were inseparable, making the rounds of society parties and reading novels together in the car as they drove back and forth to their second home, in Vermont. But in the book, Smith describes Iris as a "pal" who moved into her apartment because it "was in Manhattan."

It's a distant and rather joyless take on their years together. Iris doesn't like it, either, admits Liz. "But look," she says, "everybody edits themselves. I don't think I'm under any obligation to tell every intimate thing that I ever did. Or said or felt. And, well, maybe I feel guilty. I always felt I sort of abandoned her . . . I think I'm a serial relationship failure. Iris stuck around with me for a long time, but I'm not good at commitment, I guess."

She looks down at her lap. "I also didn't want to go into any romantic details, because it wasn't really like that. That really wasn't the point of it . . . You're probably right: I don't think I dealt with that part very straightforwardly."

THE PHONE RINGS. ANOTHER MEDIA outlet wanting to know if it's true she's outing herself. Liz rolls her eyes. "There are people, you know, who seem to think I should have never written a column without a disclaimer about my sexuality," she says. "I'd like to say that doesn't bother me, but it does bother me. I mean, you won't put a disclaimer on your byline. You won't say, you know, 'By Lisa, devout heterosexual' or whatever. I really didn't feel I was under any obligation to make any public statement. I didn't think my sex life was that interesting. And you know, it was always more about my emotional life anyway."

The truth is, Liz has never wanted to be the role model that gay people expect her to be. Why, she once told the gay magazine *OutWeek*, should she have "to march down the street being an exhibitionist asshole"?

But now that she has made a public statement, does she regret it?

"Well, no!" says Liz. "I've led a wonderful life. I have no complaints." As she escorts me to the door, she takes my arm. "You know what the *real* surprise of this book is?" she says. "That I come out as a *hetero*sexual. Because as I get older, you know, I prefer men to women, I must say. It's a lot simpler."

But she'd still like Hilary Swank to play her in the movie. ▬

When four of t

dinner, it's a good idea to put aw

DIVAS

WHAT DO GOSSIP COLUMNISTS talk about when they're all alone? *New York*'s Maer Roshan assembled four of the city's boldface veterans, plied them with wine and inedible food, and discreetly turned on a tape recorder. In addition to Liz Smith, guests included Jeannette Walls, an online columnist and onscreen gossip for MSNBC, whose book *Dish: The Inside Story on the World of Gossip* was published to respectful reviews this year. Joanna Molloy writes a column, "Rush & Molloy," for the *Daily News* with her husband, George Rush, and hosts a show on eYada.com. Rounding out the posse was Michael Musto, whose weekly column has run in *The Village Voice* for the past thirteen years. Be afraid, be very afraid!

Liz Smith: What a fancy spread! You should have made us all wear silk underwear.

Michael Musto: You're *not*?

Jeannette Walls: *I* am. You start shimmying a little more when you feel that silk on you.

Smith: You haven't worn cotton underwear since '74, I'm sure.

Walls: I haven't worn *underwear* since 1974! [*Laughter.*]

Maer Roshan: *Geez. The bons mots are flying already. I was going to get us in the mood with some Bill Moyers–type questions. But with this crowd, I don't stand a chance.*

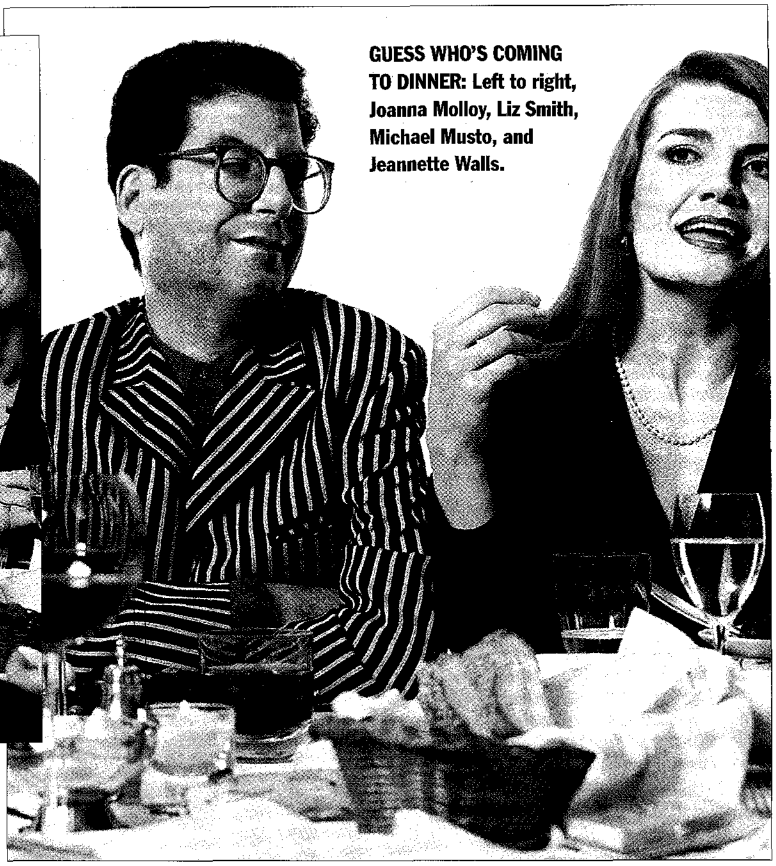
Joanna Molloy: All right. Simmer down, everybody.

M.R.: *To start off with, I'm curious whether you see yourselves more as entertainers or as journalists.*

Walls: We're all hard-ass reporters!

Molloy: That's what bugs me about many other reporters; they say, "Sorry, I won't collaborate with you; I don't do gossip." The fact is, *we* actually go out and dig for things. Plenty of reporters just sit in

Photographed by Anders Overgaard



GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER: Left to right, Joanna Molloy, Liz Smith, Michael Musto, and Jeannette Walls.

OF DISH

y's top gossips get together for knives.

BY MAER ROSHAN

press conferences and take notes. And we have to deal with hostile forces—publicists who do all they can to prevent things from getting out.

Walls: There are *armies* of people arrayed to keep us from getting the truth.

M.R.: *Do you see yourself as a reporter or an entertainer, Liz?*

Smith: I see myself as a star and a sex symbol. [*Laughs.*] No, seriously, I think of myself as a reporter. And sometimes as a performer. I don't take it too seriously.

Musto: Most of the stuff we write about isn't that important in the larger picture. But we have to approach it as if it is, because our readers care about it more than they do about headline news.

Smith: I think we do as well as reporters do. Better. When you read the New York *Times,* they always leave out the main thing you want to know. They never ask, "What happened to the children? What happened to the dog?" In many "real" news stories, they don't get to the crux of anything.

Walls: Gossip columnists are the media's foot soldiers. We're out actually breaking news. So if we get stuff wrong, it's because we're the ones who are breaking things. The New York *Times* has the luxury of following you, so they pretend they have this highbrow approach.They *love* to repeat the stuff the gossip columns have broken, but they always frame it as "Oh, isn't this disgusting," and then repeat it all in salacious detail. Next thing you know, Ted Koppel's doing a special.

Smith: When other papers report it, it's gossip; when the *Times* reports it, it's sociology.

M.R.: *How has the business of gossip changed over the years?*

Musto: There's three times as many reporters now, and the same number of celebrities, so we're all fighting over any crumbs of gossip that we can dig up. As a result, publicists have become immensely powerful. Most people don't realize that reporters can't even get an assignment to interview a big star without that celebrity's publicist approving the writer and even the questions they ask.

M.R.: *How do you get around that?*

Musto: I just try and avoid publicists. They won't deal with me anyway, except to invite me to premieres. I don't know how you daily guys do it, because publicists are so vicious and controlling.

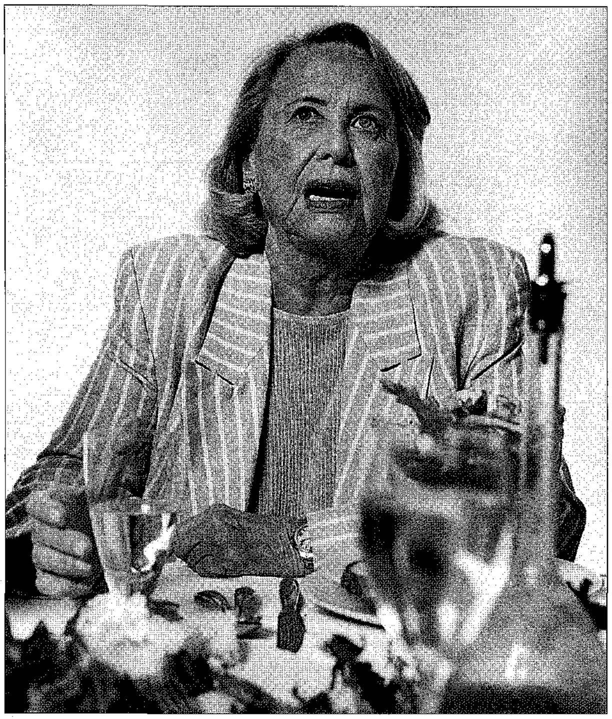
Molloy: They're also violent. I was standing at a party perhaps too close to Skeet Ulrich not long ago, and his publicist came out like a bat out of hell and screamed, "Stay away from Skeet!"

Walls: Your brush with immortality! Sure, honey!

Molloy: I said, "No, I want to stand here and read Skeet's lips." So this publicist bodily shoved me away. It was horrible!

Musto: Usually, they surround me with an

"KEVIN SPACEY is entitled to make any statement he wants about his sex life, and then he has to live with the fallout from people like Nathan Lane who are irritated by that. People have a right to spin their own myth." — Liz Smith



armed convoy. [*Laughs.*] What do they think I'm going to do?

Smith: I don't think we can do anything to any of them. People aren't really hurt by what we do.

M.R.: *You don't think you have the power to hurt careers and reputations?*

Smith: I don't think anybody can hurt a career.

Molloy: That's not true. Some gossips are irresponsible. Recently one of the columns reported, "Brad Pitt is now living in a yellow townhouse" and gave his address. The item went out over all the radio stations, and suddenly everybody was ringing his doorbell, saying, "Hey, Brad, let's party!" Sometimes we reveal things about people that are hurtful. I wouldn't write that somebody is in rehab. . . .

Smith: Yeah, I agree. I think that you have to be careful writing about people who are sick and need help. I remember I got a story on John Belushi when they were making *1941,* which was that they were rumored to have had a million dollars written into the movie budget just for cocaine. Now, that's a story worth telling: I saw it as a cautionary tale. But to just write that somebody is on drugs, they'd have to be doing something really *bad* in public where they just were out of control.

Musto: I think it's much more newsworthy if they're *not* on drugs! [*Laughter.*] The thing I draw the line on is illness. The only time I'd write about illness is if, for example, Rock Hudson comes out and says, "Oh, I don't have AIDS." If it's some kind of hypocrisy, where they're trying to act as if their illness is unspeakable.

Smith: You've got to remember that Rock Hudson got AIDS so early on, and nobody sort of knew how to act about AIDS. Nobody knew what AIDS was.

Musto: Well, by that point I had lost about 200 friends, so *I* knew what AIDS was, Liz.

M.R.: *Do you think it was worth infringing on Rock Hudson's privacy to tell that story?*

Smith: I think he was so sick by the time I found it out that I couldn't have concealed it if I'd wanted to. Yeah, that story was too big to sweep under the rug.

M.R.: *One of the other taboos that's breaking down is sexuality. It's apparent in the coverage of Kevin Spacey, who responded by constantly mentioning a girlfriend of nine years whom no one had ever heard of until six months ago. . . .*

Walls: Is she a drag queen?

Musto: I went out with her. [*Laughter.*]

M.R.: *Liz, you've come out pretty firmly against outing in the past. Have your feelings changed at all?*

Smith: I'm not so firmly against it. I mean, I've outed several people inadvertently. I wouldn't do it on purpose, though. I think Kevin Spacey is entitled to make any kind of statement he wants about his sex life, and then he has to live with the fallout from people who are irritated by that, like Nathan Lane, who are going to keep making jokes about it. But people have a right to spin their own myth. There isn't any law that he has to say what kind of sex he has.

M.R.: *I think that's true. But the question is whether journalists should be writing things they know are lies.*

Musto: That's right. When it comes to gay stuff, we get attacked for reporting the truth. When *Esquire* outed Kevin Spacey ["Kevin Spacey Has a Secret," October 1997], they were *crucified* by the media and by the entertainment world for it, and ultimately had to backtrack. But I thought they were totally brave. They addressed the gossip about Kevin Spacey. And they had every right to do so.

Smith: Spacey is fairly public in his behavior, so people think they can say anything they want. He's not going to sue.

M.R.: *I kept trying to figure out what Kevin Spacey's secret* was. *[*Laughter.*] I know you have very mixed feelings about this whole outing issue, Jeannette.*

Walls: I do. I used to be vehemently opposed to it. But my gay friends have taught me that there really is a form of homophobia in avoiding the subject. There's a double standard. Not long ago, there was a high-ranking political adviser who got fired because he kept hitting on the male interns. Nobody reported it, because it would have meant outing him.

Smith: Politics is fair game for outing because the results of the hypocrisy are so serious. I don't know if we need to be jumping on a bunch of actors who want to pretend they're straight.

M.R.: *But we live at a time when the biggest societal influences are cultural rather than political. Tom Cruise has more of a cultural impact than most politicians, don't you think?*

Walls: It's true. Celebrities have become cultural touchstones. As scary as it is, people really do look to stars as moral leaders.

Musto: Which is why I think it is totally hypocritical of the media to stay away from gay sexuality. Gossip reporters will report almost everything about celebrities, but sexuality is off-limits. It's saying that homosexuality is unspeakable, so dirty that it shouldn't even be addressed.

Molloy: I think everyone has a right to privacy when it comes to their sex life.

Musto: Have I been misreading your column? You're such a liar!

Molloy: You're talking about our item on Nathan Lane?

Musto: You're constantly going there and playing around. Nathan Lane is one of many examples. You wrote about Kevin Spacey at some Oscar party with Sam Mendes "enjoying the guys in their Speedos." Do I have to remind you? You not only outed Spacey—you outed [*American Beauty* director] Sam Mendes! Is Mendes even gay?

Molloy: Wait a minute, a man can enjoy a guy in a Speedo and not be gay. [*Laughs.*]

Musto: Tell that to the judge, honey.

Smith: I don't agree with you, Mike. Nobody saw Anne Heche and Ellen DeGeneres in bed.

Musto: They were spotted holding hands at the Cubby Hole, Liz!

Smith: What? Well, lots of women hold . . . Arab men hold hands all the time.

Musto: Yeah—last I checked, DeGeneres wasn't an Arab name.

M.R.: *Do you all enjoy what you do? Do you ever have trouble sleeping at night?*

Walls: Love it! [*Laughs.*] Can't imagine doing anything else.

Smith: I like it. I've always loved writing about celebrities. I always wanted to know them, and I always wanted to live, you know, in the throes or on the fringes of show business or the literary world. I try to write about *all* kinds of things, not just show business, not just actors. I am more interested in writers, really.

M.R.: *Is it hard to be friends with the people that you cover, Liz?*

Smith: Of course! It's terrible. You have to figure out whether you're going to end your friendship with them half the time.

Musto: I've managed to keep most of *my* friends. Though it's true that Meryl Streep is not calling me to go bowling. I think it's healthy that I'm not friends with any of these people.

Walls: I don't think you *can* be friends with the people you write about. It just complicates things.

M.R.: *Do you compete a lot amongst each other? How far would you go to get an item?* [Much laughter.]

Molloy: What would *Jeannette* do for an item? Can I show you the stiletto prints on my back?

Musto: I think the biggest competitor for all of us is "Page Six." I mean, even dear, dear friends that I've known for twenty years will tell me something about themselves that's newsworthy, and I'll say, "Can I write that?" and they'll say, "No-no-no, I'll let you know when I'm ready," and two days later they'll have phoned it into "Page Six."

Smith: Don't you give "Page Six" any credit? Maybe they ran out and got it.

Musto: No! This is a friend of mine who lives in *Brooklyn,* Liz! Not John Travolta! But you just charm them, Liz. They're yours.

Smith: Certain celebrities like Barbara Walters see the beauty in what I do. But she's a friend of mine, and she makes a lot of news.

M.R.: *So Liz, do Barbara and Diane Sawyer really hate each other?*

Smith: I don't think they *hate* each other. They have grudging respect for each other. But they're in this titanic struggle all the time to see which one is going to . . . It isn't money they want. Barbara doesn't need *money*. She's already making $10 million a year. She wants love and affection from the people at ABC. She wants to feel she has as much power as Diane does. But I don't think they actually hate each other.

Molloy: And I don't think any of us really hate each other.

Walls: Speak for yourself, bitch. [*Laughter.*]

M.R.: *Is it dangerous for gossip columnists to get too cozy with their subjects?*

Molloy: I think so. For years, I did items without really meeting people except for five minutes at a premiere. I prefer it that way. When you meet someone and look into their eyes, you see that somewhere back there is a person who just wanted to be an actor, somewhere is the creative soul that existed before all of the money and the power got to them, and it becomes harder and harder to trash them.

Smith: That's true. But here's the rub. Ultimately this job is all about access. You use your access to get items, and then decide how far you want to go in telling the truth. When I got embroiled in the Donald Trump–Ivana Trump divorce, I hadn't started out thinking that I was going to have to take sides until circumstances forced me to do so. In the beginning, I was talking to both of them. Then I gave up on Donald. I thought, "Well, I'll never have access to him again." Not that I *cared* particularly. . . .

Musto: Let me be denied access to Donald Trump. *Please.*

Smith: But no. A year later he wrote me a letter saying, "I think I'm falling in love with you again." I framed it.

Walls: I think gossip columnists *have* to be confrontational, especially when celebrities keep messing up. *Someone* needs to keep these people in line. It's like Eminem gets arrested every other day when his mother isn't suing him. Or Angelina Jolie and Billy Bob Thornton, just watching *that* car accident speeding down the highway.

Smith: They're too hot not to cool down. Don't you think?

Musto: They're *very* explicit about how hot they are in bed, which makes me wonder if the whole thing wasn't orchestrated to divert the public from thinking that she was fucking her brother.

Smith: Say right what you mean! [*Much laughter.*]

Molloy: Do you think Angelina and her brother both got collagen implants at the same time so that we believe her lips are *naturally* that big? [*Laughter.*]

Smith: We love to bring celebrities down a notch, all of us. But it comes out of sheer love. We care about these people so much, we feel like they're our best friends, and when they disappoint us, we have to knock them down a peg.

Walls: It's also a drama. It's Shakespearean. I mean, when you care about a neighbor or a friend or a lover, you gossip about them. You want to know what's going on with them, you follow their lives. It's a soap opera. Take all these Whitney Hous-

"AT ONE party I was standing too close to Skeet Ulrich, and his publicist came like a bat out of hell and screamed, 'Stay away from *Skeet*!' I said, 'No, I want to stand here and read Skeet's lips!' He bodily shoved me away." —Joanna Molloy

"EXCUSE me! How about Sharon Stone sending out a release after Columbine saying, 'I've given up my gun.' She was trying to get publicity out of *Columbine!* Like anyone gave a shit about her gun, except her husband, who *should* be afraid." —Michael Musto

ton items. I mean, everybody feels *bad* for this woman. She's very talented. Nobody wants to see her crash and burn. They'd like to see her respond to intervention.

M.R.: *Do you know that for sure?*

Smith: Absolutely. I do know it for sure.

Walls: It seems to me that her friends and family are behind all this negative publicity. They decided the way to push her to do something about her drug problem was public humiliation.

M.R.: *Who do you think is the most fun celebrity to gossip about these days?*

Musto: My favorite is Britney Spears . . . [*Everyone laughs.*] because she doesn't even realize what she's doing. She insists she doesn't want to be part of somebody's Lolita complex, but it's like, *hello*! On her TV special, they panned the audience and there were these 4-year-old girls putting their hands on their hips and singing "I'm not that innocent." What is going *on* with this girl? I love her. Diana Ross embodies the same kind of contradiction. I mean, reach out and touch, but *don't touch too close.*

M.R.: *Especially if you're a woman in an airport.* [Laughter.]

Walls: I love Angelina Jolie.

Smith: Yes. I'm always waiting to see what crazy weirdo thing she does next.

Molloy: Yeah, Angelina and Billy Bob are my favorites, too. Because Billy Bob was also one of the few male anorexics, and I'm obsessed with that. At one point, he was eating practically a lettuce leaf a day. Also, I saw Billy Bob do one of the most bodacious things I have ever seen a celebrity do. At the Miramax party at the Oscars several years back, his wife was sitting at the table, and he was holding hands with Laura Dern on the other side.

Walls: Oh! He's horrible!

Smith: I sort of discovered Billy Bob, you know. Elizabeth Taylor kept raving about him. But his romance with Angelina Jolie will burn out really fast, I think.

Molloy: What do you give it?

Smith: Six months.

Musto: Six months, yeah.

M.R.: *Is that your* final *answer?*

Walls: Can I say four?

M.R.: *Has the Internet made your jobs harder or easier?*

Molloy: Well, the thing that really irks me are the celebrity Websites now, where if you do an item about, like, Barbra Streisand, *bam,* the next morning she's like, "This is all lies!" Recently a friend of mine dropped an egg on Streisand while she was filming something, and told me about it. The next day her Website claimed the entire item was fabricated. "*Nobody* dropped an egg on Barbra." But I *knew* it was true!

Walls: Celebs have Websites allegedly devoted to countering the gossip about them, but I think they're really devoted to feeding the stars' ego. I mean, Michael Douglas's Website is *hilarious.* And you've got to pay $39 for it.

M.R.: *What do you get? His measurements?*

Smith: I don't pay any attention to any of that. The only thing I read off the Internet is Jeannette.

Walls: Oh, bless your heart!

Smith: I don't read anything else, because I don't believe anything else I read. In the beginning I thought I was missing out when I wasn't reading Matt Drudge. Then I found out that all Drudge did was write a little teeny item a day. . . .

Walls: He picks up all the rest from us.

M.R.: *Then how come he's stolen so much thunder from the rest of the gossips?*

Musto: He'll throw anything against the wall to see if it sticks. Sometimes it will be a big scoop, and sometimes it will be totally untrue.

Walls: His fifteen minutes are over, I think. Not a minute too soon!

M.R.: *Do you examine the motivations of your sources?*

Walls: There's about five or six different reasons people leak items—usually it's to manipulate you. They want to give out good information about themselves or bad information about their enemies.

Smith: I listen sometimes to the most incredible, horrible things about people, and I'm thinking, "Why is this person telling me these things?" After a while, you get good at discerning motive. You develop a shit detector.

Molloy: I also have a credo, "No story too weird to check out." Like, one time somebody called me up and said, "Kirstie Alley made her publicist express breast milk for her pet ferret." I was like, "That is *really* disgusting." But I checked it out and the publicist said, "It's absolutely true, and I'm proud of it!" [*Laughter.*]

M.R.: You *must have checked out some pretty gross stories, Michael!*

Musto: On the new season of *Sex and the City,* the Sarah Jessica Parker character goes out with a politician who wants her to urinate on him. So naturally I called Candace Bushnell and said, "Is this based on Al D'Amato?" Because she went out with Al D'Amato.

Molloy: A *lot* of people were wondering about that.

Musto: Everyone was buzzing at the premiere that it *was* D'Amato. Candace went ballistic on me! She began yelling, "That's really cheap. I have nothing to do with the writing of the show. How dare you? Al is a really nice guy." As if water sports means you're a bad person.

Walls: As if!

Musto: I'm not the one who made the whole world my gynecologist. The show is based on her sex life!

Walls: I was with Candace one time when she used the urinal. She loves to use urinals. [*Laughter.*]

Molloy: That's funny. I saw her use a urinal, too.

Smith: Lovely. Did you print that?

Walls: No, I didn't. She was like, "Here, do it like this; it's faster." [*Laughter.*]

Smith: I always use the men's room. You avoid the lines that way.

Walls: I'm sorry the Senate campaign turned out to be such a dud. It had such gossip potential.

Molloy: Lazio's wife looks a lot older than he does. That makes me very suspicious.

Musto: Maybe he's seeing Judith Nathan on the side. [*Laughter.*]

> **"MOST ACTORS *crave* publicity, however much they piss and moan. They're like heroin addicts. They complain constantly about how fame ruins their lives, but the truth is they can't live without it. Whenever they go for a while without it, they've got to get another little fix." —Jeannette Walls**

M.R.: *Have any of you ever been sued?*

Musto: No.

Molloy: No.

Walls: [*Silence.*]

Smith: Well, I've been *threatened* a lot.

Musto: I was threatened by *D. B. Sweeney*. How sad is that? And a washed-up former club kid named Julie Jewels.

Molloy: What on earth could you say to malign Julie Jewels?

Musto: I didn't mention her. [*Laughter.*]

Smith: One of the most dangerous things you can do is to write a blind item. My worst blind item was about a talk-show host who was going to come out. I thought that that was okay. And I was really *sure* this was going to happen. But *nothing* happened. And then Oprah called a press conference and said, "I'm not gay; I'm not coming out." I never said she *was* gay. I never even said it was a woman. But Oprah never spoke to me again.

Musto: *Everybody* thought it was Oprah.

Smith: But it wasn't. It was *insane* of Oprah to react like that! I've never written another blind item.

Musto: Who was it, then?

Smith: I'm not going to tell you. They didn't come out, of course, so they're entitled to stay in. And I'm entitled to suck a big egg!

M.R.: *Have you ever been offered a bribe to write or spike an item?*

Smith: No one's met my price!

Molloy: Some gossip columnists receive fur coats and jewelry and things like that. But people are smoother now. Now they try to kill items by bribing you with *other* items.

Smith: That's how the *National Enquirer* succeeded for so long. They blackmail people with terrible stories, and then a lot of people cooperate by giving them stories on other people or on themselves.

Molloy: Suddenly you're having a private tour of Burt Reynolds's house.

Walls: One time, Tommy Mottola offered to help me get a recording contract.

Molloy: Can you sing, Jeannette?

Walls: Not at all. He offered a singing contract to Cindy Adams too. [*Laughter.*]

M.R.: *Who's the most hateful celebrity you can think of?*

Molloy: Sean Penn calls to yell at you even if you write something positive. . . . I had a friend that went to a small party at his house, and he was looking for the bathroom, and he opens the door, and there was Sean Penn lying horizontal with a woman who was *not* Robin Wright Penn. So we ran it.

Walls: He got upset about *that*?! [*Laughs.*]

Molloy: So he calls me up infuriated, and he kept saying, "I am a family man!"

Walls: Why didn't you think of that when you were *shtupping* that woman, huh!? Kill the messenger! [*Laughs.*]

Molloy: Julia Roberts can be *horrible*. She's very difficult, and her publicist is even worse. She plays George and me off each other. If I do a critical story on her, she sends flowers to George. I'm not kidding. And he's like, "Joanna, she's not *that* bad."

Walls: Who sends flowers? Julia or the publicist?

Molloy: *Ostensibly* Julia. It's like those 100-white-tulips numbers with vase. Annoying!

Musto: Hard to pass up a hundred white tulips.

Walls: Especially from Julia Roberts.

Molloy: With a *note*!

Walls: I hate the celebrities who have the hubris disease, who have to comment on everything, they're just so egotistical.

Molloy: You know what bugged me? When *Fran Drescher* came out all weepy after Princess Di got killed, and she said: "I have trouble with paparazzi, too." Thanks for sharing.

Musto: Or excuse me, how about Sharon Stone sending out a press release saying "I've given up my gun" in the wake of Columbine. She was actually trying to get publicity out of *Columbine*! Like anyone gave a shit about her gun, except her husband, who *should* be afraid.

Walls: Most actors crave publicity, however much they piss and moan about it. They're like heroin addicts. They complain constantly about how fame ruins their lives, but the truth is they can't live without it. Whenever they go for a while without it, they've got to get another little fix.

Molloy: Mess up a hotel room.

Musto: Or wear see-through clothes.

M.R.: *Who's the biggest press whore?*

Walls, Molloy, Musto: Madonna!

Musto: She's so disingenuous! You just wonder, if you sent her to New Zealand, would she come back dressed as a Maori Indian with a bone through her nose? She just superficially absorbs whatever's around her and spits it out. I don't think she's that much of a press whore anymore, but she attained legendary Press Whore Hall of Fame status.

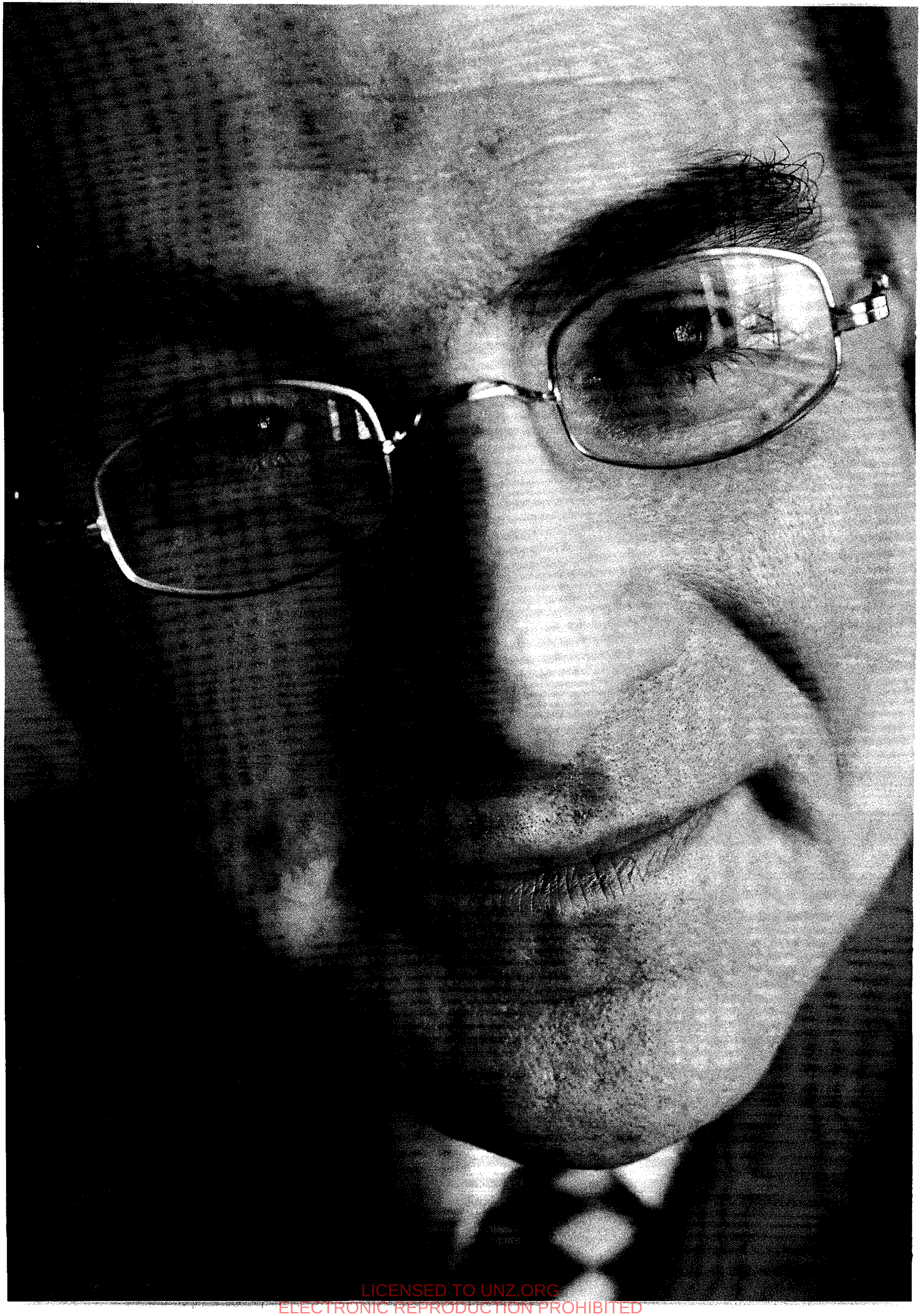
Walls: I liked her more when she was a press whore and admitted to it. Now she's doing the whole Anglophile thing. . . .

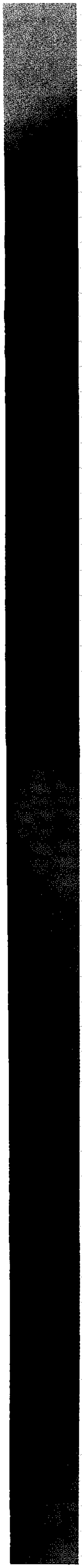
Musto: Ugh! Forget it!

Walls: The whole fake accent . . . [*Imitates it.*] And she was telling me, "Oh, I could really use . . ."

Musto: ". . . a pint of lager."

Walls: ". . . a pint of lager and a snap of crisps." [*Everyone laughs.*] We all liked it a lot better when you did the street thing, honey! ■





HAROLD LEVY'S CLASS WAR

The schools are crumbling, test scores are dismal, the teachers' ranks are depleted, the union wants a raise, and *everyone* has an opinion. Into the breach marches the cheerful new chancellor, armed with a philosopher's intensity and a lawyer's zeal. But will they be enough in the new blackboard jungle?

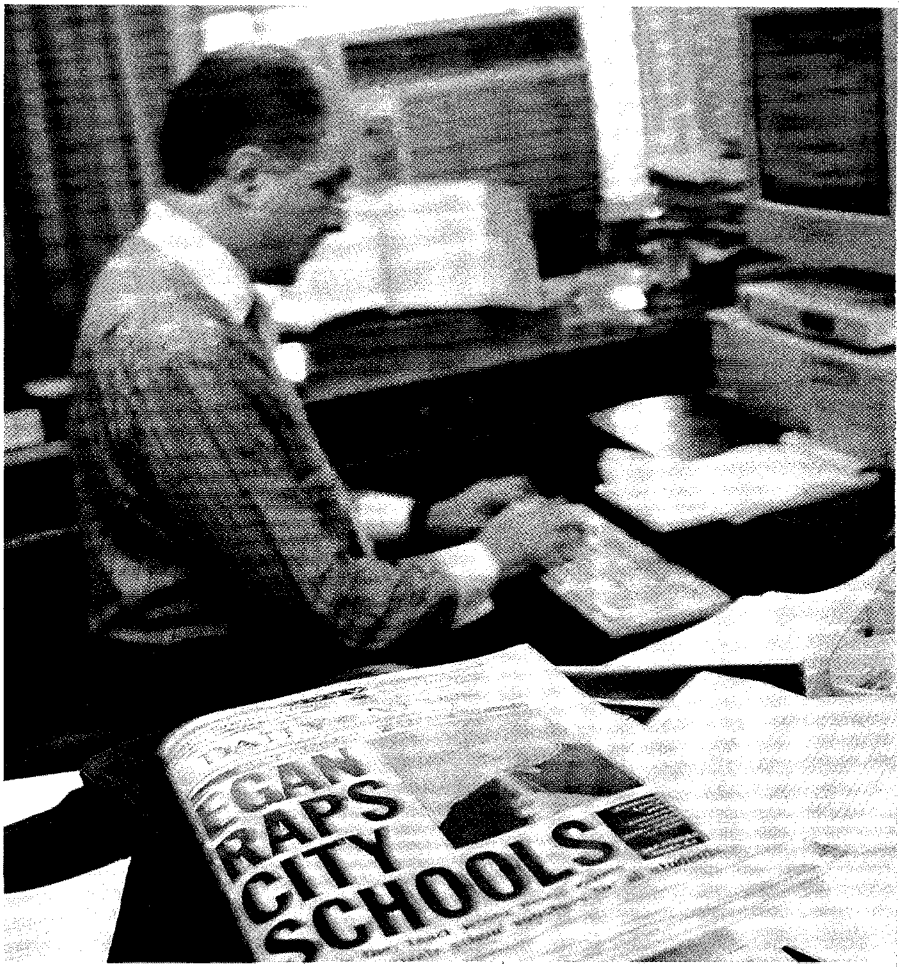
By Robert Kolker

SOMEWHERE OVER THE QUASI-PERMANENT scaffolding that comes between Harold Levy and his tenth-floor view of downtown Brooklyn, there's a sun that's shining. But he'll have to take it on faith. The chancellor of New York City's public schools, ever in pinstripes with a white handkerchief and banker's contrast-collar shirt, is holding court in a long, wide office that his predecessor, Rudy Crew, had used only for ceremonial purposes. Mud-colored carpet covers the floor, but Levy has worked to personalize the place: On a sofa rests a little pillow with the crocheted maxim NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED, and on the wall above it is a portrait of Sir Thomas More.

Sir Thomas More, as Levy tells anyone who asks, studied law at Oxford and aspired to an intellectual life as a monk, until an overriding sense of duty propelled him into British politics. After becoming chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1525, he begged to differ with his boss, Henry XII, over a point of ecclesiastical law—and was beheaded for his trouble. "He's a lawyer, he's an educator, he's a *real* chancellor, and he died for his principles," Levy explains, savoring the pun. "It's a sort of inspirational reminder that things could be worse."

Call it Harold Levy's version of the serenity prayer—and, perhaps, a personal cautionary tale. While Levy is no monk, he did renounce a seven-figure job at Citigroup in January to follow what he calls his "better nature" to lead the schools. He knows that running this system, the largest in the country, has become the ultimate thankless task: The Board of Education comes under fire so often that whoever's in charge, as Levy's own wife, Pat Sapinsley, has worried, is "a little bit of a sitting duck." Each time a chancellor ambles into town, it's like *High Noon:* He's hailed as a savior who will fight for *the children*—defending them from politicians and bureaucrats. Then, after a lightning-fast honeymoon, each is martyred,

Photographed by Marc Asnin



taking the rap for a systemic blunder or pressured out by a testy mayor.

But so far, Levy is a little different. Unlike the many who have parachuted into New York for the job, he is local, independent, and rich. He went to an Ivy League school and, by way of Oxford, an Ivy League law school. He's cultivated the friendship of Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver, real-estate powerhouse Jack Rudin, and the Reverend Jesse Jackson. His Wall Street career—he survived three corporate mergers, proceeding from Salomon Brothers to Travelers to Citigroup, becoming the current company's head of global compliance—brought him into contact with mayoral confidants Tony Coles, Randy Levine, and Randy Mastro, all once and future private-sector lawyers. "They'd all die for $10 million in litigation from us," Levy says.

Friends like these have done much to inoculate Levy from the mayoral harangues that politically isolated his predecessors Rudy Crew and Ray Cortines. After first refusing even to speak to Levy, Rudy Giuliani publicly commended him on the first day of school for presiding over a colossal summer-school program in which a full third of the students failed—the prevailing presumption being that the results could have been a whole lot worse. "I had low expectations for it," Levy acknowledges now, smiling at what could have been an early Waterloo.

In short order, he's reconnected the board with other critics who have long considered it a bunker. Edward Stancik, the dogged investigator of school corruption and nemesis of many a schools chancellor, called Levy in March to tell him he was the first chancellor he's ever actually heard use the C-word—*cheating*—in public. "I think Levy's really smart," Stancik attests. Diane Ravitch, the conservative schools critic, came out against Levy's summer-school program. Then he invited her to drop by; now she calls him "fresh-faced" and "a good man doing a valiant job." And a few weeks ago, Levy lunched at Nobu with Ted Forstmann, the relentless leveraged-buyout master who has raised hundreds of millions of dollars to airlift kids out of public school and into private school. When Forstmann told Levy that the public schools were the last great monopoly, Levy cheerfully agreed—and added that anyone who thought they would go the way of Ma Bell was kidding himself. "The idea that private education will be anything more than a sideshow is *illusory,*" Levy told him. Forstmann picked up the check.

As Levy's honeymoon winds down, he's started wearing his independence on his sleeve. His harshest coverage came last month during his contract negotiation, when he declared his intention to pocket a $10,000-a-month housing allowance in lieu of living in the Brooklyn Heights townhouse that the board reserves for chancellors. The move smacked of corporate hardball, and Levy won, concluding the negotiation last week with no apologies. The maneuver was, to him, a symbolic way of reminding the board that he doesn't need this job. "There was all this language about giving the chancellor a form of tenure," Levy tells me, "and I crossed all that stuff out. I want this to be a *modern* contract: If the board doesn't like me, I leave, and if I don't like the board, I leave. If I had to move into that building, it would have compromised my ability to withdraw."

But what about those editorials accusing him of Wall Street greed? What went through his head when he picked up the *Daily News* and read, "What next, chancellor? Servants?"

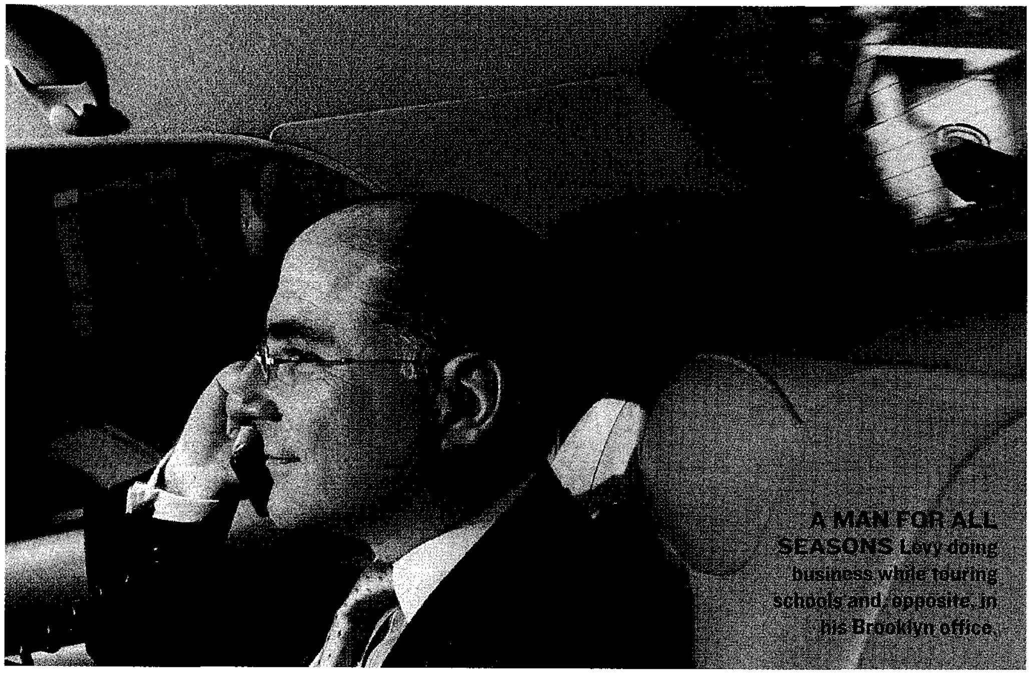
Levy laughs and delivers a whaddya-gonna-do shrug. "I usually *like* the *Daily News* editorials," he says.

THE SCHOOLS, OF COURSE, SUFFER FROM ills that some powerful friends can't cure. Levy understands that he has arrived at the board at its worst moment since the 1993 asbestos crisis. Over the next five years, the city expects to lose more than half its 78,000 teachers, mostly through attrition. An entire generation of teachers who came in during the Great Society are now poised to retire, with practically no one willing to replace them.

The teacher shortage is national in scope but most acute in New York. It speaks not just to a lack of interest in entering teaching as a profession but to a growing consensus that this city simply isn't a good place to be a teacher. A sampling of what scares people off: Sex attacks in the schools have tripled, according to the latest statistics. Standardized-test scores wallow below 50 percent. The system suffers from budget shortfalls, overcrowded and crumbling facilities, and salaries that can't compete with those of the suburbs. If that isn't enough for the chancellor's rookie year, a potentially incendiary teacher's-contract negotiation looms with a November 15 deadline, and the mayor wants him to slash 75 percent of the board's bureaucracy.

If Levy privately flinches at the scope of the job he's taken on—"On several occasions, he's said to me, 'Ray, you never told me how difficult it is,' " reports his friend Ray Cortines, now in San Francisco—publicly, he's all smiles. In person, he alternates between Ivy League cheekiness and a restless high-mindedness: Politically, he comes off both as a purebred West Side liberal who's following his social conscience (while, it must be noted, sending his own children to private school) and as a tough Wall Street type, ready to whip the board into shape.

Levy's corporate background belies the fact that he's a longtime public-education wonk. As the head of a 1995 commission on school facilities formed by Cortines, he drew attention to the aging infrastructure. As a member of the State Board of Regents, he led the charge to extract more state funding for city schools. He's certainly not there to tear the place apart. Yet this is the same chancellor who, in the past few months, has agreed to privatize some of the system's most troubled schools, who challenged the teachers' union by launching an alternative-certification program, and who vowed not to come back from the teachers' negotiation table without major changes. "I think there are two Harold Levys, and I've seen both of them," says Sol Stern, the conservative Manhattan Institute fellow and staunch opponent of the union. "One is wedded to the idea that the schools need more money. And the other understands there are structural problems in the way the system is set up. We're already beginning to see he's leaning toward the structural approach. But I think he's of two minds about it."


A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS Levy doing business while touring schools and, opposite, in his Brooklyn office.

What Levy says he wants most of all is to get beyond the hurdle of ideology. Vouchers are illegal in New York State, he says, so why bother talking about them? A little dabbling in privatization, he says, never hurt anybody, right? Instead, he'd rather be an apolitical ambassador for the schools. This, he suggests, might explain some of his impulsive, loftier behavior: Levy has garnered headlines for sending Wallace Stevens poems to board members and coaxing Isaac Stern into teaching violin to his 43 superintendents. He drops references to thinkers as disparate as Stephen L. Carter and Adam Smith. Once, he used *The Praise of Folly* as the title for a Regents district report. "One or two people got the Erasmus reference," he told me, beaming. Tall with a regal, half-bare cranium and scholarly wire-rimmed glasses, he opens speeches with sprawling, idealistic principles that no one can argue with. "Our teachers are the vessels through which we convey civilization," he told a teachers' group in April . . . and a graduating class of certified teachers in June. The push for profundity is entirely intentional.

"I want to get people in the teaching system who will ace that test," Levy says of the certification exam, "who will bring a certain intellectual capacity to the job."

Of course, this doesn't mean he lacks an agenda. Take the United Federation of Teachers negotiation. While Levy has vowed to fight for teacher raises, he's also convinced that if he can change the contract to streamline the arbitration process—the way in which the union defends its members from dismissal—incompetent teachers will no longer have the protections they have now. It's a typical Levy end run: Praise teachers while changing the fine print to weaken their ability to protect the bad ones.

As above-the-fray as he tries to be, Levy is short-fused about attempts to get in his way. Last month, Richard Mills, the state education commissioner, sued Levy for not steering certified teachers to the system's weakest schools. Levy was outraged enough to call Mills, a friend, and yell at him—and then broker a compromise before the school year started. The settlement requires him to have an all-certified teaching staff by 2003, something he insists just isn't possible without attracting subpar teachers; he points out that already, almost a third of the city's teachers flunked the certification exam the first time out.

The silver lining in this situation is alternative teacher recruitment, a Levy-inspired outreach program that netted 330 new teachers this summer. They're motivated and talented: 96 percent of them passed the certification test with just a month of preparation. The fact that the state wanted to steer these new people to the very worst schools burns Levy up—but the program itself has promise. "That told me we were really onto something," Levy says. "I want to get people in the system who will ace that test—who will bring a certain intellectual capacity to the job."

But for such a program to work, Levy must become even more of a Pied Piper for the schools than he is already. The thankless task gets even tougher. And Levy's smile widens.

"MY REACTION WAS, 'WHO IN their right mind would take such a terrible job?' " Pat Sapinsley remembers. It was the first week of January, the kids were in bed, and she and her husband were doing the dishes in their Riverside Drive apartment when the husband told the wife he wanted to be schools chancellor.

"I was shocked that he would even consider it," says Sapinsley, who had put her own career as an architect on hold to raise the couple's two children. "I was concerned that we would never see him. I was concerned, given the political climate in the city, how difficult a job it could be." Only when she started detailing her fears did she realize how badly he wanted the job. "He said, kind of quietly, 'Did it ever occur to you that I might *enjoy* it?' "

A son of Jewish war refugees, Harold Oscar Levy grew up with a Holocausttinged worldview and an immigrant striver's mentality. He had the additional burden of being his parents' only surviving child. Arriving from Germany in 1939, they had settled in Washington Heights and had a daughter who suffered from nephritis, a kidney disease that left her unable to walk. She spent several years in the hospital before dying in 1951; Harold was born a year later. The sister Levy never knew was an invalid, and for that reason was set apart from the other children in school. "My mother," Levy says, "has less than tender memories of the New York City Board of Education's treatment of that child."

He made his first political connection without even knowing it. Levy's father owned the Kronel Thrift Store on West Fordham Road in the Bronx, a hardware store partly supplied by a wholesaling business run by Sheldon Silver's family. Harold attended a yeshiva kindergarten on 187th Street in Manhattan, but before the boy entered P.S. 189, his family returned to Germany seeking reparations, and he had a six-month sojourn at a nunnery kindergarten, where he remembers getting "more than my share" of corporal punishment. "I mean, on the whole, it was actually a very good experience," he says now, "because I learned to speak German."

He jumped from Junior High School 52 to Bronx Science, and then to Cornell's Industrial and Labor Relations school, where he was in the top of his class. It was there that he first read *Utopia* and Erasmus's *The Praise of Folly*, in a great-books class conducted by Milton Konvitz, an assistant general council of the NAACP legal-defense fund and scholar who holds honorary degrees from the three major Jewish seminaries. "I can only hope to aspire to little snippets of what he does in first gear," Levy says. "He taught me how to be a reflective person—how to be a mensch."

The mentorship evolved into a 25-year correspondence that continues today. "Harold loves to write," Sapinsley explains, "and by keeping up a correspondence with someone who truly is a nineteenth-century figure, he gets to write these long, florid letters." Konvitz, now 92, speaking from his home in Oakhurst, New Jersey, describes his old pupil as a polymath. "He picks up all sorts of things," he says. "One of the things he wrote me about recently is that he read Oliver Wendell Holmes's correspondence with Harold Laski. He wants to do something meaningful with his life—something he would be able to justify philosophically."

After a year at Oxford, Levy chose a well-traveled road: Cornell Law School, a federal clerkship in Buffalo (and work on a school-desegregation case), a job in the civil-rights division of the Department of Justice, and finally corporate law. It was as a commercial litigator for Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom that he started seeking out pro bono work, and before long he found himself in the outer reaches of the bureaucratic galaxy—the audit-advisory committee of the high-school division of the Board of Education.

It was a morning-a-month commitment that Levy remembers as vaguely stultifying stuff—reviewing how much is spent for textbooks, repairs, and the like—until he suggested that the auditors and the people they audited show up at the same meetings and face one another. A bureaucratic snore turned into a night at the fights. "Unbeknownst to me, the people in these meetings loved it," Levy says. "The auditors finally got somebody to listen to them—and the people being audited got to stick it to those cockamamie auditors. And for eighteen months, I got tutorials on the idiocy that goes on in this system—$100,000 in computers, lost with a shrug of the shoulders; somebody records books missing because they were filed slightly the wrong way."

Only when she started detailing her fears did Levy's wife realize how badly he wanted the job. "He said, 'Did it ever occur to you that I might *enjoy* it?' "

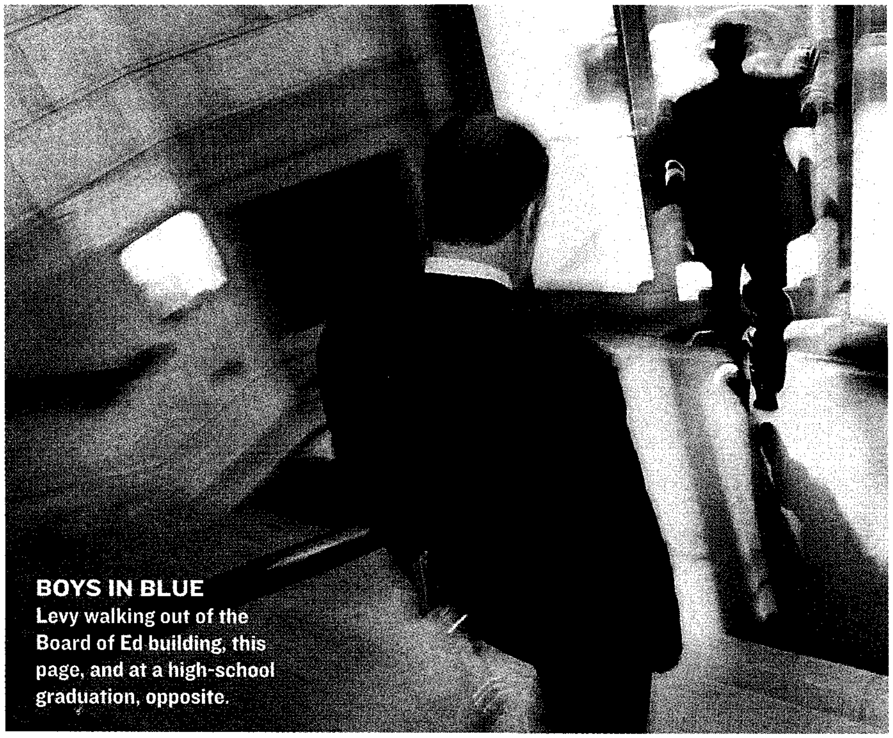
A phone call from Ray Cortines in 1995 pulled Levy deeper into the system. Levy recalls Cortines's telling him that "his people" had said Levy was the right man to head up a new commission on school facilities. Levy stacked the roster with a mix of the city's master builders and power brokers—Jack Rudin, former Nelson Rockefeller adviser Alton Marshall, City College president Yolanda Moses, and former city finance commissioner Anthony Shorris. "He didn't know a face brick from a teakettle, but he learned," says Rudin. From the beginning, though, Levy knew how to impress the Albany staff, holding meetings in the posh Salomon Brothers conference room. People in the meetings remember never having seen anything like it before.

When the commission drew its conclusion that the schools needed $11 billion in investment, Levy worried that the report would die the slow death of most Albany committee reports—so he directed the media to a class being held in a bathroom. The images endured. "There was a Regents hearing on the report, and everybody was looking for a site for the hearing," remembers Elaine Frazier, Silver's aide at the time. "And Harold wanted to have the hearing on the top floor in one of the school buildings because it was unsafe. That was Harold O. Levy."

IN 1995, AS LEVY WAS REDISCOVERING THE public-school system, he and his wife found themselves deliberating whether to send their kids, Hannah and Noah, to a public school. After a year of discussion, they chose Dalton instead.

"It was soul-searching, because our values told us to support the public schools," says Sapinsley. "He knew the buildings were falling apart. And I became an architect because I was exposed to art at an early age, and a lot of my decision was based on telling Harold I did not want to deprive our daughter of the influences of music and art that I had." It's a decision that stirs up some of Levy's most important constituents. "Harold brings some very good ideas," says one superintendent. "But it's like telling someone to eat at a restaurant when *you* don't eat in it."

Levy stayed true to the schools in his fashion, letting Sheldon Silver know he wanted to join the State Board of Regents. For years, the Regents were largely ceremonial, but Silver, in the midst of a not-so-cold war with George Pataki, wanted to make them more activist. Levy joined the cause: He took the annual school-statistics report required by the legislature and read every page. "He'd string these facts together to show how little was spent on New York City compared to comparable urban centers in the state," recalls Steve Allinger, then the deputy budget director of the Assembly's Ways and Means Committee, and now Levy's chief Albany lobbyist. "He was a lawyer preparing for litigation, preparing a brief. I was amazed. He'd make transparencies, and he'd make an audiovisual presentation that was quite impressive. They became known as Harold's charts."



BOYS IN BLUE
Levy walking out of the Board of Ed building, this page, and at a high-school graduation, opposite.

Levy, still a Wall Street man, became a one-man lobbyist for the public schools. "When we went to the governor's mansion, Harold was actually arguing with him about money," remembers Merryl Tisch, wife of James, who joined the Board of Regents around the same time as Levy. "At the end of it, the governor said, 'You know, this is the most talented group of people I've ever looked to throw out of office.' "

Last winter, when Levy decided he wanted to fill Rudy Crew's shoes, his wife wasn't the only one who was surprised. "I told him, 'I think you have the ability to do it, but you're really spinning wheels if you think you can make all this happen,' " says Sanford Weil, the Citigroup chairman. "But he told me what he thought he could accomplish, and his motives were as pure as the driven snow."

IT WAS A WEDNESDAY IN APRIL, HIS eighty-fourth day on the job, and Levy, still technically the interim chancellor, had climbed out of his Board of Ed Town Car and stepped into C.S. 200, an aging, shabby elementary school on Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard in Harlem, a city-mandated bodyguard one step ahead of him. Two days earlier, a 9-year-old girl and an 11-year-old boy had slipped out of a classroom, sneaked into an abandoned stairwell, and had sex. Hours later, the boy bragged about it to two 12-year-old friends, who then tracked the girl down and raped her.

When something is not going right, Levy sometimes allows himself to get mad. "Rule by tantrum," he calls it. That day in Harlem, he had no trouble losing it. "In the course of a conversation, the principal said, 'Well, these things *happen* in schools.' " Levy recalled later. "My reaction was, 'What do you *mean* these things happen? They *don't* happen!' "

It turns out, though, they really *do* happen: This wasn't the first time, even that year, that something like that had happened at this very school. After an hour in the principal's office, Levy had had enough. He stormed out of the school and into the Town Car.

The next week, the kids were out of school for vacation, but Levy agonized a full week after that before demoting two staff members and firing a third. This remains his chief regret about his first months as chancellor. "I should have shot from the hip, and I didn't," Levy told me. "It was in part because I was new, and I didn't have the courage. If something had happened when they were there, I would never, never have forgiven myself."

But he *did* send an e-mail to every principal in the school system, explaining that C.S. 200's principal was disciplined not because of the rapes but for trying to downplay them. "If he had advised his supervisor, it would have been treated as a call for help, not an admission of failure," Levy wrote. "Good managers do not shoot the messenger."

At the Board of Education, where scapegoating has long been a recreational sport, such e-mails are unheard of. Levy had turned a tragedy into a management tutorial. The day he went to C.S. 200, he sent word to the Board of Ed to consider him for the permanent chancellor's position.

FOR ONCE, HE'S NOT IN PINSTRIPES. INSTEAD, he's a symphony in khaki, topped by a tan Board of Ed baseball cap. It's the Sunday after the start of school, and Levy, Sapinsley, and their kids are at Shea Stadium, a few feet from the left-field foul pole. The Mets are honoring the New York City School Leadership Teams—a parent-awareness program spearheaded by the Urban League and the UFT, among other groups—and the Levys and a few dozen others have availed themselves of a special VIP terrace.

On at least one occasion, he's been known to take a book to a ball game. But today, Levy is into it, happy the Mets are winning; at times he even stops to watch the game. "The best writers in the newspaper are on the sports page," he declares. "All the day-to-day dramas, with characters—it's like great fiction. It humanizes these large organizations."

What role will Levy play in his Board of Ed drama? Even he has noted how, one by one, chancellors martyr themselves, but he laughs that off. "I get to play Don Quixote," he says. "*They* had the privilege of leaving the city. I ain't going nowhere. And I *refuse* to be impaled on anything. I'm taking everyone down with me."

But some metaphors have a way of outstaying their welcome. "Last year, we were in Rome at the Colosseum," he says, "and I said to the kids that all American stadiums are built like the Colosseum, with the tunnels inside. And so today we were walking through a tunnel inside Shea to get here, and I said, 'See? Just like the Colosseum.' "

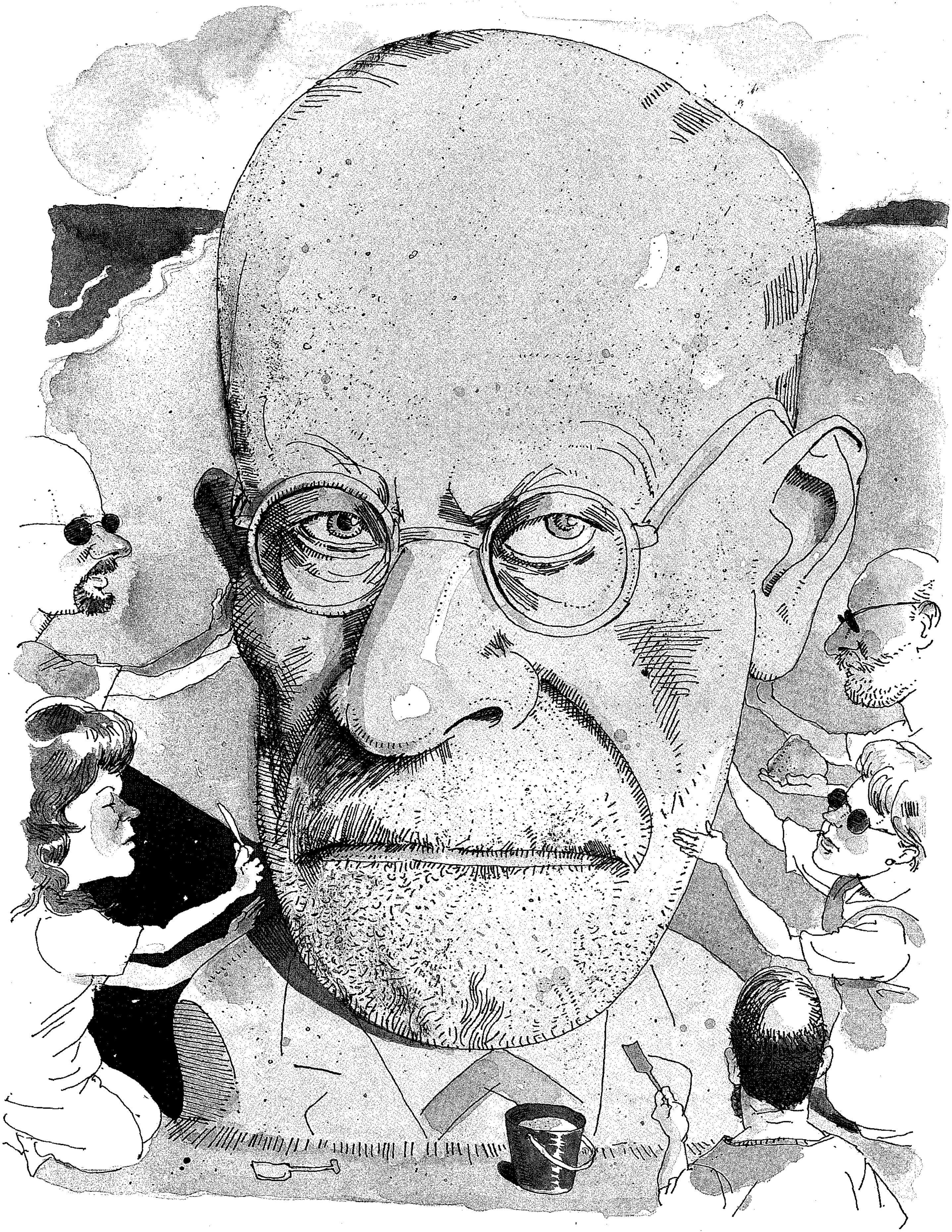
The smile turns wry. "Then Hannah said something about lions." ■

Did you go a little crazy while your shrink was on vacation? Well, every summer on outer Cape Cod, the shrinks go a little crazy, too. By Steve Fishman

I KNOW WHAT YOUR SHRINK DID LAST SUMMER

Lieutenant George White works for the Fire Department in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, toward the northern tip of Cape Cod. Headquarters is a cavernous old building that handles not only fires but emergency medical response (as well as permits for campfires on the beach). One of White's duties is to respond to car accidents in one of the town's two shiny ambulances. ■ Arriving at the scene of a collision, White says, he often encounters a helpful tourist rushing from his car. ■ "I'm a doctor," the man, dressed in khaki shorts and Birkenstocks, will whisper-shout. "Can I help?" ■ Lieutenant White is accustomed to the question by now and usually fires back one of his own: "Well, what kind of doctor are you?" ■ "Psychiatrist" is what he almost always hears. ■ "Thanks," says White. "But we'll handle this one." ■ Every August, so goes the joke, New York City gets a bit itchier with neurosis. That's when the shrinks depart en masse, often to partake of that Jungian oceanic feeling in and around Wellfleet. In mid-August, Wellfleet probably has more mental-health professionals than Bellevue: It's Shrink Land, as the locals sometimes say. ■ Men are pasty, bearded, paunchy, bald. They don't carry cell phones. They have the "practice look," as one shrink has dubbed it: sandals, khaki shorts, cute T-shirts with sayings like SORRY, YOU MUST BE MISTAKING ME FOR YOUR THERAPIST, a favorite among the New York psych crowd. "They look very Upper West Side," points out a shrink who finally shaved his head so he wouldn't look like everyone else waiting in line at the fish store. ■ One woman, a therapist herself, became so convinced that every man resembled her therapist—*There he is! No, there! No, there!* was the doppelgänger game she played at the ponds—that she finally fled Wellfleet for another vacation spot. ■ In Wellfleet, sometimes that fellow with

Illustrations by Joe Ciardiello



the salt-and-pepper beard really *is* your shrink. And shrinks wouldn't be shrinks if they didn't have their own set of issues about such encounters, along with a word for the process that might ensue: *countertransference.* One New York psychologist, spotting a patient at the movie theater, was beset with just such issues, which led him to other questions. *Did the patient see me?* he asked himself. The therapist didn't think the patient had spotted him. But then again, there was another possibility: *Did he see me and act like he didn't?*

In this case, the sensitive therapist decided that the patient had in fact recognized him but chosen to ignore him. "I thought he wasn't interested in me saying hello," he explains. So the therapist obligingly made himself scarce, circling to avoid the patient's gaze. Back in the city—during a therapy session—he learned that the patient hadn't noticed him. In fact, he would have been delighted to have said hello.

ONE NEW YORKER, THIS ONE A patient, imagined that his therapists—he was seeing two—chatted about him on the beach. And this can be more than garden-variety paranoia: Sometimes they *do* chat about you—only the names are omitted to protect the neurotic. Shrink war stories are Wellfleet's characteristic genre.

"You wouldn't save me even if I were dying," one woman told her husband and then her therapist. This woman was so intent on proving her husband's lack of empathy that, continued the storytelling therapist, she got a rope, ventured down into the basement, looped the rope around a beam, and made the appropriate noises. "It took him six minutes to come downstairs," she triumphantly told the therapist, who shared this at a Wellfleet dinner to appreciative laughs—before relating how she'd managed to help this difficult woman.

OVER THE YEARS, THE CAPE BEACHES MUST have seemed alive with psychological talk. Once, short, rotund Freud-rewriter Sandor Rado of Columbia's Center for Psychoanalytic Training and Research held court on Truro's Balston Beach in his denim hat, his back, it was said, to the sea. And just this past summer, Thomas More, author of *Care of the Soul,* had a bit of an epiphany on Kingsbury Beach just south of Wellfleet. "I became aware of my fantasies of her and her work," he recalled after a visit from a friend, a trauma surgeon, on the beach. "I felt a fantasy of her as a magician," he explained. "I could feel my transference, could feel it right there on the beach." Indeed, the beaches are such a hive of shrink talk that it sometimes seems you can learn any secret about anyone. One shrink remembers a conversation floating her way from a nearby blanket. Two beachgoers were discussing an interesting case. She heard no names, but she heard the details. "Oh my God," she thought. "I know the patient they're talking about."

IF THERE'S NOT ENOUGH SHRINK TALK ON THE beach, there's any number of courses and classes and symposia you can attend. Gilbert Levin, now a professor emeritus at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, was the first to launch a continuing-education program for mental-health professionals in the Outer Cape. Two decades ago, he saw this as a way to fund other programs he had in mind for Einstein. It worked. Attendance was as good as at the med school; the program made tons of money.

Then, within a few years, Dr. Robert Guerette, an enterprising Boston psychiatrist, followed in Levin's footsteps—to Levin's dismay, *directly* in his footsteps.

Levin's group called itself the Cape Cod Institute; Guerette named his the Cape Cod Summer Symposia. Levin had started at the Sheraton. So Guerette booked the Sheraton. If one of Levin's speakers was particularly popular, Guerette would ship an offer to the speaker's home.

Both Guerette's and Levin's programs let out by a little past noon. As Guerette's brochure, similar in its size and its blue color to Levin's, put it: "Combine a stimulating symposium with a relaxing summer vacation." Both programs were predicated on the idea that a shrink might enjoy a tax break for his or her vacation—something available if one signed up for a few courses.

"His program was as close a copy of mine as you could make," fumes Levin.

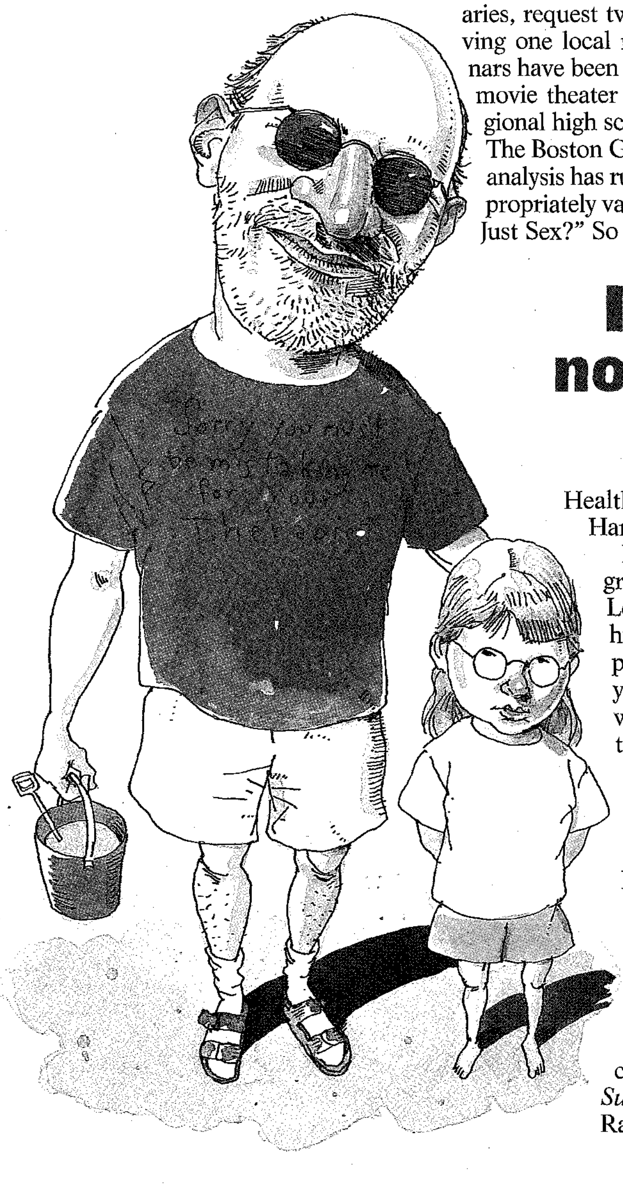
Which Guerette pretty much admits. "I received his brochure," he said. "I wouldn't have dreamed this up without him." As he saw it, he was Macy's to Levin's Gimbel's.

Indeed, shrinks' seminars have been crammed into a local inn, a restaurant—until it cut into the lunch business. (Now, attendees sometimes go out to dinner, a dozen at a time, and, establishing boundaries, request twelve separate checks, driving one local restaurateur crazy.) Seminars have been hosted by a bookstore, the movie theater next to the drive-in, a regional high school nestled on the beach. The Boston Graduate School of Psychoanalysis has run seminars, some with appropriately vacationy themes like "Is Sex Just Sex?" So has Massachusetts Mental Health Center, affiliated with Harvard.

None of these other programs particularly bothered Levin. Guerette's got under his skin. "I'm his R&D department," he boils. "One year, he even scheduled his whale watch at the same time as mine."

Levin wanted Guerette to leave: Go to Hyannis, just an hour down the Cape; be near the Kennedys.

"Never," Guerette told him. "No one was going to kick me off this island," he later explains, comparing himself to Rich, the Machiavellian character who won CBS's *Survivor* earlier this summer. Rather than compromise,



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Guerette hired Levin's Einstein colleagues—most recently a chairman—to lecture at his program. "I enjoy that," he says.

Levin, who as an academic was sometimes concerned with issues of stress reduction, couldn't find any.

How did the good doctor Levin feel about Guerette? "The word *murder* comes to mind," Levin says with mock menace.

Eventually, Levin and Einstein took Guerette to court, claiming unfair competition. They wanted $1 million or Guerette's removal. And so this scrap—over a stretch of sand where there may be more psychological help available than anywhere in the world—moved to Manhattan federal court.

"They're like two crazy old coots," says one of their staff members.

IF GUERETTE AND LEVIN HAVE LOST THEIR empathy, that's not true of everyone. Indeed, this shrink-infused culture rings out with it. Parents, for one thing, don't yell at misbehaving kids. Instead, there's negotiating. Understanding. Reasoning. Supporting. Tons of it. "Susie, I need for you to come out of the water now," called one mother. When the girl suggested through moans and noises that she'd prefer to stay, the mother bent down to be at her daughter's level, to make eye contact. "I know you want to stay," she said, intoning evenly, "but right now we all need to go home."

hrinks talk about you, you're ometimes they *do*—only the mitted to protect the neurotic.

Another psychologist recalled hearing a lesbian couple at a pond with their boy, a 5-year-old. He was playing Kadima with the girls of other lesbian couples when he suddenly yelled, "I don't want to play with you," his face distorted. Quickly came the psychologically attuned response. "Honey, I know you really miss playing with someone of your own gender," a mom said.

Ira Wood, publisher and novelist, recalls psychiatrists blocking the narrow aisles at the local Wellfleet supermarket. "They sit cross-legged on the wood floor counseling their children: 'Do you really want to be sticking your fingers through the cellophane wrap in the ground chuck?' "

"Sometimes you wish they'd just get it over with," remarks one shrink. "Yell or grab the kid, put your foot down. Not every kid needs his inner world examined all day long."

Any therapist can tell you, though, that sometimes it's best to express your feelings—and they do. One therapist, whose reservation had been lost by the local repertory company, said, through tears, that she felt, well, violated.

One day, a children's fashion designer was at White Crest, a beach with a wide sand bar where the kids can wade out for a quarter-mile. She's a single mother who was explaining to a psychotherapist acquaintance how much her daughter wanted a dog.

"Puppy, huh?" said the therapist with a hint of a raised eyebrow. "Well, you know, it's probably transference. She's lost her daddy; she wants a substitute."

The designer considered that. "No," she decided. "I think she wants a dog."

Another characteristic of this community may be that they didn't just offer understanding professionally, sincerely—they also demanded it, even on vacation.

"I'm a psychotherapist who currently has several suicidal patients," one told a landlord from whom he was renting a funky backwoods cottage for one week. "I use e-mail to help maintain their equilibrium." He wanted an e-mail-ready hookup—touch-tone phone, long-distance access—in the woods.

"He's lucky he has a telephone," the landlord says. "They always want you to deal with their anxiety."

Or their needs. A shrink, one who practiced scream therapy, was looking to buy in the Cape and wanted to make sure the house fit her requirements. So she asked Gayle DeSimone, a broker for Kinlin Grover GMAC, to scream at the top of her lungs. The shrink marched to the top of the house to listen. "I was pretty hoarse afterwards," says DeSimone, who reports that the shrink was pleased with the acoustics though she didn't buy the house.

Some, of course, just want to share. At the Conservation Commission in Truro, a psychiatrist wanted permission to add a second bathroom. Usually, the contractor appears. The matter is cut-and-dried, after all. Does it follow the regulations? is all the commission needs to know. But this psychiatrist wanted the commission to understand his situation. "I've come to this time in my life" was how he began a lengthy discourse about his nightly bathroom needs. The psychiatrist wanted to explain how often he urinated at night, how far he had to travel to the other bathroom, and the like. No one had ever said anything like this. "It was embarrassing," says one commissioner. "It was beyond plumbing. I felt like I should have an inflatable cot."

The therapeutic community itself seemed to have big therapeutic needs. Take the seminars where mental-health professionals come to tune up their skills. "These shrinks all come for the issues they're trying to fix," says Audrey Greenway, a manager of the Cape Cod Institute's program. Thus, at lovely Nauset Regional, a high school on the beach, the stress-reduction group is wired, flying on caffeine. One therapist shook his mug defiantly at a caterer, as if to say, "See, I got some despite you." The sex therapists ate tons, though not as much as those who treat eating disorders. "For them, it's a feeding frenzy," says Lori McKenzie, one of the caterers. The spiritually oriented therapists float through the day, says Greenway, while the attention-deficit therapists are distracted. They fill out the same form twice. They assemble a pile of books to buy, abandon it, only to begin another pile.

"Who's the shrink here?" Greenway sometimes asks herself. "I'm like the playground director."

INDEED, THE SHRINKS DO NOT ALWAYS PRACtice what they preach—least of all Drs. Levin and Guerette. Six days of a jury trial did not settle the matter.

"We crushed the hell out of them," Guerette says gleefully. Their conflict-resolution skills, in other words, have totally failed. "He's been in my face for fifteen years" is the way Levin put it recently.

Every few years, Guerette, who has a goatee, offers to bury the hatchet. "After all," he says, "Levin has advanced mental health considerably through his programs."

Each time, Levin, who has a beard, turns him down. "He wants to know what I'm up to now," says Levin—who nevertheless says he'd agree to meet if Guerette would provide a detailed written agenda.

So it goes. Charges are traded. The battle is joined. They even, it can sometimes seem, appear to enjoy it.

They've become the Hatfields and McCoys of Shrink Land. As in that famous conflict, they've managed to pass the strife along. As fate would have it, Guerette's daughter and Levin's son ended up at the same college, Skidmore, where, as told by Guerette, the Levin boy remarked to the Guerette girl: "My father sued your father."

"And my father beat the pants off your father," snapped the Guerette girl.

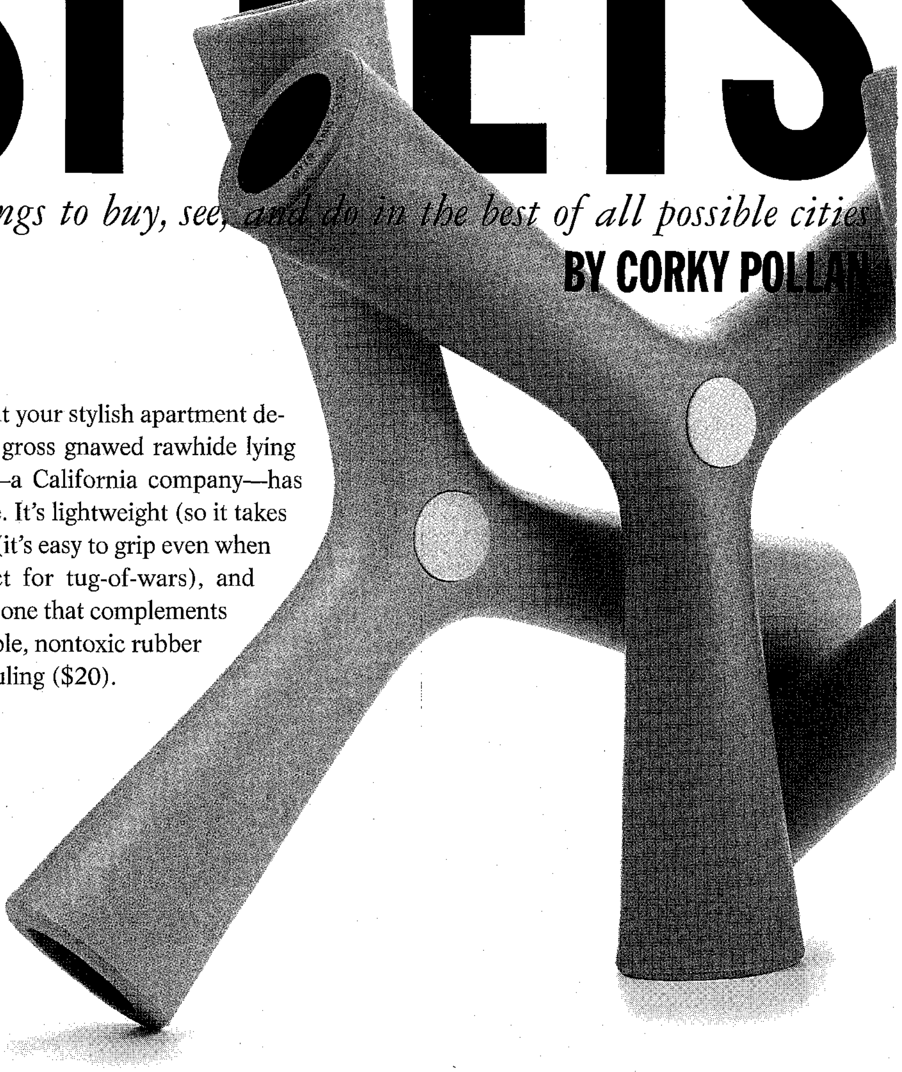
"Honey," Guerette later said, "whatever you do, don't fall in love with him."

Think of the terrific issues this sort of conflict might create for daughter and son. Think of the 50-minute hours it might take to resolve them—and think of the beach house all of that billing could pay for. ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

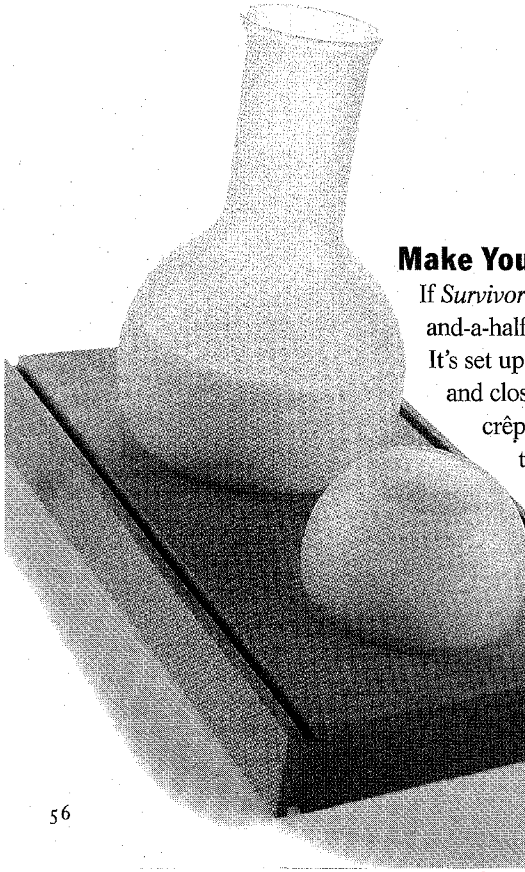
BY CORKY POLLAN



Boning Up

Your pooch might love those toy bones, but your stylish apartment demands something a bit more swank than gross gnawed rawhide lying around. Not to panic: Otis and Claude—a California company—has come up with a fetching dog toy, the Bettie. It's lightweight (so it takes no muscle to throw), has a tapered design (it's easy to grip even when drooled upon), is three-pronged (perfect for tug-of-wars), and comes in zingy shades (so you can pick the one that complements your color scheme). It's also made of durable, nontoxic rubber and plastic, so it will survive weeks of mauling ($20).

FETCH/*43 Greenwich Avenue/212-352-8591*



Make Yourself at Home

If *Survivor* hasn't satisfied your voyeurism jones, you might head for the Apartment, the two-and-a-half-month-old, hip home-furnishings-and-fashion store where retailing is like reality TV. It's set up as a live-in apartment; shoppers have access to all the rooms—including the bathroom and closets—and are encouraged to sit on the sofas, flip through the magazines, and snack on crêpes in the kitchen. Everything, even the toothbrush in the bathroom, is for sale. Though the wares might seem to be incidental to the action, owners Stefan Boublil and Gina Alvarez have managed to snare some great European finds, like this blown-glass sugar-and-creamer set from the Dutch company Saltz Materie. The frosted-glass pieces—as spare as science beakers—sit on a wooden base ($75 for the set).

THE APARTMENT/*101 Crosby Street/212-219-3661*

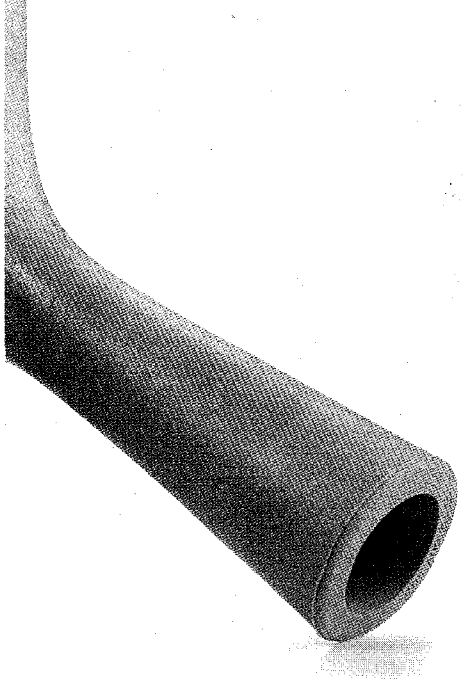
Photographed by Ted Morrison

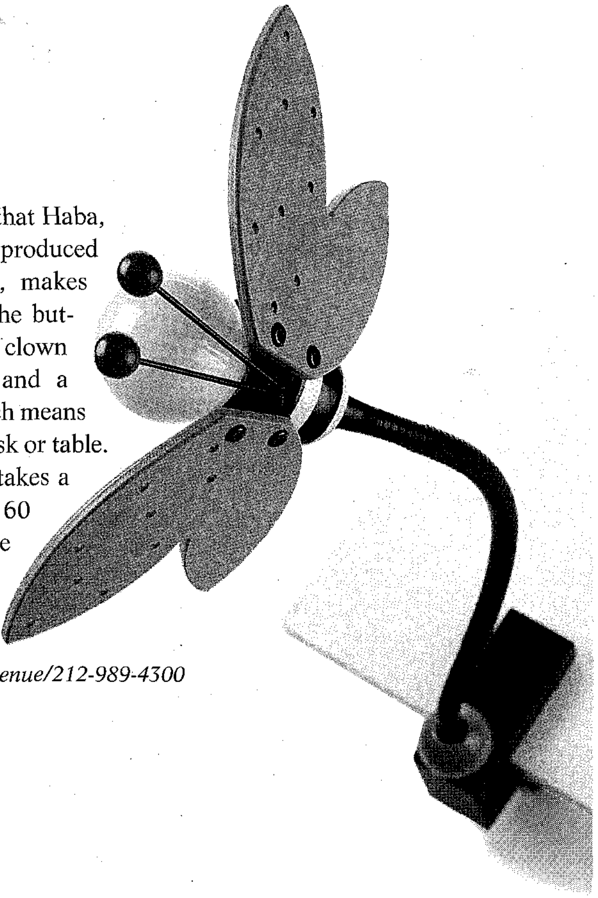
Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Micro Scopes

If binoculars could be called cute, Nikon's new 7x15T would definitely qualify. It's only three inches long with satiny-gray titanium barrels and black rubber eye cups, yet it possesses all the salient qualities you'd want in binoculars—close-focusing capability, maximum brightness, high contrast, and a wide field of view. Nikon's micro weighs only 6.5 ounces, so it's small enough and lightweight enough to stow in a shirt pocket: Birders, sports fans, and opera aficionados take note ($539.95).

B & H PHOTO/*420 Ninth Avenue, near 33rd Street/212-444-6654*

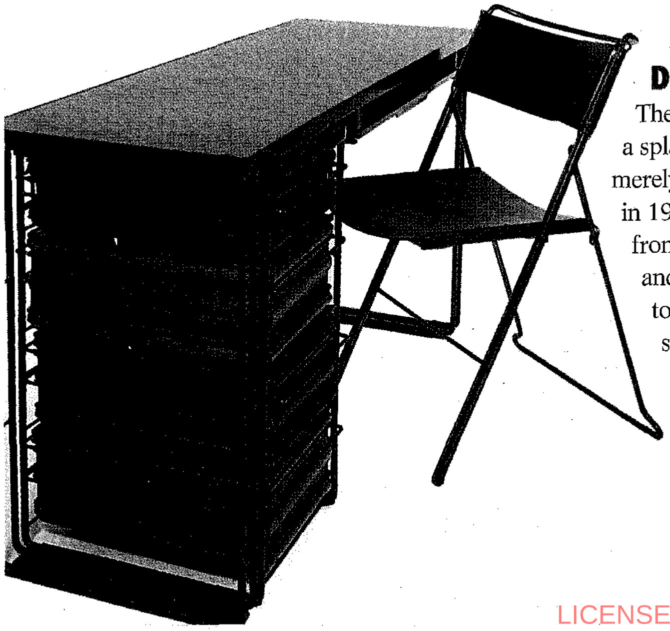




Making Light of It

It's not surprising to learn that Haba, the German company that produced this playful clip-on lamp, makes wonderful wooden toys. The butterfly (there's a dragon and clown too) has a flexible arm and a wooden fastening clip, which means it can't get knocked off a desk or table. The wood-and-metal light takes a standard bulb (40 to 60 watts), and, just in case little ones might be tempted to nibble, the paint is nontoxic ($140).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue/212-989-4300*



Data Base

The design team of Burning Relic, Jim Zivic, and Warner Wada, made a splash last spring with their anthracite coffee table. But that was merely one of their attention-grabbing pieces. They started the company in 1994 with "piano" tables (made from discarded piano lids), and from there they moved on to smoked-rubber gurneys, leather floors, and magnetic light fixtures. A tad more mainstream are their made-to-order computer desks and folding chairs of hand-forged patinate steel and waxed bridle leather. There's even the obligatory—but far from conventional—filing cabinet, with leather-covered drawers and industrial-felt top. (Chair, $1,550; file cabinet, $2,300; desk, $3,600; allow six to eight weeks for delivery.)

BREUKELEN/*68 Gansevoort Street/212-645-2216*

SMARTCITY

Exercise Options

Has your fitness routine gotten a little *too* routine? Sign up for one of these classes and break free from the workaday workout grind. By Stephanie Saulmon

ONE DAY IT HAPPENS: YOU WALK INto the gym and the place has all the energy of a geriatric ward. Your Power Step teacher is a nurse force-feeding you boiled chicken, the sterilized drone of dance music beats to the rhythm of a drip feeding tube, and while the treadmill was always just another clinical contraption to get your blood pumping, this time your heart isn't in it. The quickest cure for the exercise blahs is to take your workout on a restorative vacation. Stirring in a studio near you are whole new worlds of movement, from the slow, burning intensity of t'ai chi ch'uan to the celebratory leaps of African dance.

Before embarking, keep a few things in mind: First, never judge a class by its dressing room; many studios are in people's homes, and even the larger facilities often forgo niceties like lockers, showers, and water fountains. And as when traveling in any foreign country, you'll need to allow for differing concepts of time (the schedule may say 6:30, but don't bank on it). Finally, don't be a tourist. Toss out your inhibitions and embrace the hip swivel. Or the high kick. Or the elongated step. If you'd wanted the same tired moves, you wouldn't be here in the first place, right?

T'AI CHI CH'UAN

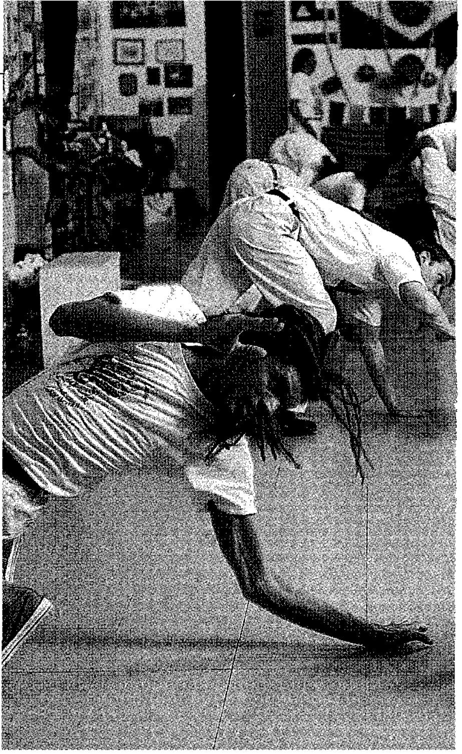
We've all seen that guy in the park, oblivious to the softball games and barbecues, doing slow-motion dance that looks kind of geisha meets Jedi. Actually, he's bringing his yin and yang into balance with t'ai chi ch'uan, a Chinese martial art. Translating as "great ultimate fist," t'ai chi consists of slow, sustained movements, diaphragmatic breathing, and mental concentration. Popular as an alternative form of low-impact exercise and meditation, it's been linked to lower blood pressure, stress reduction, gastrointestinal improvements, and—as instructor Kwok Kay Choey points out—downright glee. "I used to be so moody," he told me. "Now I'm so happy because I have good chi in my organs."

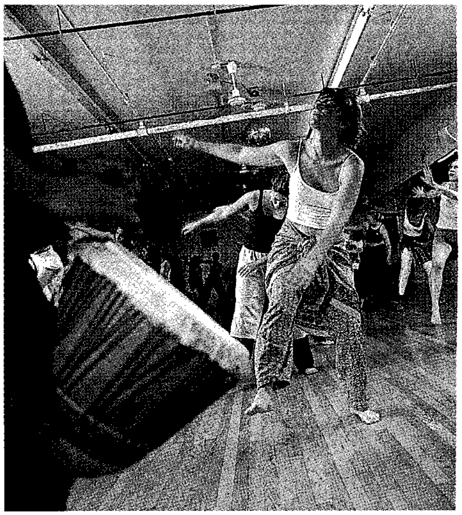
Memorizing the sequences is the greatest challenge initially, but as one student noted optimistically, "You'll get it after about a million times." Expect a quiet studio with lots of individual attention, and feel free to wear street clothes. Don't be discouraged if you're not breaking a sweat. Your mind, muscles, posture, and breathing are all getting a workout.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden *Prospect Park, Brooklyn (718-623-7220). Fridays noon to 1 P.M., beginning October 6; $55 members, $61 nonmembers per eight-week session. Class size limited to 24.* The advanced classes take place on the Cherry Esplanade, weather permitting. Beginner students are taught in a classroom in the Visitor's Center. The instructor incorporates a few minutes of meditation and a few ailment-specific exercises—including one that prevents earaches caused by pressure changes when flying.

Ahn Tai Chi Studio *1182 Broadway, near 28th Street, Suite 1104 (212-481-2553; www.ahntaichi.com). Must call for reservation. Tuesdays and Thursdays 7 to 9 P.M.; $98 for eight sessions. Class size limited to ten.* Master Don Ahn has been teaching since 1970. Clients include Iggy Pop and David Copperfield. Classes take place in Ahn's apartment.

H. Won Tai Chi Institute *30 West 32nd Street, sixth floor (212-594-3860; www.nytaichi.com). Monday through Friday 5 to 10 P.M. (students can come and go as they wish); four weekly classes, $100. Class size unlimited.* The only place in New York that teaches traditional Yang-family t'ai chi without incorporating other types of martial arts.

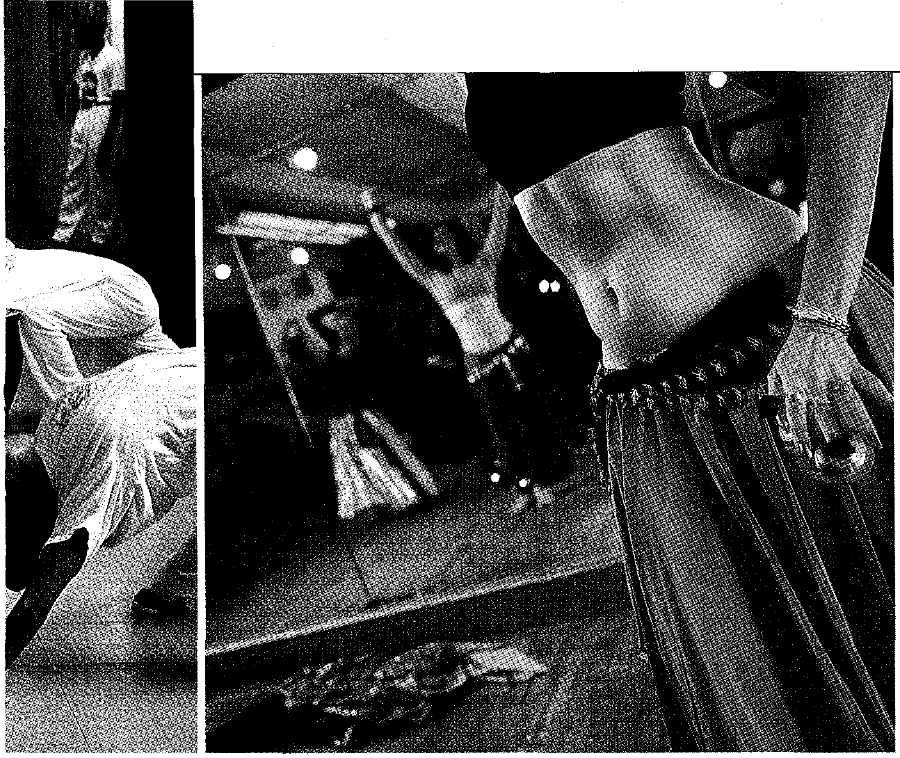




BELLY DANCING

Just because you're interested in a little shimmy doesn't mean you've got less-than-wholesome intentions: It's only Americans who associate belly dancing with harems and concubines. In Turkey, it's considered folk dancing. A low-impact exercise made up of movements that go in the direction of the body's natural striation, it massages your inner organs while giving your muscles a workout, too, says Morocco, the owner of the Morocco Academy of Mid-Eastern Dance. Belly-dancing requires an isolation of body parts that feels awkward at first, even to experi-

Photographs by Scott Jones; illustration by Matthew Martin.



NAVEL MANEUVERS Class is in session at, clockwise from left, the Djoniba Dance and Drum Centre, the Capoeira Angola Center, and Anahid Sofian.

enced dancers—it's not often you hear a teacher screech, "It feels like it's going to fall off, but it won't!" as you gyrate your rump. But it is an opportunity to explore your exotic side as you gear up with beaded tops, gold-coin-laden scarves, colorful skirts, and finger cymbals.

Belly dancing attracts students of all ages (and not just women). Instructor Anahid Sofian stresses that you can come into it from any point in life and get something out of it. Come to class in any waist-emphasizing top (you're not required to bare flesh) and the most flamboyant scarf or skirt you've got, tied around your hips.

Morocco Academy of Mid-Eastern Dance *320 West 15th Street (212-727-8326; www.tiac.net/users/morocco). Tuesdays 6:10 to 7:55 P.M., Saturdays 1:45 to 3:15 P.M.; $15 per session. Class size is about fifteen.* Classes begin with stretching and technique by Tarik abdel Malik; then Morocco comes in and the class attempts to duplicate her interpretations of several songs.

Anahid Sofian *29 West 15th Street, sixth floor (212-741-2848). Classes by appointment only; $9 per session for beginners. Class size is about fifteen.* Anahid Sofian follows a traditional class format, beginning with a half-hour of concentrated stretching and continuing with a breakdown of movements to make up a full dance.

Serena Studios *939 Eighth Avenue, near 55th Street, Suite 403 (212-247-1051; www.serenastudios.com). Monday through Thursday 6 to 7 P.M., Fridays till 8 P.M., Saturdays 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M., and Sundays 2 to 3 P.M.; $9 per class. Class size is about fifteen.* A packed studio of women follows Serena as she goes through small movements and more complex combinations.

CAPOEIRA

If t'ai chi and bellydancing sound like sissy stuff to you, try your hand (and legs and torso) at Capoeira, a Brazilian martial art invented by African slaves who disguised it as a dance to keep their overseers from getting suspicious. The basic step is a back-and-forth rocking with the torso bent over and arms up in defense. From there Capoeira evolves into one-armed cartwheels, twisted airborne kicks, and low-to-the-ground swipes reminiscent of break dancing. Combined with fluid, dancelike movements and traditional music, these acrobatics culminate in the *roda*, in which one-on-one combat takes place within a circle of participants. (Usually, though, any actual physical contact is purely accidental.) Don't be discouraged; even for beginners, Capoeira increases strength, flexibility, and endurance.

The most popular forms of Capoeira are Regional (lots of fast, aerial moves, macho one-upmanship, and physical boasting) and Angola (resembles a choreographed dance, with slower movements). In both players wear white pants, a white T-shirt, and either no shoes or soft-soled sneakers.

Raízes do Brasil Capoeira *2031-33 Fifth Avenue, at 125th Street; 440 Lafayette Street, Suite 3F; (continued on page 97)*

NAVIGATOR

Q: I recently cleaned out my closet and now have bags of clothing I no longer want. Where can I take them?

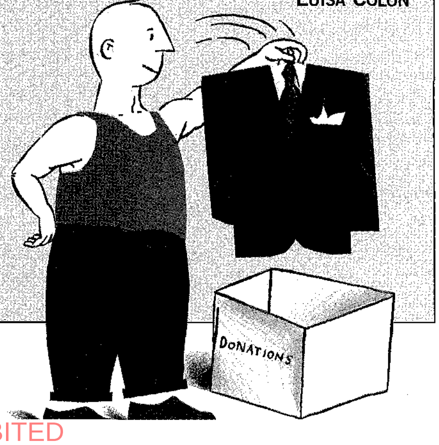
A: Jeans that haven't fit since the tenth grade, Lycra minis, gifts from aunts unaware that adults don't wear sweaters with snowmen on them—chances are your closet contains quite a few items of clothing that you won't be needing this season, or ever. But as you rearrange your wardrobe in anticipation of winter, remember that there are plenty of needy New Yorkers who wouldn't be at all ashamed to wear a Ralph Lauren apron dress (even if it does scream 1994). And if you're the charity-begins-at-home type, keep in mind that all donations of clothing are tax-deductible.

Housing Works' three Thrift Shops (143 West 17th Street; 202 East 77th Street; 306 Columbus Avenue, near 75th Street) benefit people with AIDS and HIV. You can drop clothes off at the shops, but the hours vary, so call 212-366-0820 or log on to www.housingworks.org.

La Candelaria (call 212-427-1337 for information) provides services for the homeless and victims of domestic abuse; it accepts women's and children's clothing—preferably seasonal. It will arrange a pickup anywhere in Manhattan on Fridays between 9 and 5 P.M.

Covenant House (460 West 41st Street; 212-613-0300, www.covenanthouseny.org) has helped homeless children and teens since the seventies. It accepts clothing at the 41st Street location 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

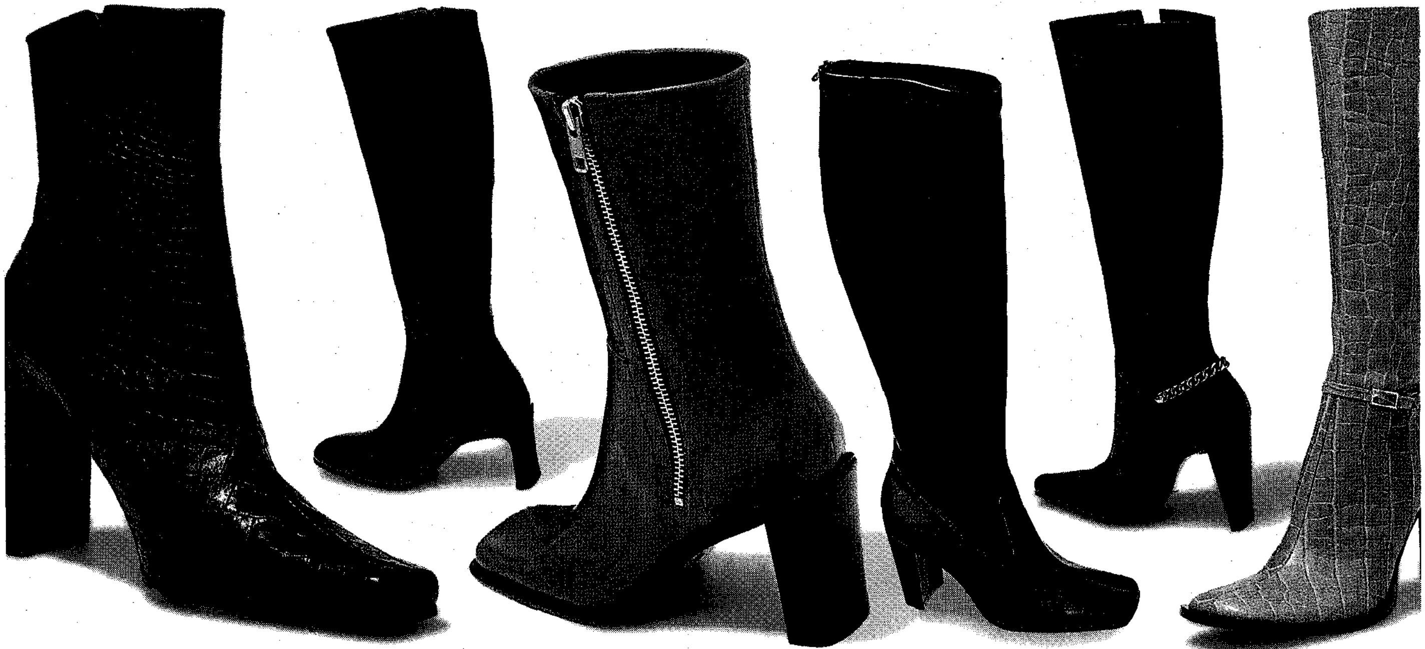
LUISA COLÓN



SHYAMA PATEL

Get in Step

Heel thyself: *More TriBeCa than Texas, this year's stylish boots are far sleeker than those blocky things in your closet. Time to* **give your old ones the boot.**



Calf price specials: From left, boots by Steve Madden, Ann Taylor, Via Spiga, Sam & Libby, Nine West, and Kenneth Cole New York.

LEAN, MEAN HIGH-HEELED BOOTS WERE stars on fall runways—crocodile ones paired with seventies-chic camel, black ankle styles with Pat Benatar–worthy minis, simple brown boots with just about everything. But you needn't blow your rent money on an $800 mock-croc pair from Celine—we have you covered for as little as $85.

Embossed leather looks like crocodile but costs much less than the real thing. Strut your stuff in **Kenneth Cole New York**'s *Belle de Jour*-esque camel ones ($325 at Kenneth Cole Soho). Or pair an alligator-esque ankle style from **Steve Madden** with pants ($109 at Steve Madden stores). Plain brown boots are just as chic—and won't go out of style. **Ann Taylor**'s tall round-toed boots go with just about anything ($198 at Ann Taylor stores). Or for a hip seventies-casual look, try an ankle-height pair from **Via Spiga** ($258 at Via Spiga stores).

When buying black, look for fresh details that set the boots apart—a contrast stitch, a metal buckle, or a skinny heel. We love a punk-rock chain on **Nine West**'s pointy-toed ones ($159 at Nine West stores) and the sexy back zip on a stretch leather style from **Sam & Libby** ($85 at Lord & Taylor and Macy's).

Kenneth Cole SoHo, 597 Broadway, near Houston St. (212-965-0283).

Picks of the Week

The New York Design Center's sale means huge discounts at more than twenty top furniture showrooms (usually open only to the trade). *200 Lexington Ave., near 32nd St. (212-679-9500); checks accepted; Thurs.–Fri. 9–5, Sat. 10–5; 9/21–9/23.*

Vera Wang's bridal sale has half-priced gowns for $500 to $3,000. Bridesmaid's ones are only $25 to $75. Stay tuned for a separate non-bridal sale. Sizes 2–12. *Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., near 32nd St., eighteenth floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 9–5; 9/23.*

Mackie by Bob Mackie, the eveningwear designer's lower-priced line of swank suits and dresses, is now about 60 percent off, from $85 to $650. Sizes 4–14. *498 Seventh Ave., near 37th St., twenty-second floor (212-736-0305); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–5; 9/18–9/22.*

Escada's sale offers up to 70 percent off on loads of glam women's clothes and accessories, from $25 to $700. Sizes 4–14. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Sun. 10–5, Mon.–Wed. 9–6; 9/24–9/27.*

Rafé New York's trendy embellished handbags (sold at Bergdorf and Saks) are about half off at the sale, from $35 to $100. *333 W. 39th St., Suite 1102 (212-279-7608); cash only; Mon.–Fri. 9–5; 9/18–9/22.*

Renee DuMarr's dressy, sophisticated women's suits, tweeds, and evening ensembles (sold at stores like Saks) are 50 to 75 percent off, from $75 to $400. Sizes 2–14. *530 Seventh Ave., near 38th St., seventh floor (212-768-3734); A.E.; Thurs.–Fri. 4–7, Sat. 10–3; 9/21–9/23.*

Z'Baby Company's warehouse sale has kids' Kenzo, Sonia Rykiel, and more for $10 apiece if you buy at least ten. Girls' sizes up to 14; boys' up to 8. *445 W. 50th St. (212-245-BABY); cash only; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 9/18–9/30.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Additional reporting by Brooke Showell.

Photographs by Cathy Crawford.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Amateur Hours

In the gooey 'Duets,' three couples seek salvation in a karaoke bar; for the displaced children of 'Into the Arms of Strangers,' salvation exacted a higher price.

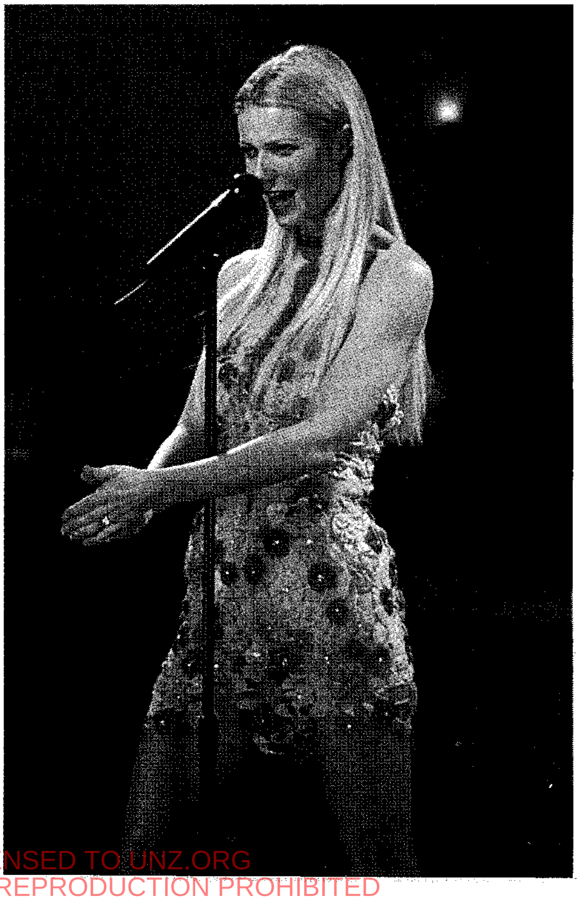
DO WE REALLY NEED A MOVIE THAT USES THE karaoke-bar scene as a metaphor for life? **Duets** interweaves the disparate stories of three couples chasing the American Dream, and it's woozy with its own windy philosophizing. Todd Woods (Paul Giamatti) is the bedraggled corporate salesman who spends so much time in look-alike hotel rooms and airports that he often can't remember what city he's in; when we first see him, he's pitching an eco-disaster of a theme park to some gents in Houston while thinking he's in Orlando. Todd is the hurt-puppy centerpiece of *Duets.* His wife and children barely acknowledge him when he makes it back to his nondescript suburban tract home, so he cracks and hits the road, sporting an earring and stopping in at hotels along the way. When he reluctantly enters a karaoke contest and lets loose his inner Sinatra, Todd is hooked.

Giamatti is best known for playing Pig Vomit in Howard Stern's *Private Parts,* and he has a gift for playing wheedling small-timers (a great gift, I would say, having also seen him on Broadway as one of the barflies in *The Iceman Cometh*). In *Duets,* Giamatti plays Todd as someone whose life force is dangerously out of control, which may be more than director Bruce Paltrow and his screenwriter, John Byrum, bargained for. The filmmakers are life-affirming types—why else would they make this sludgy piece of serial inspirationalism?—and Giamatti is too rancid and frazzled for the hopeful send-off they give him. His performance is a prime example of how actors striving to maintain their dignity in subpar situations can turn their roles around with a denunciatory force.

Another specialist in this sort of thing is Andre Braugher, playing Reggie Kane, an ex-con, or maybe he's an escaped con, who is picked up hitchhiking by Todd and becomes a soul mate. Braugher has such seething energy that he's like a human time bomb; given almost nothing to work with, he creates a character whose instincts are with the underworld. We can believe that Reggie spent a good chunk of his life in jail because he looks around him as if through an escape hatch. He's visored by fear. It's the film's conceit that Reggie has a voice to die for and a heart as big as Kmart. He coaxes Todd into returning to his family and sacrifices himself in the process. There's a whiff of *Touched by an Angel* in all this, and it undercuts Braugher's power.

The other duets don't have much power to undercut. Scott Speedman plays a cabdriver trying to achieve some kind of inner harmony, although there doesn't seem to be enough in him to harmonize with; he's paired with Maria Bello, playing an ambitious crooner who, in a tasteless running gag, screws her way into all kinds of freebies on the road to redemption. Bello played the owner of the hooters club in *Coyote Ugly;* it's time she quit the bar scene. Gwyneth Paltrow is a Vegas showgirl who meets up with the father she never knew, played by Huey Lewis, and ends up, like the other principals in the cast, journeying to Omaha for a karaoke contest. Paltrow does her own singing, and she has a pleasing voice that goes well with Lewis's mellifluous rasp, but she's playing a character of such bemused innocence that she seems stunted. She's insufferably dewy. (Have we gone back to that silent-movie notion that virginal maidens are the only pure-in-heart?) Paltrow is always best playing slutty, edgy types, as in *Flesh and Bone* and *Hard Eight* and moments in *The Talented Mr. Ripley,* but her weeping-willow goldenness, which has its heavily bland side, is what attracts most filmmakers (her father is her director here).

Karaoke bars allow real people in boozy public gatherings to do things best left for the privacy of their own shower. This sentiment is not, however, endorsed by the film, which pushes the cant that karaoke allows us to throw off society's shackles and all be stars, if only for a brief, shining hour. For a movie bursting with so much blather about the virtues of small-time selfhood, *Duets* has an unseemly tendency to be goggle-eyed about celebrity.



Omaha stake: In *Duets,* Nebraska-bound Gwyneth Paltrow seeks karaoke fame and fortune.

Photograph by Rob McEwan.

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THE DOCUMENTARY **Into the Arms of Strangers: Stories of the Kindertransport**, directed by Mark Jonathan Harris, confronts a relatively unexamined aspect of the Holocaust: For nine months prior to World War II, Britain, alone among the world's nations, took advantage of the Nazis' then-policy of forced emigration and brought over some 10,000 children, mostly Jewish, from Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. The children were told by their parents that they would all soon be reunited, but most of the rescued never saw their families again.

What distinguishes Harris's film, which was produced by Deborah Oppenheimer, the daughter of a rescued child, is the rarity of some of its archival footage, and its gallery of witnesses. Interviewed by the filmmakers, the grown-up *kinder* speak of the unspeakable, and as they do, their faces seem to deliquesce into those of the children they once were. Their recollections have a harrowing, kid's-eye immediacy and sense of detail. The writer Lore Segal describes how the matter-of-fact way her mother described the transport was belied by her flushed face; she remembers the panicky discomfort in seeing her neighborhood streets suddenly filled with the red flags of the Reich and soldiers in crisp new uniforms. (Segal was one of the lucky ones: As a child, she later managed to secure menial jobs for her parents in Britain and thus rescue them in return.)

Many children sent to England by their parents felt betrayed, abandoned; with just four days allowed to pack their sons and daughters off, the parents had to scrunch into that brief time together a lifetime of counsel. *Into the Arms of Strangers* is, at least by Holocaust standards, a success story, but it doesn't really feel that way, nor is it intended to be. The *kinder* were forced to lose their faith in people and then regain it at a time when most of them could barely comprehend what was at stake. Many of them still stare out at us fixed in incomprehension.

In brief: CARLOS SAURA'S **Goya in Bordeaux** IS photographed by Vittorio Storaro with a florid palette that might have given even Goya hives, but at the center of it all is the venerable Spanish actor Francisco Rabal, with his jagged, knobby, bullish countenance. Rabal's Goya is such a great camera subject that one regrets the camera doesn't do him justice; Saura fancifies everything, and yet Rabal triumphs. Goya himself would have clamored to capture his gouty, lusting presence. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

Comics Opera

Set in the comic-book business, Michael Chabon's surprising new novel reaches for grand themes. Could this be the next Great American Novel?

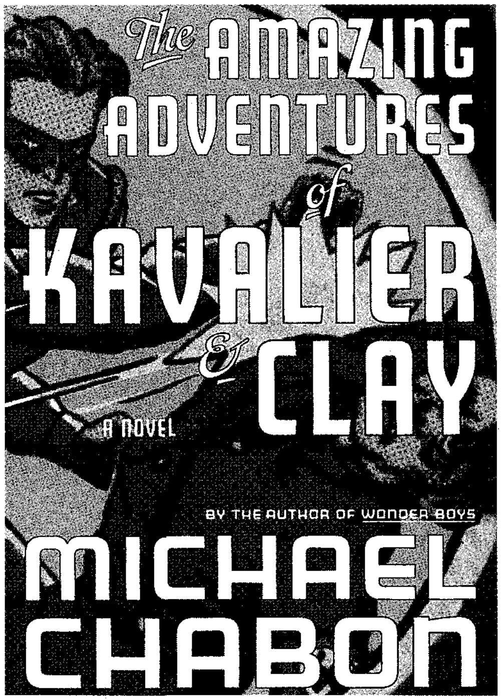
The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay

BY MICHAEL CHABON

Random House; 636 pages; $26.95

I'M NOT SURE WHAT THE EXACT DEFINITION OF A "great American novel" is, but I'm pretty sure that Michael Chabon's sprawling, idiosyncratic, and wrenching new book is one. Despite the flippant Marvel Comics title (this is, after all, a novel about comic books and their makers), *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay* is preoccupied with vast and sober American themes: the meaning and mechanics of cultural assimilation, the search for moral and emotional identity in an indifferent world, the transformative role of popular entertainment in the lives of individuals and the nation itself. Oh, and did I mention love, death, guilt, and redemption? Yep—those too.

If that sounds a bit ponderous, the novel's not. In the best fiction, great themes evolve organically from great stories rather than the other way around. (When you start with the themes and look for a story to dress them up in, the result has all of the naturalness and charm of a Social Realist mural.) The story Chabon tells is a quirky and yet quintessentially American rags-to-riches-and-beyond tale that manages to include a boat full of Jewish refugees fleeing Hitler, an attempt to spirit the Golem out of Prague, the history of comic books, a visit to Houdini's grave, a screening of *Citizen Kane*, a party for Salvador Dalí, bar mitzvahs at the Pierre, a lower-middle-class Brooklyn apartment and an "arty" Greenwich Village townhouse, a straight love affair, a gay love affair, Governor Al Smith, and Eleanor Roosevelt. The 600-plus pages had me hooked from the first, wistful, epic-tinged sentence ("In later years, holding forth to an interviewer or to an audience of aging fans . . .") to the final poignant line. Their dense interweaving of big ideas and small details, of the personal and the historical, of the grandly symbolic and the minutely everyday, constitutes a major literary achievement along the lines of, say, *Ragtime* (with which this novel shares many concerns and themes) and ought to elevate its author to the rank of an important, as opposed to a merely good, American writer.



As befits its big ambitions, the novel has not one but two heroes—Sammy Clay (né Klayman), of Brooklyn, and his cousin, Josef Kavalier, a onetime apprentice magician recently arrived from Nazi-occupied Prague—who briefly realize the American Dream. Sammy has a talent for storytelling and Joe a gift for drawing; in 1939, the two teenagers dream up a superhero, who becomes a huge hit, spawning millions of magazine sales, a radio show, and eventually some movie serials. But Chabon's novel is really about the conflicts that lie beneath the shiny dream. Joe's story, which takes him from Czechoslovakia to New York and makes pit stops in Russia, Japan, and Antarctica, is about exile and historical redemption. As his efforts to help his distant family prove increasingly fruitless, he spends more and more time wandering around New York looking for Germans to beat up; one of this book's finest and most morally astute ironies is that when the war finally presents him with an opportunity to kill one, it's in a frozen wilderness, whose obliterating barrenness and distance from the theater of war render the act meaningless, if not absurd. And Joe's literal wanderings parallel the figurative but no less compelling roamings of Sammy, who's barely ever left Brooklyn. When Sammy realizes he's gay, the problem for him isn't fitting in but coming out.

The superhero these two characters dream up is called the Escapist. This is deeply appropriate: The "amazing adventures" to which the title refers all involve breaking out, flight, and disappearance. From the opening description of the frustrated Sammy as "sealed and hog-tied inside the airtight vessel known as Brooklyn, New York" through the poignant glimpses of Joe's "entrapment in the toils of bureaucracy" as he tried to save his family from the Nazis, escape itself becomes a powerful metaphor for the ultimate American aspiration. Ultimate, because only here does the Utopian promise of total freedom make any identifying element—religion, race, sexuality, gender—a potential prison.

With wrenching but never obvious irony, Chabon uses these two stories to investigate the problematic nature of the American dream *(continued on page 70)*

Biff! Pow! Wham! Chabon explores emotional life on the eve of World War II.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Sovereign States

Ralph Fiennes plays one king unthroned by hauteur and another unthroned by complacency; in Ontario, 'She Loves Me' again tastes sweet as ice cream.

IT IS NOT INSIGNIFICANT THAT THREE SUCH DIVERSE geniuses as Bernard Shaw, Bertolt Brecht, and T. S. Eliot were admirers of **Coriolanus**. This last and driest of Shakespeare's tragedies is, in some ways, his most unusual. A play about a hero, it is also a play without a hero—without anyone in it to identify with. And not only that; it is also a play with relatively little memorable poetry and few quotable lines. *Bartlett's* gleans only a meager 21 quotations from it, as against 58 from *Antony and Cleopatra,* which preceded it, omitting even the famous "There is a world elsewhere." But a drama is not to be judged on its quota of quotes; it may even be that the lack of detachable sound bites attests to cohesion, functional construction, and seamless unity.

So here is the tragedy of one whom E. K. Chambers has called "a patrician of the patricians"—an elitist's elitist. Also a great warrior, a soldier for whom valor and honor are synonymous. Coriolanus has no aptitude for peace, politics, or pleasing the populace—they are a mere rabble to him, their tribunes just envious demagogues. Shakespeare tends to agree with him, but not entirely. Even the plebeians are people and should not be spurned or provoked. Better attain the consulship by currying favor with them than to be one whose "forensic mode," to quote Harry Levin, "is that of dissuasion," as Coriolanus, meant to seek the plebs' endorsement, does his best to earn their hostility.

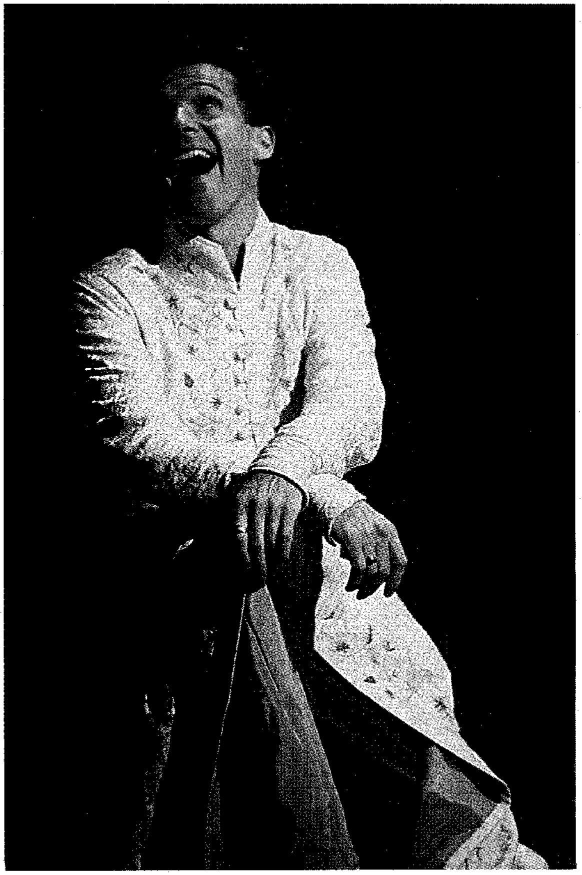
This makes him a hard role to play, especially in today's world, which has reduced democracy to populism or, worse yet, a popularity contest. Ralph Fiennes, in the Almeida Theatre production guesting at BAM, does a thoroughly decent job of it, walking a fine line between sympathy and antipathy. He does not wholly convey a wizard who can conquer a town single-handed, but he is crisply military, haughtily single-minded, uneasy with the aristocrats, and contemptuous of the plebs. What he lacks is the charisma of an Olivier, whose epochal Coriolanus is dazzlingly evoked in two ebullient pages of Kenneth Tynan's *Curtains* (read them and marvel at both actor and critic).

Outstanding, too, is the Volumnia of Barbara Jefford, the Roman matron and mother par unholy excellence, who has reared the future Coriolanus in a heroic mold too large for life, and who, from motives equally noble and misguided, breaks that mold with her son still in it. It's a deftly calibrated performance that inches up to a grim grandeur that must also leave us divided. (The program note by Professor Anthony W. Clare, ridiculing both mother and son, carries p.c. to the level of idiocy.)

As Aufidius, leader of the Volscians, Linus Roache comes up with a nicely judged blend of doughtiness and perfidy, and the others give well-spoken, dependable, British supporting performances, unspectacular but resonant. Only the tribunes, Alan David and Bernard Gallagher, disappoint: the one too much a snarling jackal, the other too edentate a jackass.

Jonathan Kent has directed sensibly in Paul Brown's minimalist setting, which is, however, distinguished by an immense slab of a metallic door that rises mightily on dry ice drifting in, or falls thunderously shut. Brown's costumes are an awkward blend of Roman and contemporary; Mark Henderson's lighting and Jonathan Dove's music are serviceable. A respectable production, this, of a too rarely seen play, and welcome as such.

THOUGH KENT DIRECTS **Richard II** WITH NICE VISUAL panoply, he turns the king early on into such a popinjay cavorting with fellow coxcombs that, for all of Fiennes's valiant efforts at redemption through adversity, the production fails to be moving. Linus Roache's vocal acrobatics—constant changes of pitch and volume—undermine his Bolingbroke, even as similar histrionics undercut Emilia Fox's Queen Isabel. It is wrong, too, for Gaunt (David Burke) to sabotage the famous England speech with moribund choppiness, however realistic. Otherwise, the cast was more of a rounded ensemble



Going for Bolingbroke: Fiennes as Richard II, at BAM.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

here, and Brown's set, like Henderson's lighting, worked wonders.

HAPPY NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONTARIO, IS said to be the prettiest town in Canada, and boasts to boot the Shaw Festival, where from spring well into fall you can see savory productions of plays by Shaw and his contemporaries, plus, every season, one musical. To spend a theatergoing weekend or so in these charming purlieus is a warmly recommended experience. I caught five shows, missing a sixth only because of Amtrak's unconscionable lateness of two and a quarter hours. Shaw, the *genius loci,* is unfairly believed by some to have lost his edge in his later plays. In the very last ones perhaps, but not at all in **The Apple Cart** (1929), written when Shaw was 73 and in full command of his mischievous magnificence.

The theme of the piece, set in the future, is the Cabinet's desire to depose King Magnus of England in favor of a republic with Proteus, the prime minister, as its head. Magnus has a very wise queen, Jemima, and, also living in the palace, a wildly ambitious mistress, Orinthia, who wants him to make her his queen. Magnus extracts a brief reprieve before declaring his abdication, and finally outsmarts his Cabinet, which also includes two women, resoundingly. He further contends with the American ambassador, who announces that the United States has decided to rejoin the British Empire, and with Boanerges, an angry man of the people and union leader, who, appointed to the Cabinet, becomes almost more traditionalist than the king.

The Apple Cart is a buoyant mix of astute sociopolitical observation and impish burlesque. Like most plays, it loses by being presented in the round. Still, it benefits from smart set design by Kelly Wolf, who, however, does not come up with credible costumes for the future. Richard Greenblatt has directed a trifle stiffly but not unhumorously; the acting was professional, with David Schurmann (Magnus), Peter Millard (Proteus), and Michael Ball (Boanerges) especially on the ball. The only weak link was the mannered shenanigans and preposterous elocution of Pamela Rabe's Orinthia.

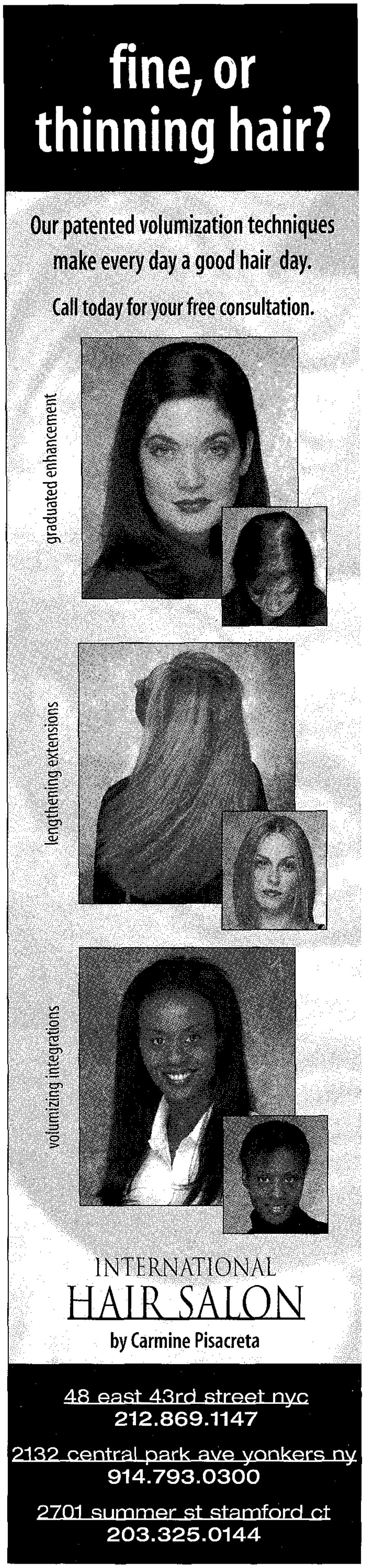
There was some unfortunate gender-bending (the U.S. ambassador as a dizzy blonde), sundry unnecessary updating, and pandering to the feminists with a totally uncalled-for final bit of pantomime. Even so, the harm was minor and could be indulged.

Less satisfactory was a revival of Oscar Wilde's **A Woman of No Importance**, which desperately needs a proscenium with its opportunities to make clear the respective modus vivendi of the upper and middle classes and set the right tone. The designer, William Schmuck, was unable to solve this problem, but his costumes, except for the far too glamorous one for Mrs. Arbuthnot in the end, were appealing. Susan Ferley intelligently directed a cast in which the women—particularly Jennifer Phipps as canny old Lady Pontefract—sparkled. The men—especially Jim Mezon's Lord Illingworth and Mike Wasko's Gerald—didn't, except for delicious cameos by Tony van Bridge and Norman Browning.

Noël Coward's **Still Life** (the basis for the film *Brief Encounter*) was curiously botched. Jan Alexandra Smith was too beanpole-ish and young for Laura, Simon Bradbury too puny and grubby for Alec, and Nora McLellan annoyingly smug as Myrtle. **Time and the Conways** (1937) is one of J. B. Priestley's "time plays," in which the invisible but relentlessly felt protagonist is time itself. It offers a typical middle-class family, the Conways, in the industrial north of 1919, with two sons who have survived the war, four equally promising daughters, and their recklessly optimistic, domineering mother, all looking forward to a bright future. Act Two takes place in the then present, in which terrible blows and disillusion have been visited on the family; Act Three picks up the thread in 1919, showing with sobering irony what made almost all go so wrong. Priestley's social criticism and mystical beliefs commingle provocatively. Neil Munro's cogent direction combines with good design and largely fine acting, in which Peter Krantz, as the patiently enduring son, and Bruce Davies, as the idle, philandering one, are caught just right, and Simon Bradbury, as the chilling arriviste who marries into the family, steals the show. But everything works except, again, the performance of Nora McLellan, whose smarmily self-serving manner as the mother nearly wrecks the production.

Best of all was the admittedly post-Shavian **She Loves Me**, the season's hit extended to December 10. This almost equals the Roundabout's recent smashing New York revival, and proves yet again that the Masteroff-Bock-Harnick musical is a modest masterwork. Engagingly directed by Roger Hodgman, pungently designed by Patrick Clark (*very* Budapest!), and mainly well sung and acted, the show had three minor flaws. Cameron MacDuffee looked right as Kodaly, the slick seducer, but gave an unduly toned-down performance; the subaltern Sipos (Jay Turvey) should have been more touching; and the romantic trysting place, the Café Imperiale, could have featured fewer gay couples and threesomes in William Orlowski's otherwise clever choreography. But Glynis Ranney, Ben Carlson, and Patty Jamieson were winning in the leads, and a palpably good time was had on both sides of the footlights. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

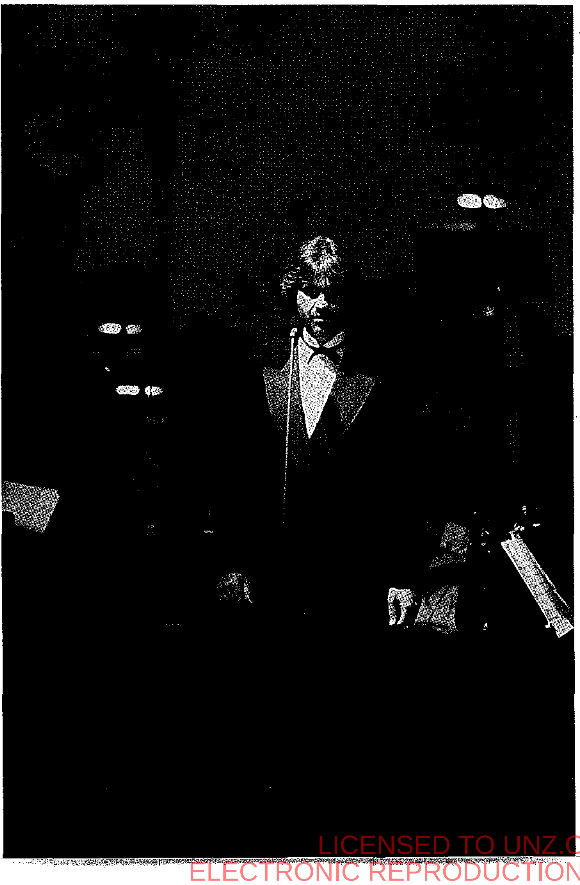
Bye Bye Verdi

Tenor Andrea Bocelli gamely takes on the opera repertoire, but an all-Verdi disc shows he isn't up to it; by contrast, baritone Thomas Quasthoff is the real deal.

PASSIONS RUN HIGH IN CYBERSPACE'S OPERA chat rooms these days. Just mention the name **Andrea Bocelli** and see what happens. To his fans, the adorably boyish, blind Italian tenor with the fuzzy five o'clock shadow can do no wrong, whether he's crooning pop or Puccini. To his detractors, Bocelli is an overhyped vocal fraud who trades on his good looks and disability to charm an audience composed mostly of susceptible middle-aged women who miss Liberace.

The fights have become more heated lately, ever since Bocelli invaded the sacrosanct world of opera with his controversial stage debut as Massenet's Werther last year in Detroit. That apparently was just the beginning. A compact disc of Verdi arias with Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic has just hit the stores, a complete recording of *La Bohème* is due in November, a Verdi Requiem is in the works, and future appearances in opera are under discussion. Can a Met debut be far off?

The all-Verdi disc (Philips 289 464 600-2) is unlikely to change polarized minds one way or another, but let's make a desperate attempt to be objective. Whatever else Bocelli may be, he is no freak crossover celebrity about to sink back into well-deserved obscurity, as did, to take one famous recent example, the technically and mentally challenged pianist David Helfgott, following the release of the film *Shine* in 1996. No matter how negatively one may respond to its contents, this package has too many commercial attractions, and the vocal presence, however limited, is very real. The moneymaking machine driving this career is also huge, well oiled, and squarely aimed at America, where such Barnum-like cultural phenomena have always flourished. Beyond that, Bocelli has even found a few highly respected music critics willing to take his classical and opera ambitions very seriously indeed.



Follow the lieder: Bocelli may be a global singing star (pictured, in 1999), but opera's not his forte.

Photograph by Eric Charbonneau/Corbis Outline.

So what have we actually got here? The voice itself—typically Italian with its open-throated immediacy and bright, metallic ping—is not as conventionally beautiful as, say, Pavarotti's fuller and richer tenor, but the reedy timbre has its own distinctive appeal when heard in an appropriate context. However, Verdi, I'm sorry to say, is not it. The voice is several sizes too small for most of the music sung here, and while tricks of engineering can boost the volume, they cannot inflate the natural size and amplitude of vocal sound to sustain the heroic arias of Radamès, Ernani, and Don Alvaro. The top of the voice is solid and secure up to the high C, but Bocelli runs into basic technical problems trying to support his middle register, where he often seems to struggle with muscle fatigue. That also prevents him from coloring his tone or giving phrases a musical shape, and most everything emerges sounding pretty much the same. Yes, Italian tenors of this sort have sung Verdi in the past, but their roles were walk-ons like Borsa, Gastone, and Ruiz, not the Duke of Mantua, Alfredo, and Manrico. I suppose it is noble of Bocelli to pursue his operatic dreams when he could easily continue making millions by sticking with the pop repertory, but in Verdi he simply can't deliver the goods.

All this is unlikely to deter the faithful, who derive pleasure from Bocelli even when he is audibly overreaching himself—this sort of devotion is more typically enjoyed by great opera singers at the end of their careers, when fans tend to hear the voice that once was rather than the voice as it is today—and that, no doubt, only adds to Bocelli's alluring vulnerability. About the only enjoyment I got from this recital was hearing a tenor respond so naturally to the verbal music of his own language, a treat in these days of international opera when most singers haven't a clue as to what the words they faithfully parrot may actually mean. I wish it were possible to put forward a more legitimate Italian-style tenor with sufficient voice, artistry, and commercial clout to justify a disc of this sort. Richard Leech? Marcello Giordani? Jerry Hadley? Marcelo Alvarez? No, thank you—times are tough enough for Verdi. It has taken a century for the Italian tenor to decline and fall since the days of the great Caruso, and it seems to me that with Bocelli we have finally reached rock bottom.

TO EXPAND CAUTIOUSLY ON A DELICATE topic: It may be useful to contrast Bocelli with another disabled singer whose career is growing fast, the German baritone **Thomas Quasthoff**. A "Thalidomide baby," Quasthoff has had even greater physical limitations to overcome on his way up, and he lacks Bocelli's sex appeal. Even if he did have the tenor's matinee-idol looks, this serious-minded artist would be unlikely to cultivate easy-listening crossover audiences, and so far he has earned his popularity on the concert stage and as a lieder recitalist. New York has responded with special warmth to Quasthoff in both capacities recently—for many, his solo recital at Mostly Mozart last summer was one of the festival's high points.

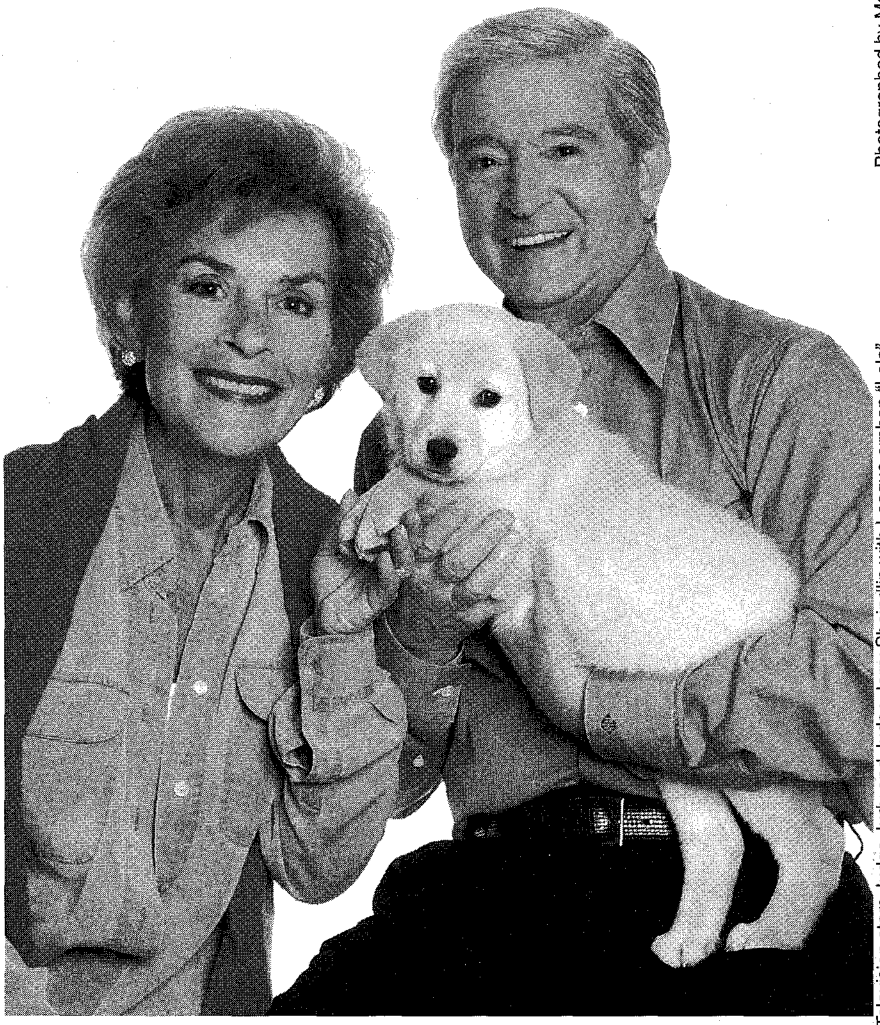
And little wonder: This is a real voice, classically trained and responsive to most everything its owner asks it to do. On the baritone's latest disc, his first for Deutsche Grammophon (289 463 183-2), he juxtaposes songs by Brahms and Liszt. The latter's three Petrarch sonnets demonstrate the enormous range Quasthoff commands, from sonorous bass tones to easy, spinning top notes a tenor might envy.

Overall, it's a roomy, flexible sound with a distinctively textured surface, a roughish nap that may not be to all tastes but one that permits a wealth of expressive gestures and nuances. He is equally impressive with Brahms's more contained songs, the three sets published as Op. 32, 72, and 94—song cycles in all but name, and for once perceived and performed as such. Indeed, the focus, concentration, and sheer creative energy that motivate all these interpretations are qualities not many singers cultivate these days.

When Quasthoff first appeared on the scene about ten years ago, it looked as though opera would be out of the question, even for a baritone of such quality and dynamic presence. Luckily, that attitude is now being reconsidered and the search for suitable roles has begun. I would immediately nominate Amfortas in *Parsifal*, a part Wagner might have written with this voice in mind. Come to think of it, the same composer's Flying Dutchman and Wolfram in *Tannhäuser* are also not only possible but intriguingly feasible. And if Quasthoff chooses to test himself in opera, it could surely happen. For a vocal talent this big and a musical spirit this determined, a physical disability seems less like an obstacle than like an inspiration to excel. ▬

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Love Needs No Pedigree



Photographed by Mary Bloom.

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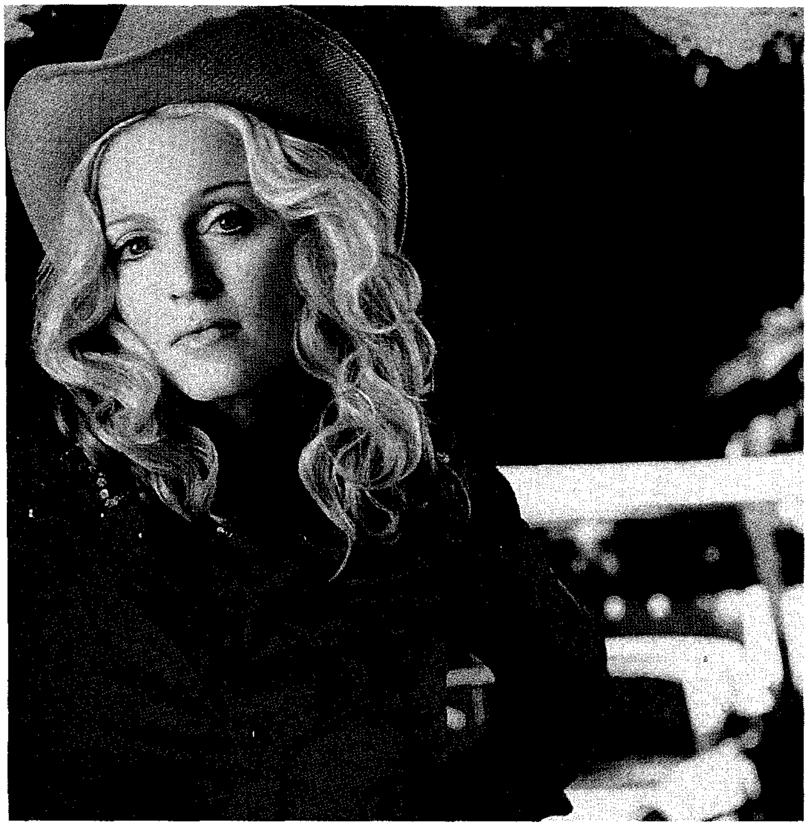
POP MUSIC ETHAN BROWN

Dance Fevered

*Madonna gets back to where she once belonged—the dance floor—
and gets by with a little help from her producer friends.*



She's a cowboy, baby: Madonna.

BLAME IT ON CAMILLE PAGLIA, UNIVERSITY semiotics departments, even the opening scene in *Reservoir Dogs:* Madonna Studies has obscured what made its subject so appealing in the first place. A less-than-mediocre singer and lyricist—critic bell hooks memorably recalled a friend angrily remarking, "The bitch can't even sing"—Madonna is best at finding interesting sounds on the dance floor, making them disposable for the radio, and scouting out producers who can make them work for her. It's the New Wave lite of "Borderline" and the retro disco of "Deeper and Deeper," not the ham-fisted mysticism of "Frozen," that make audiences smile, dance, and turn up the radio.

A devotee of turn-of-the-eighties New York clubs like the Paradise Garage and Danceteria, Madonna knows what makes people move—and how life-affirming a night on the dance floor can be. So when she intones "Hey, Mr. D.J., put a record on" on the opening track of **Music** (Maverick/Warner Bros.), it elicits memories of past pop odes to dance culture like Indeep's "Last Night a D.J. Saved My Life" and Zhané's "Hey Mr. D.J." Even if the sentiment is far from original and the lyrics are a clumsy attempt at expressing dance's utopian leanings ("Music makes the bourgeoisie and the rebel . . . come together"), the production, by French studio maestro Mirwais, is a giddy mix of electro-bounce, campy vocoder chants ("Do you like my Acid Rock?"), and funky keyboard squeals.

So long as she stays on the dance floor, Madonna makes *Music* as shimmering as the gold tooth she sports in her new video. The sinuous synths of the William Orbit–produced "Amazing" recall the singer's uninhibitedly tacky take on Don McLean's "American Pie," while "Runaway Lover" intriguingly melds mangled sub-bass and ecstatic house beats. Her ballads, however, are the sort of excessively serious stuff that makes one long for the cribbed refrigerator poetry of "Frozen." "This guy was meant for me / And I was meant for him," Madonna croons on "I Deserve It." "This guy was dreamt for me / And I was dreamt for him." The idea at the song's center—that true love belongs to those who deserve it—is a theme that only an egoist could conceive.

Mostly, as on *Ray of Light,* sophisticated production masks Madonna's shortcomings as a songwriter. Mournful vibes and sweeping ambient electronics almost succeed in cloaking the dreadful spoken-word interlude of "Paradise (Not For Me)," and "Don't Tell Me" brings a samplelike stop-start approach to the acoustic guitar. Often Mirwais is the real star here—he even makes a sparse drumbeat seem expressive on "I Deserve It." He repeatedly uses the vocoder—a production technique perfected by seventies funksters Zapp and heard recently on Cher's "Believe"—to make the human voice sound robotic—but his take on electronica is unusually personal. It's *his* music that makes *Music* matter.

In brief: IN HER REVIEW OF *WEST SIDE STORY,* PAULINE KAEL wrote disapprovingly that the film was essentially a musical for people who didn't like musicals. The same could be said of Björk's new **Selmasongs** (Elektra), the soundtrack to Lars Von Trier's *Dancer in the Dark*, in which she stars as a working-class woman who dreams of starring in musicals. Like *West Side Story*, *Selmasongs* screams out its intentions: "Overture" is overpowered by portentous string arrangements, and "Cvalda" offers an all-too-literal rendering of factory life (Björk yelps "Clatter crash crash! The clatter of machines!"). The album has its charms—Björk's voice soars on "Scatter Heart," and her duet with Radiohead's Thom Yorke has a mambo-style sexiness—but its overdone orchestrations and outsize emotions lack the resonance of *Carousel* and its metaphysical overtones or even the easygoing peacetime fizz of *On the Town*. ▬

Ethan Brown's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by Jean-Baptiste Mondino.

RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

In Living Color

Rising from the gray mediocrity of Mortimer's, Orsay is an unexpected oasis of comfort and culinary verve in the stolid heart of the Upper East Side.

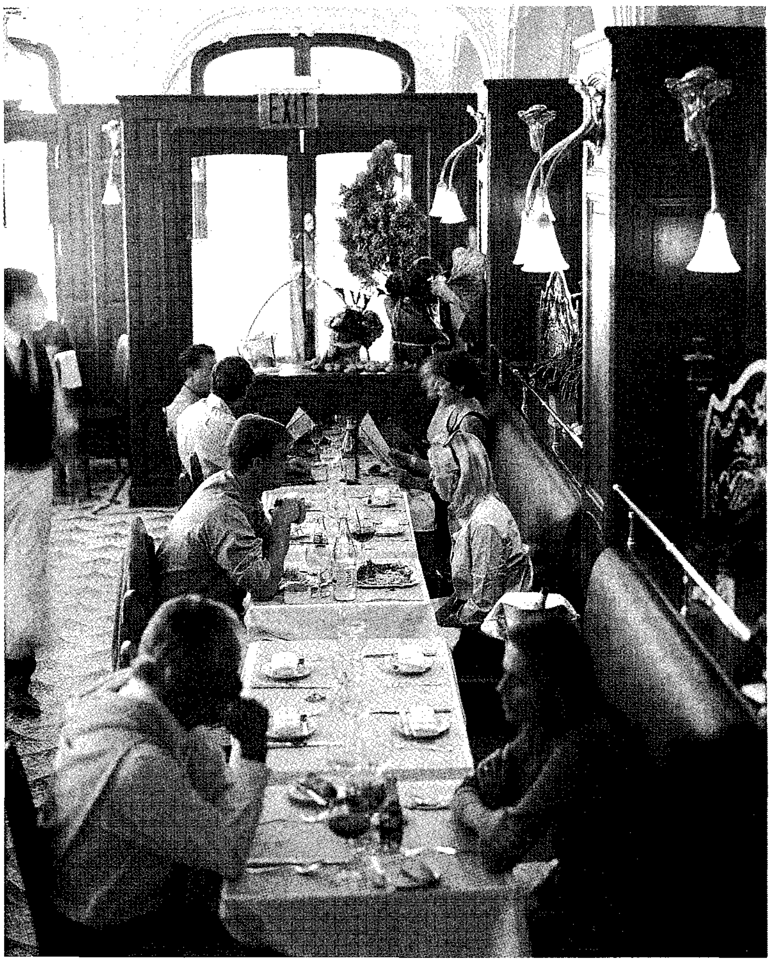
THE SPACE AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF 75TH and Lex sat dark and abandoned for more than a year, a blemish on the rosy-cheeked complexion of the Upper East Side. Hordes of locals openly mourned their banishment from this site, giving it the epic gravity of Clubhouse Lost. But driving by the desolate storefront lifted my spirits almost as high as seeing the restoration of Grand Central Terminal. *Ahhh.* Never again to have my neighborhood associated with that boarding-school slop called chicken hash. Never again to acknowledge that a room as comfortable and flattering as La Guardia's baggage claim is regarded as a bastion of urban chic. Never again to be trapped in a space orchestrated by a man who thrived on spite and self-loathing like a vegetarian downing a T-bone at Tad's Steak House on the sly. Never to hear anyone offer to "meet me at Mortimer's" again. What joy. What rapture.

So willing was I to proclaim this spot high burial ground for everything wrong with social interaction on the Upper East Side—the land that fun forgot—that I was about as eager to welcome **Orsay** to the neighborhood as Martha Stewart's Westport neighbors probably would be to welcome her back into theirs. I chuckled at the delays, peering into the gutted space and wondering whether they had contacted Temple Emanuel with respect to *dybbuk* removal. I sneered at the deliberately unsubtle Tandy Craft antiquing-kit-stained exterior, which resembled one of those newly remodeled Boulevard Montparnasse bistros designed to feed tourists by the busload. Objective as one tries to be—and as much as I admire owner Jean Denoyer's perseverance, and almost blush at the guilelessness of co-owner and general manager François Latapie's charm—I went to Orsay with my back up so high you couldn't tell the length of my sideburns.

Living up here for so long, however, I realize there are some things you can't expect a restaurant to alter. The Upper East Side is the most self-contained section of town, one where the residents not only prefer remaining safe in their gardens but really don't appreciate strangers from around town coming to smell the roses. Consequently, nightlife has always been as ethnically diverse as a squash tournament at the New York Athletic Club (though, oddly enough, it is less likely to be segregated by age). So it was no surprise on our first night at Orsay to count nineteen blue blazers with brass buttons (take that, Helmut Lang!), all but one worn with either khakis (no flat-fronts) or gray flannels (in August), all with loafers (seven with tassels), about half with no socks. After 29 years of living in New York style's black hole, you learn to look beyond. And unexpectedly and blissfully, what you see at Orsay is an environment as buoyant as any I've encountered in this neighborhood.

Close your eyes and it almost sounds like the meatpacking district. Open them and . . . well, at least you can see that Orsay is quite the stunning illusion: a beautifully executed mahogany-paneled, swirl- and flourish-laden, Art Nouveau–drenched transformation of a former Skinner box, with floridly romantic plaster arches framing a ceiling that might inspire more raised eyebrows if it weren't for all the Botox below. Besides, it's not like there is nothing to see atop the tablecloths. For all the decorative extravagance of the makeover, and a staff whose congeniality, intelligence, and deportment exceed those of many they are called upon to serve, Orsay's most significant mood modification may be its rejection of the neighborhood's bland, boarding-school palate. La Goulue's chef, Philippe Schmit, has fashioned a menu that, though extensive, is as clean-lined as Orsay's glass is beveled but has just enough fiery blasts to wrench patrons out of their

Chic happens: Diners find the ghosts of Mortimer's swept away at Orsay.



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

BOOKS

of escape—or, in its guise as popular entertainment, escapism. Sammy, for instance, enjoys a brief moment of romantic happiness with Tracy Bacon, the boyish star of the Escapist radio show, in an abandoned 1939 World's Fair model of a futuristic Utopia. A few hundred pages later, after the war is over, he's married to a woman he doesn't desire and raising a son who isn't his own—living, ironically, in one of those Long Island suburbs where "a patch of green grass and a rational floor plan" once held out a shimmer of promise as insubstantial as that of the Perisphere and Trylon, which turn out to be made of plaster. In this paradise, Sammy toils doggedly on a novel called *American Disillusionment.* The stark contrast between the comics he effortlessly writes, with their wild energies and dizzy plotting, and the earnest, unfinishable novel reminds you that pop culture teases us with dreams that real life is rarely able to equal.

Anyone familiar with Chabon's superb first book, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh,* and his subsequent novel and story collection, won't be surprised that there's a lot of beautiful writing here. But its deft deployment of big American themes and symbols elevates his idiosyncratic story to the level of national fable. Not for nothing does Sammy achieve his first taste of erotic bliss, and Joe languish in moral despair, in the Empire State Building, that monument to aspiration constructed at the nadir of a Depression. Nor, indeed, is it accidental that the two greatest crises in the novel—news of the sinking of the boat filled with Jewish refugee children, some of whom Joe is sponsoring, and the police raid on a gay house party at which Sammy is a nervous guest—take place on the same night: December 6, 1941.

A writer who can interweave his fictions and our history with such confidence is a major writer. As, indeed, is one who can take the banal and "low" elements of our culture (like comic books) and make them so grandly and effectively symbolic, as Chabon does here, of the most important things: art, life, the essence of what it is to be a person—Clay, not mere clay. Toward the end of *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay,* Joe speculates about the human impulse to create Golems and other species of superheroes, about the "yearning that a few magic words and an artful hand might produce something . . . exempt from the crushing strictures, from the ills, cruelties, and inevitable failures of the greater Creation." That's as good a description of art—and this book—as I can think of.

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

RESTAURANTS

complacency, just as surely as if they had to fix a flat tire.

Though there are fresh oysters, sweetly sharp glistening Spanish mackerel, a brawny ostrich carpaccio spiked by a soy vinaigrette, lush pillows of black plums tenderly buffeting sautéed foie gras, and a wonderfully spicy trio of herb-stuffed summer vegetables for appetizers, the freshest, most appealing beginnings on Orsay's menu are a series of tartares. Beads of fresh tuna are briskly splashed with cilantro and tequila. Fragrant salmon is enhanced by Stilton and daubs of Yorkshire pudding (the gravlax that comes pepper-encrusted and with vanilla may sound more appealing, but it's too reticent and demure). There are four beef tartares. The classic has enough onion and capers not to disappoint, another gets an exotic cast from curry and coconut, a third has the bracing lift of harissa and fennel, while the last is warmly comforted by pesto and Parmesan.

Not everything works as well: There is the powerful aroma of smoked duck dominating a goat-cheese-and-potato tart, peppered and moist Maine crabmeat is backhanded to oblivion by a scoop of tomato sorbet, and a potentially lovely goat-cheese ravioli can't come up for air because of too much olive oil. Let's see how long calf's-feet-and-tongue cake can maintain a footing in the land of lobster salad. Try it. You may not like it. But try it.

Speaking of lobster, a whole one showered with tabbouleh and arugula will cure you if that tongue cake leaves you mute. Thai bouillabaisse is equally lush and vibrant with cilantro and lemongrass. The kitchen runs out of short ribs too often, and there's a good reason why. But the pork chop in a feisty honey barbecue sauce is a formidable second choice. Of the grilled fish, the mullet with tapénade was the strongest, with only a little lemon needed to bolster the nutlike meat. Steamed bass with gazpacho held more interest than the tuna niçoise. Though stuck in an odd construction, the scallop "lasagna" is excellent. Of the three steaks on the menu, the hanger steak fits the mood best, except that it doesn't come with French fries. Order them. As for chicken, there is only a roasted breast with succulent burnished-umber skin and a lovely corn ragu. If you miss your hash, you'll have to bring your own battery-operated grinder.

Desserts are pretty delightful all around. Chocolate tart should stop being a special this instant: It's too good to ever go into exile. A lovely fresh-fig tart has a bonus of tamarillo sorbet. Try paying attention to the roasted peaches after you've tasted the sweet-corn ice cream that accompanies them. The chocolate-caramel bombe is nowhere near as complicated as its explanation on the menu, and a raspberry napoleon is simple—as it should be.

In case you haven't guessed, East Siders don't like to share. So your friends who live here are not going to tell you about Orsay. Or they'll say it's no big deal. Don't worry—they'll meet you down at Pastis. No way: Get in a cab. Come up. They'll get over it. You may even like it up here, if only to eat, or at least antagonize the spirits. Glenn Bernbaum, who owned Mortimer's, loathed "out-of-towners" in his space. He'd have hated the whole town's coming to 75th and Lex. If for no other reason, come for that one.

Orsay, 1057 Lexington Avenue, at 75th Street (212-517-6400). Lunch, Monday through Thursday noon–3 P.M., Friday through Sunday till 4 P.M.; dinner, Sunday through Thursday 5:30 P.M.–midnight, Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M. Appetizers, $7 to $25; entrées, $13 to $28. All major credit cards.

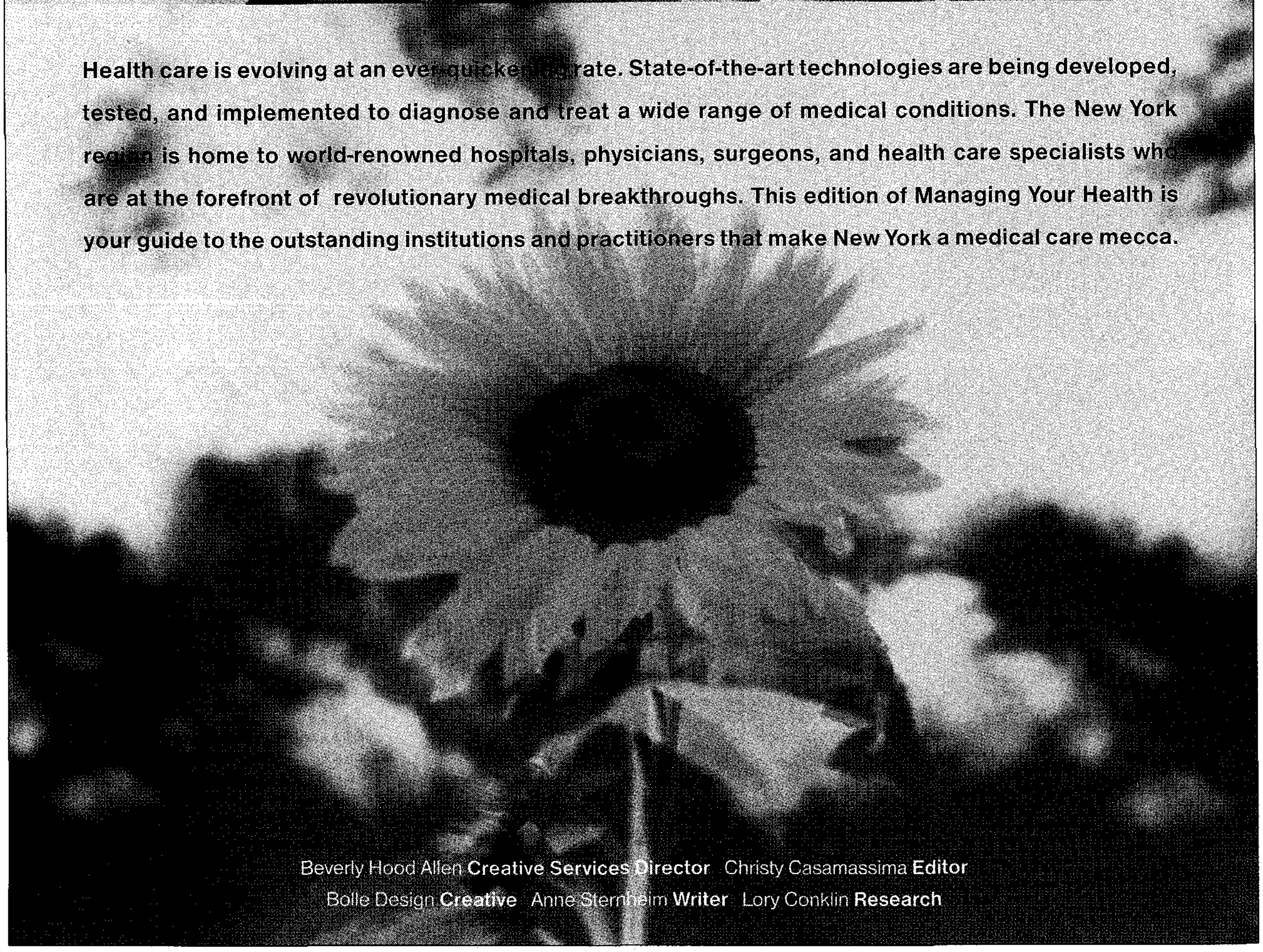
FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS, ALL around town, with horrifying and painful frequency, I have found myself sitting next to a table where at least one diner—though more often several—has chosen to speak at a volume that might qualify for hog calling at the Oklahoma State Fair. These people were not drunk. Or angry. Rather, their window-rattling pitch is what they considered to be the acceptable level for dinner conversation. They were out, they had space and a story to tell, and they wanted to be heard. And so they were—by virtually everyone in the room.

Perhaps we've discovered yet another outlet for entitlement, or all that bellowing into cell phones (often at that next table as well) has set a new standard for conversational tone. Or maybe we've all read one too many times that we New Yorkers use restaurants as our dining rooms. Whatever the reason, too many people are talking as if they were in their own homes. Well, you're not.

Restaurants are public places, full of people who don't know you and—no offense—probably don't care to. It's bad enough how much said at our own tables with our own friends winds up feeling like way too much information. We don't need to hear *your* sagas, deal closers, breakups, conquests, family troubles, or heartfelt admissions, too. If I want to hear jokes, I'll go to Caroline's. Mike Meyer's Linda Richman said it best: Talk amongst yourselves. It's a good idea—especially if you're not as funny as he is.

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

MANAGING YOUR HEALTH



Health care is evolving at an ever-quickening rate. State-of-the-art technologies are being developed, tested, and implemented to diagnose and treat a wide range of medical conditions. The New York region is home to world-renowned hospitals, physicians, surgeons, and health care specialists who are at the forefront of revolutionary medical breakthroughs. This edition of Managing Your Health is your guide to the outstanding institutions and practitioners that make New York a medical care mecca.

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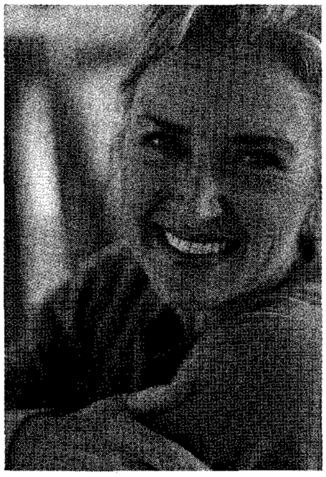
CUTTING-EDGE CARDIAC CARE

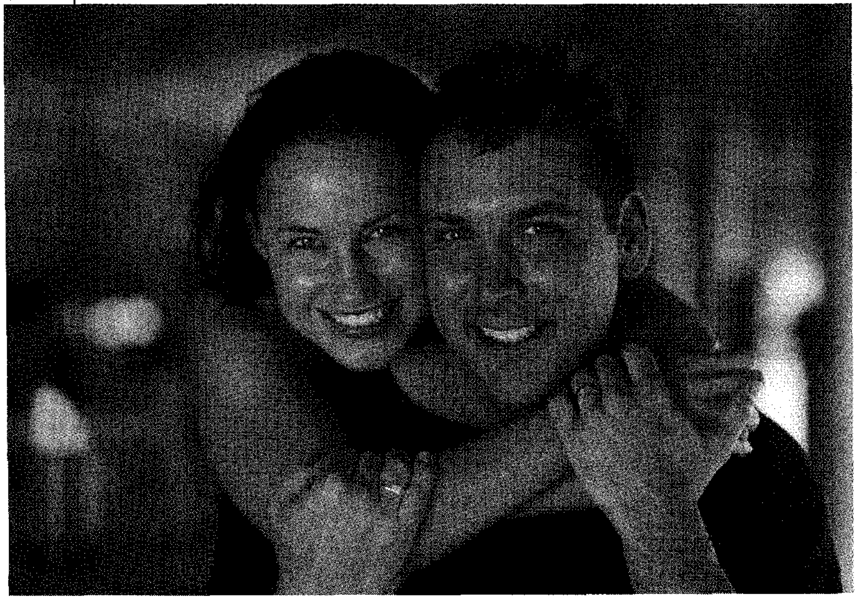
Coronary Stents

The **Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York** was launched by Lenox Hill Hospital in 1999 to tackle cardiac and vascular conditions at multiple levels. **Jeffrey W. Moses, M.D.**, chief of interventional cardiology at The Institute, and his team were instrumental in the development and use of stents to treat blocked arteries. In fact, his group was the first to use stents in New York. Prior to this, balloon angioplasty was the preferred treatment for opening blocked arteries. However, with balloon angioplasty two percent of patients needed emergency coronary bypass surgery during the procedure while 35 to 50 percent of patients developed scar tissue and recurrent blockages. Stents have changed all this.

Coronary stents are now inserted into the blocked artery and inflated by a balloon to open and keep open the vessel. Stents have greatly reduced the need for emergency surgery (of the last 6,000 procedures performed at The Institute, only nine patients have needed an emergency bypass). Furthermore, the rate of recurrence has dropped dramatically.



"Our team is now involved in developing and testing the next evolution in the use of stents," reports Dr. Moses. "Stents have been used as a scaffold to hold open the vessels. We are exploring stents with coatings that will prevent clotting or stents that will be saturated with medications to prevent scar tissue formation."



Cardiac Surgery Simplified

When surgery is indicated for blocked arteries, Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York offers innovative surgical solutions, many of which were developed by its cardiovascular surgeons. "Minimally invasive surgery techniques and the ability to perform bypass surgery without the heart-lung machine enables us to help high risk patients, reduces complications, and decreases recuperation time," explains **Mark W. Connolly, M.D.**, chief of cardiovascular and thoracic surgery.

For patients who need single or double bypass surgery, **Dr. Valavanur A. Subramanian,** director of surgery, pioneered minimally-invasive direct coronary artery bypass surgery (MIDCAB). Surgeons perform the procedure through "keyhole" incisions that are three to four inches long. In addition, cardiac patients do not need to be on the heart-lung machines traditionally used in bypass surgery. Bypass grafts are made while the heart is still beating. The surgery is often referred to as "beating heart" or "off pump surgery." Lenox Hill has the most extensive experience with this bypass procedure.

The Institute has been a leader in incorporating the "beating heart" into conventional coronary artery bypass surgery for patients requiring multiple (three to six) grafts and severe coronary blockages. During these "OPCAB" (Off Pump Coronary Artery Bypass Surgery) procedures, surgeons use special retractors to stabilize the parts of the heart where repairs are made while the rest of the heart is beating. OPCAB is now performed on 98 percent of all bypass surgery patients at Lenox Hill.

The benefits of "off pump" surgery include decreased bleeding, a diminished need for transfusions, a reduced hospital mortality rate; a decreased complication rate, and a decreased rate of infection of incisions. "Best of all," continues Dr. Connolly, "patients go home and recover faster."

Robotics to the Rescue

Robotics is also revolutionizing coronary bypass surgery. In cardiac surgery, robotics permits miniature instruments to enter the chest through small incisions and emulate the hand movements performed by the heart surgeon outside the chest. Currently the FDA has only approved the use of robotics in cardiac surgery for taking the internal mammary artery off the chest wall to bypass to the coronary artery. The future, however, is very exciting. "We see robotics as an effective means to make valve repairs and repairs of congenital heart defects," says Dr. Connolly.

This past June, a 39-year old patient at **Beth Israel's Heart Institute** underwent coronary bypass surgery using robotics, and returned home 24 hours later. Surgeons at the **Center for Innovative Cardiovascular Therapy (CICT)**, located both at **Beth Israel Medical Center and St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center**, performed the first

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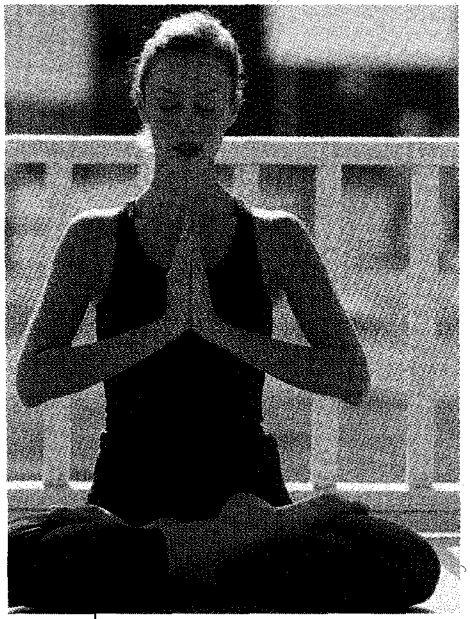


robotic assisted coronary artery bypass surgery in Manhattan using this revolutionary new technology to conduct closed heart chest surgery though three keyhole incisions. Patients experience minimal post-operative pain and are discharged within one day from the hospital.

Beth Israel is the first hospital in New York, and one of only three in the nation, to implement this state-of-the-art da Vinci Surgical System for heart surgery. Development of the da Vinci Surgical System resulted from a push from the U.S. Army for technology that would permit surgeons to operate immediately on soldiers in battle. While the FDA has approved the use of the da Vinci Surgical System for procedures below the diaphragm, Beth Israel is one of just three hospitals nationwide to be part of the clinical trials for cardiac surgery.

"Robotics, which will be available at both St. Luke's-Roosevelt and Beth Israel Hospitals, represents an important breakthrough in cardiac surgery and is one of many cutting-edge diagnostics and treatments available at **The Heart Institute's Center for Innovative Cardiovascular Therapy (CICT)**," explains **Hani Shennib, M.D.,** director of the CICT. "We are also validating innovative treatments for heart failure, heartbeat irregularities, and valve and coronary artery disease."

Nonsurgical Cardiac Care Practice

At **Sound Shore Cardiology P.C.**, "we put our patients first," states founder **Hershel Ozick, M.D.** With five Board Certified cardiologists on staff in two offices, Sound Shore Cardiology accommodates their patients' varying needs with compassionate, state-of-the-art nonsurgical cardiac care. The group prides itself on providing an unparalleled continuity of care in their offices and in the community and tertiary care hospitals with which they are affiliated: New York United Medical Center, Sound Shore Medical Center, and NewYork-Presbyterian.

Three of the physicians specialize in noninvasive, preventative cardiology while the other two doctors are interventional cardiologists who perform cardiac catheterization (angiogram) and percutaneous intervention (angioplasty).

PROSTATE CANCER

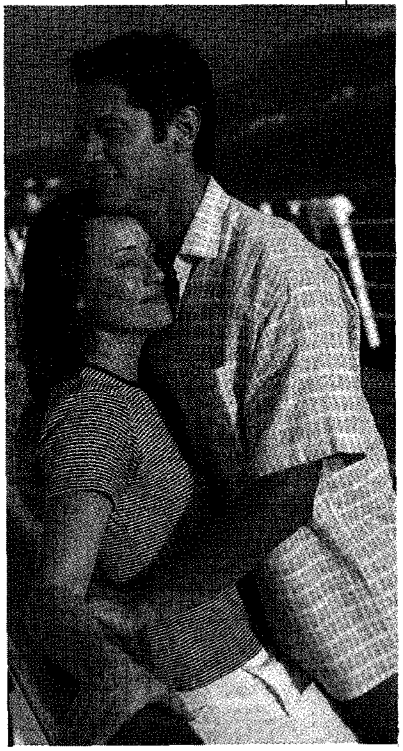
New York's **Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center (MSKCC)** is a worldwide leader in diagnosing and treating prostate cancer. "Our diagnostic and screening programs are designed to detect prostate cancer early, when it is most treatable. Close collaboration between the hospital's research scientists and clinicians has produced novel therapies for combating prostate cancers," states **Peter T. Scardino, M.D.**, chairman, Department of Urology and head of the Prostate Cancer Program at MSKCC.

A comprehensive approach to diagnosing and treatment begins with thorough evaluation to detect the disease in its earliest stages. All men and especially men at higher risk–African-American males, men with elevated prostate-specific antigen (PSA) levels, a family history of the disease, or biopsy results that point to a premalignant prostate condition–should be vigilant about regular check-ups.

Men who come in for evaluation are offered all the appropriate tests to detect prostate cancer including a digital rectal examination, measurement of the PSA level, and molecular subtypes known as "free" PSA. Review of the records of prior PSA and all prior biopsy results often provide clues as to whether or not a cancer is present. Patients are also assessed for a family history of the disease. MSKCC is one of the few centers that offers a computer-assisted family history analysis. Men whose family histories suggest an increased risk of hereditary prostate cancer may be referred to genetic counselors for further evaluation.

A variety of sophisticated treatments are available for men diagnosed with prostate cancer, and treatment plans are individually developed for each patient. MSKCC's team of physicians uses the most advanced imaging techniques and laboratory tests to assess each patient's situation. They then discuss treatment options with the patient. A recent addition to the decision-making process is the computerized "nomogram," a tool developed by MSKCC physicians that is used to predict the patient's chances of successful surgery or the likelihood of success with radiation therapy.

If a thorough evaluation points to a small



$293 million in research. 5,512 physicians. Two Ivy League medical schools. And one little girl.

Young Julianna was suffering from a rare form of liver disease, and there was no available transplant.

Working together, physicians and nursing specialists from NewYork Weill Cornell and Columbia Presbyterian successfully transplanted a small portion of her father's liver into Julianna – utilizing a revolutionary procedure that would allow it to grow into full maturity. It was among the first such partial liver transplants in the world. And it saved Julianna's life.

By combining the resources of NewYork Weill Cornell and Columbia Presbyterian, NewYork-Presbyterian has created a new model for advancing medicine. A university "superhospital," committed to solving the world's most difficult medical problems. With more research funding than either the Mayo Clinic or Johns Hopkins. Leading specialists in every field of medicine. And the support of two extraordinary medical schools.

In fact, NewYork-Presbyterian is ranked higher in more specialties than any other hospital in the New York area by *U.S.News & World Report.*®

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cancer that poses little risk to life or health, the doctors may recommend no immediate treatment but careful observation over time. For more aggressive cancers in those patients who choose active therapy, primary treatment options are surgery and radiation therapy. If there are indications that the cancer has spread, MSKCC physicians may employ a multi-disciplinary approach that adds hormonal therapy, chemotherapy, and new biological agents in addition to surgery and/or radiation.

ADVANCES IN LIVER DISEASE AND TRANSPLANTATION

NewYork-Presbyterian Hospital has recently embraced several bold initiatives in the treatment of liver disease. The Hospital's **Center for Liver Disease and Transplantation (CLDT)** was inaugurated in 1997 after the merger of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center and NewYork Weill Cornell Medical Center. In just a short time, CLDT has become renowned for major advances in liver transplantation.

The high rate of success of liver transplants has created an unexpected paradox. There are far more transplant candidates than available donor livers (donor livers, like all cadaver organs for transplantation, come from brain dead individuals who have donated their organs), therefore, many candidates for liver transplants die before livers become available.

"A liver transplant is truly a life-saving procedure," explains **Milan Kinkhabwala**, associate surgeon at NewYork-Presbyterian and a CLDT surgeon. "Today, living donor Transplants mean new hope for people with failing livers. This is especially true for young children whose chances for traditional cadaveric liver transplants are even smaller than adults'."

The CLDT surgeons have been performing living donor liver transplants in children since the center's inception, using techniques developed nearly a decade ago by a team that included **Jean C. Emond**, surgical director of the CLDT. In this technique, a partial liver transplant is performed by transplanting a portion of a healthy adult's liver into the child, where it grows into maturity. The donor adult must be of a blood type compatible with the child and is usually (but not necessarily) a parent or another family member. Because livers regenerate, the adult liver will regrow to normal size within six weeks. This partial living donor transplant is usually performed in children aged one to two who have biliary atresia, a congenital disease diagnosed at birth.

NewYork-Presbyterian is now one of a handful of hospitals in the U.S. performing this life-saving living donor transplant on adults as well as children. A larger portion–about one-half–of the living donor's liver is transplanted into the candidate. Seventeen adults have undergone this surgery in the last one-and-a-half years at NewYork-Presbyterian with excellent results.

Another CLDT initiative involves NewYork-Presbyterian's participation in clinical trials for the Circe Liver Assist Device, led by principal investigator Robert S. Brown, medical director of the CLDT. The Liver Assist Device is a machine designed to serve as an artificial liver that may help keep liver transplant candidates alive longer while awaiting transplant surgery.

Finally, NewYork-Presbyterian's commitment to liver disease also includes an ambitious effort to integrate basic research and clinical care of hepatitis C through the Center for the Study of Hepatitis C at the Weill Cornell campus. The Hepatitis Center's mission is to develop novel means for studying the hepatitis C virus in the laboratory, as well as advancing state-of-the-art methods of treatment for this disease, now reaching near-epidemic proportions in the U.S.

CENTER FOR ARTHRITIS AND AUTOIMMUNITY

While the **Hospital for Joint Diseases** is internationally renowned for its programs in Orthopaedic Surgery, it offers equally strong programs in the disciplines of rheumatology, neurosciences, rehabilitation medicine, pain management, and behavioral medicine. Physicians at the Hospital for Joint Diseases can treat virtually any condition affecting bones, joints, muscles, nerves, or the immune system.

Among the many special programs offered at the Hospital for Joint Diseases is the **Center for Arthritis and Autoimmunity.** Staffed by 20 physicians in the fields of rheumatology, pediatric rheumatology, allergy and immunology, nephrology, cardiology, pulmonary, critical care medicine,

"IF YOUR BABY HAS CANCER, YOU DON'T DARE MAKE THE WRONG CALL."

Jim and Michelle knew something was wrong. At eighteen months their daughter, Jenna, suddenly stopped walking. Doctors at the local hospital diagnosed a neuroblastoma, a life-threatening tumor on her spine.

They recommended standard treatment: two years of intensive chemotherapy, followed by surgery, if she survived. Treatment would begin that night.

Was this the only option? Jim and Michelle had less than six hours to comprehend it all.

They called Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. Our doctors treat more cancer patients in a year than most doctors treat in a lifetime. In fact, our pediatric oncologists had seen this type of tumor many times. From ten years of research on neuroblastoma, they knew what many others didn't: Jenna's particular tumor required specialized surgical expertise, but not chemotherapy.

Three months after surgery at Memorial Sloan-Kettering, Jenna was walking again. The next year she danced in her first recital. Still, Jim and Michelle remember when they let themselves dream again of Jenna's future: it was when the surgeon asked to be invited to her wedding.

At Memorial Sloan-Kettering, the search never ends for better ways to live with, and through, cancer. If someone you love needs our help, please call us at 1-800-525-2225.

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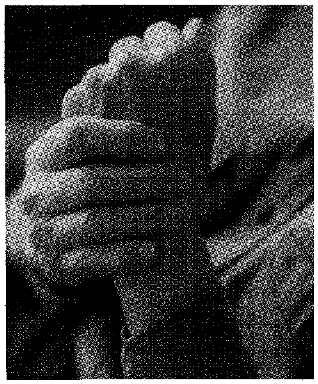

geriatrics, and dentistry, the Center is a treatment resource for patients with a wide range of musculoskeletal and autoimmune disorders. Equally important, the Center is a diagnostic resource for patients whose primary care physician is unable to make a definitive diagnosis.

According to the Center's director, **Dr. Gary Solomon**, there are many patients with a wide range of debilitating symptoms that have been present for months to years without definitive diagnosis or effective therapy. "A common clinical problem is the patient with chronic fatigue accompanied by aches an pains. This is a diverse group of patients who may fall into several diagnostic categories," explains Solomon. "Some have primary depression and require behavioral therapy and/or psychopharmacology. Some have primary sleep disturbance and require a sleep specialist. Some have a chronic infection such as Lyme Disease, hepatitis B or C, or HIV and require antibiotic or anti-viral therapy. Others have an overactive immune system and require medications which modify the functioning of their immune system. We can perform the studies needed to identify the disease mechanism for each particular patient and enlist the skills of the appropriate medical specialist or team of specialists to formulate a treatment plan. Our clinical services are backed up by a clinical research center offering innovative drug and biologic therapies, and by the research laboratories of the Hospital For Joint Diseases and the New York University School of Medicine." The Center for Arthritis and Autoimmunity is one of the outstanding programs at the Hospital for Joint Diseases offering leadership in the management of patients with potentially debilitating musculoskeletal disorders.

EYE CARE

"**The New York Eye & Ear Infirmary**'s commitment to technology and advances in the field of vision correction enable the institution to offer state-of-the-art care to its patients," explains **Barrie Soloway, M.D.**, co-director of the **Vision Correction Center**. The New York Eye & Ear Infirmary is leader in LASIK surgery which reshapes the cornea in order to eliminate the need for glasses for people with nearsightedness, farsightedness, and astigmatism. "The LadarVision® laser has distinct advantages. It is the only laser with an FDA approved tracker. This means a higher degree of safety as the beam can stay focused on the portion of the eye where surgery is taking place despite the fact that the eye is in constant movement. The LadarVision® laser can also treat a larger area of the cornea ,thereby reducing the potential for nightglare vision symptoms patients may experience after this surgery. Finally, the LadarVision® laser has the smallest spot of any laser available which allows for the finest resolution and therefore produces the smoothest surface and best vision results after surgery."

The New York Eye & Ear Infirmary is one of only six sites in the U.S. involved in the FDA clinical trials for surgical reversal of presbyopia—a normal aging process of the eye. "Nearly 90 percent of adults aged 45 and older need glasses or contact lenses for reading and close-up tasks due to presbyopia," explains Dr. Soloway. "As we age, we need to hold things farther away in order to view them more clearly. Presbyopia is caused because the lens responsible for focusing the eye continues to grow and eventually becomes too large for the space between the human lens and the ciliary muscle. Unable to accommodate the lens, the muscle is unable to function effectively thereby inhibiting the lens' ability to focus. To remedy this situation, we place four small arched implants around the sclera or white part of the eye overlying these muscles. This procedure expands the space surrounding the lens and gives the lens more room to work and focus."

New York Eye Specialists is a private practice solely dedicated to laser and LASIK eye procedures. Director **Dr. Ken Moadel**, a Board Certified ophthalmologist, has performed over 10,000 procedures and was selected as one of the top specialists in the field by *New York* Magazine. Just last year, sports stars Jayson Williams, formerly of the New Jersey Nets, and Bernie Williams of the New York Yankees, went to Dr. Moadel for their vision correction procedures. Most patients

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Our renowned cardiologists are leaders in the development and use of tiny expandable stents to open not only blocked coronary arteries, but blocked carotid, kidney and leg arteries as well. Our pioneering cardiovascular surgeons were the first in the country to perform MIDCAB (minimally invasive direct coronary artery bypass) surgery. This remarkable technique requires only a minor incision and is actually performed on a beating heart, eliminating the need for a bypass machine—which means that patients go home sooner and recover faster.

Lenox Hill Hospital's cardiovascular specialists continue to apply their expertise in advancing the diagnosis and treatment of heart and vascular disease—and setting standards of care.

So, if you have a heart or vascular condition—or suspect that you do—contact the Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York at 1-877-HEARTBEAT. From diagnosis to rehabilitation, you'll be evaluated and treated by a team of the most knowledgeable cardiovascular experts in the metro area. And you can rest assured you'll receive the finest comprehensive and seamless care available.

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achieve 20/20 vision after the procedure and 98 percent no longer wear glasses or contact lenses daily.

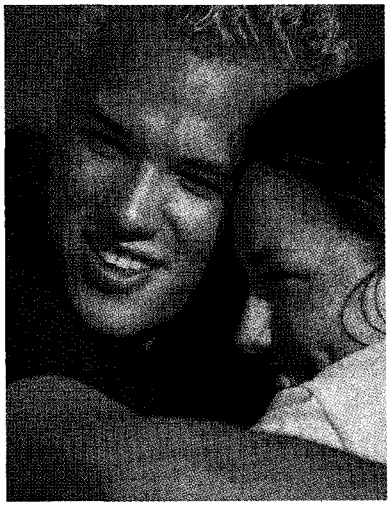
"Customized patient care and treatment are the hallmarks of **New York LASIK Vision Correction,**®" explains **Eric R. Mandel M.D.**, medical director and New York's Harvard trained corneal specialist devoted exclusively to LASIK surgery. "We take the time to individually evaluate each patient according to lifestyle and professional pursuits. Patients of the same age, sex, and eyeglass prescriptions may still have very different needs." Dr. Mandel performs all his surgeries and conducts all his post-operative care.

A true pioneer in laser vision correction since 1984, Dr. Mandel uses the most advanced lasers including the LadarVision® Flying Spot Tracking Laser and the VISX StarS2™ in all his LASIK procedures. Just as important as this state-of-the-art technology is the fact that Dr. Mandel is the only surgeon to use his equipment. "We control the environment and the conditions for each procedure," states Dr. Mandel.

COSMETIC SURGERY

Cosmetic surgery has come a long way. Today's technological, surgical, and medical advances mean that doctors can perform many more procedures than before and patients are seeing the results they expected with shorter healing times.

Men as well as women are now opting for cosmetic procedures. "Men are beginning to acknowledge more openly their interest in cosmetic surgery," declares **George Lefkovits M.D., FACS**, "But men still need a setting in which they feel comfortable and where they understand that aesthetic procedures are commonplace for men."



From the first surgical consult through surgery and the post-operative period, Dr. Lefkovits and his staff strive to create a relaxing environment for men which includes special office hours for men only. The most sought-after surgical procedures by men include body contouring, with or without liposuction, hair transplantation, facial rejuvenation, and nasal profiling. Men are also interested in non-surgical procedures, such as Botox injections, fat transplantation, laser hair removal, and laser resurfacing.

At **Constructive Surgery, Jeffrey R. Fischman, M.D.** and his staff make patients feel right at home at the office and surgicenter located in a private Upper East Side carriage house. A specialist in cosmetic surgery of the nose, face, and body, Dr. Fischman is a surgeon many turn to when they have had previously unsatisfactory experiences. The first step is a complimentary consultation with Dr. Fischman to assess the patient's needs. Dr. Fischman helps his patients define their needs, and uses digital imaging to illustrate the results of cosmetic surgery. According to Dr. Fischman, "today's techniques in nose surgery didn't even exist 10 year ago, while the latest mid face-lifts and fat transfers result in a far more natural and younger look, with faster healing."

"Whether you are looking for a complete makeover or just want to feel better about your appearance, we provide our potential patients with a confidential consultation to determine which procedure is right for them, " according to **Rhoda S. Narins, M.D.**, director of **The Dermatology Surgery & Laser Center**. With locations in Manhattan and Westchester, Dr. Narins offers her patients convenience, a large array of treatment options, and an unsurpassed safety record.

The Dermatology Surgery & Laser Center has been in practice for 30 years and Dr. Narins was named one of the "Best Doctors in New York " in *New York* Magazine in June 2000. An expert in tumescent liposuction, she was one of the first doctors to bring liposuction to the U.S. in1982.

Vincent C. Giampapa, M.D., FACS, has created a comprehensive facility in Montclair, New Jersey with an international reputation. The **Plastic Surgery Center Internationale** and the **Longevity Institute International** are dedicated to treating the aging process with the latest cosmetic and corrective plastic surgical techniques, as well as medically supervised sophisticated nonsurgical regimens.

The comfort, safety, and health of his patients is paramount in Dr. Giampapa's approach. For example, in breast augmentation, no breast tissue is cut. Instead, a small incision is made under the arm and a saline implant is installed underneath the muscle of the chest wall to enlarge the size and change the shape of the breast. By using this technique, there is no interference with breast feeding or conducting breast exams.

"The best candidates for cosmetic surgery are those individuals in good physical condition who come to a surgeon with realistic expectations" states **Alan M. Engler, M.D.**, a Board Certified plastic surgeon. "Today patients are much more knowledgeable and informed. They consult the Internet and read books and periodicals before consulting a physician."

Dr. Engler should know. Selected as one of the "Best Doctors" in *New York* Magazine, Dr. Engler is the author of two books. *Body Sculpture—Plastic Surgery of the Body for Men and Women* (now in its second edition) has been a top selling plastic surgery title on amazon.com since first being published in 1998.

With such a difficult choice of qualified cosmetic surgeons, it's not always easy to find the right one. Many people turn to **Denise Thomas**, a leading cosmetic surgery consultant located in Manhattan for the last 20 years. Thomas has been on *Oprah* and has successfully matched patients with the surgeons best suited to them.

"My clients are busy, successful men and women who don't have time but do want the best surgeons," notes Denise. "I only recommend Board Certified surgeons who are experts in the areas where my clients want surgery." Discreet, knowledgeable, and service-oriented, Denise's clients can depend on her from the first consultation right through surgery and recovery.

ANTI-AGING TREATMENTS

At the **Manhattan Anti-Aging Clinic**, **Adrienne Denese, M.D. Ph.D.**, a Cornell-trained anti-aging specialist employs skin care treatments that combat the effects of aging. The Anti-Aging Skin Sciences line treats wrinkles, sunspots, and age spots. The Ceramide Eye

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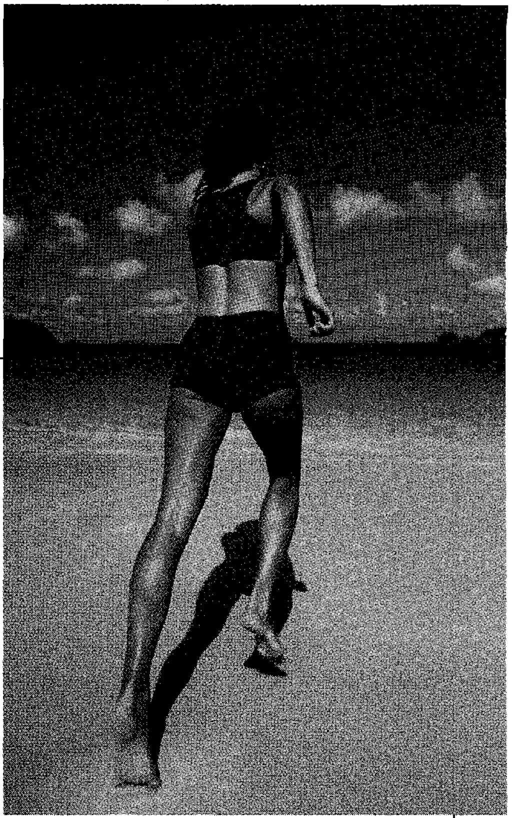


Capsules contain a potent hydrating solution designed for the delicate skin around the eyes. The product Phase One and Phase Two shrinks pores and eliminates age spots. A cream for menopausal women features natural progesterone.

SKIN SPA

"Verve means living your life *with energy and enthusiasm*. At **Verve Laser Medicine & Wellness Spa**, the goal is to help patients look and feel their best so they can live well. To *achieve this, we employ the* most advanced skin care, wellness, and beauty treatments," explains **Stephen P. Bracci, M.D.**, medical director. A range of services is available including laser hair removal, and two types of varicose vein treatments. Lasers are used to eliminate unwanted hair, reduce and eradicate varicose veins and may be combined with sclerotherapy. Effective skin care treatments are also offered. Dr. Bracci uses Botox and collagen injections to treat wrinkles. Finally, Power Facial services include Micro Dermabrasion and Glycolic Peels.

completely bare is a leading skin spa that provides a complete line-up of highly effective skin care and hair removal treatments in their New York and Scarsdale locations. The Epi-Facial uses light pulsation to polish the skin and eradicate brown spots, wrinkles, sunspots, and broken capillaries. The Enhanced Micro-Dermabrasion is like getting 20 facials in one, and will leave your skin absolutely glowing. The Techno Face-Lift plumps and lifts facial muscles to make you look younger. *completely bare also specializes in the* Epi-Light™ Permanent Hair Reduction System which uses photo-epilation, a light-assisted permanent hair reduction technique.

HAIR RESTORATION

The New York Hair Restoration Surgicenter specializes in surgical techniques that restore permanent hair growth. Medical director, **Robert Bonvino, M.D.** evaluates and designs a treatment plan for each patient. The surgery involves transplanting the hair from a donor site on the client's head where there is healthy hair growth to the area where the patient is losing hair.

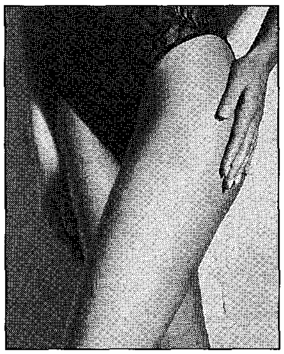
Once the hair transplant surgery is complete, the results of the transplants take about six months to become noticeable. The results are well worth the wait since the new hair growth is your own, completely permanent, and can be treated naturally.

LeMetric Hair Center for Women focuses on women who have lost their hair or who have thinning hair. LeMetric designs, produces, and installs all types of hair replacement systems depending on a client's needs.

President **Elline Surianello** knows first hand about the devastating emotional effects of hair loss. "I have a hereditary condition called androgenetic alopecia, or female diffuse thinning. It affects more than 20 million women across the country," explains Elline. It is estimated that 95 percent of women with hair loss suffer from this genetic disorder, a progressive disorder with no known cure. Many other women, however, experience significant hair loss or thinning without this diagnosis.

Because of her own condition, Elline has dedicated the last 10 years to finding and implementing solutions for hair loss and thinning hair, and stays current with the latest hair replacement craftsmanship.

Women with thinning hair also turn to **Sequence** which specializes in hair thickening using a non-



Unfortunately, Not All Body Improvements Can Be Achieved Through Diet Or Exercise.

Sit-ups. Step classes. Low-fat diets. Sometimes all of the effort in the world can't flatten your belly or tighten your buttocks.

Nor can exercise or diet remodel your nose or eliminate wrinkles. However, plastic surgery offers results with a lot less inconvenience or expense than you might have imagined.

So call 472-3300 for a free consultation with our caring, experienced Board Certified Plastic Surgeon. And let us improve something more important than your face or figure. Your self-image.

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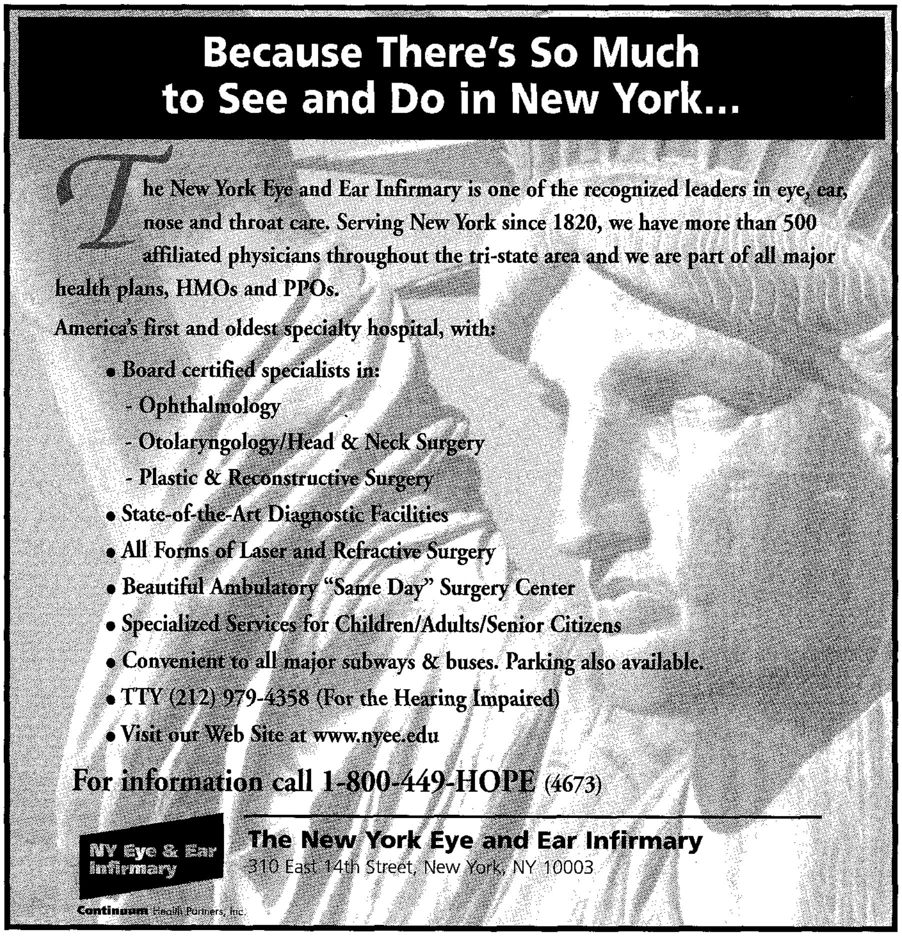

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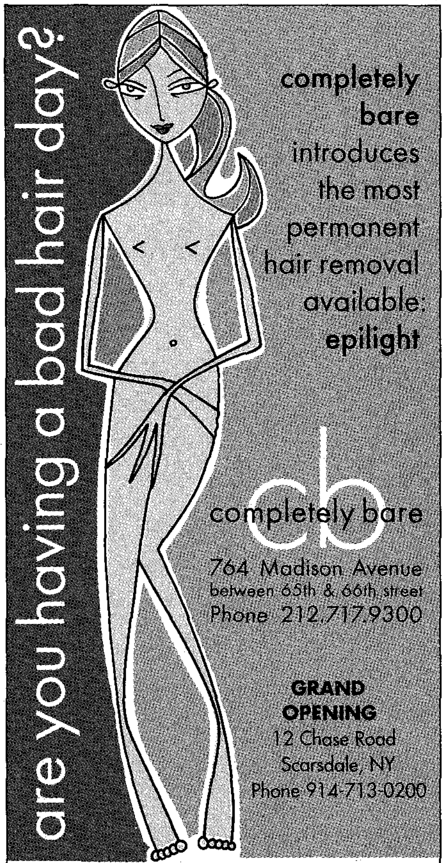
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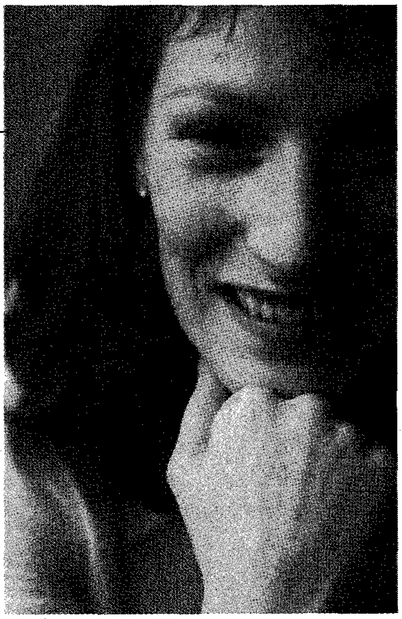

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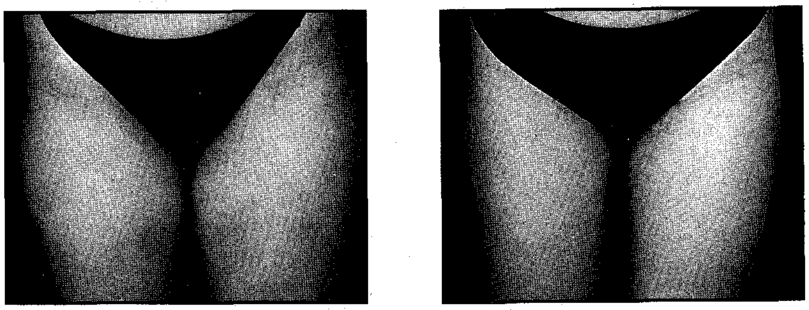

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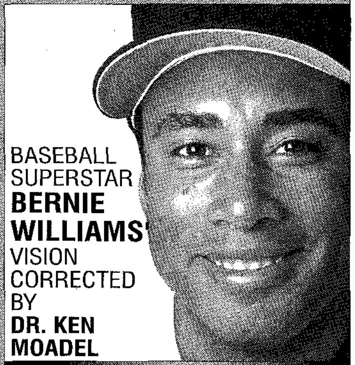

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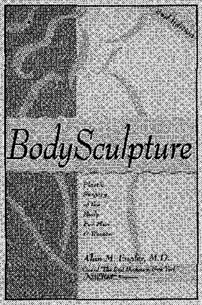

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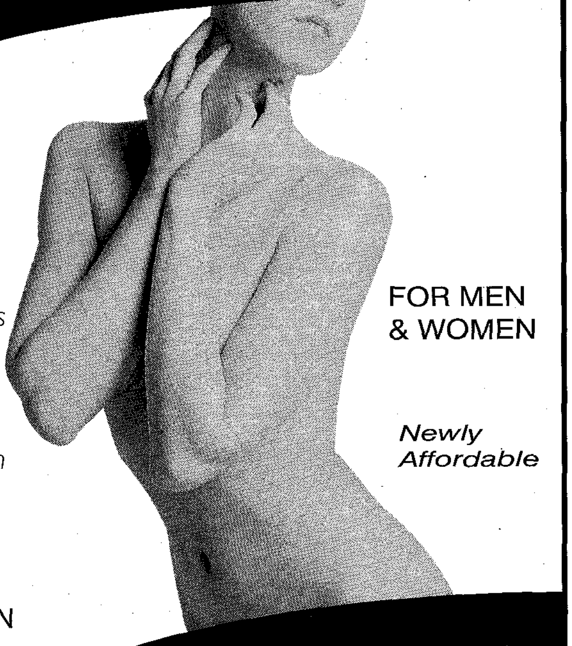

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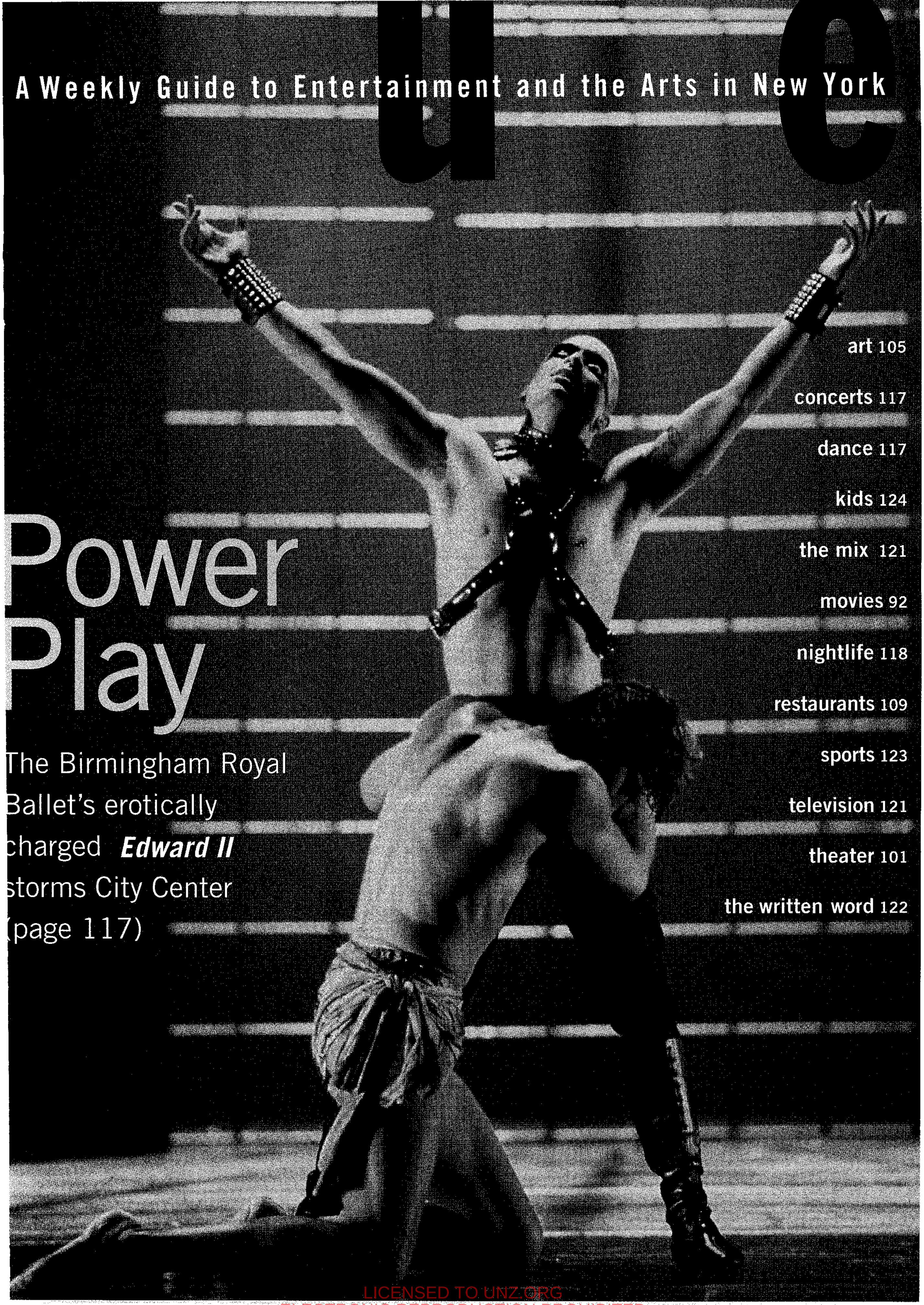
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Power Play

The Birmingham Royal Ballet's erotically charged ***Edward II*** storms City Center (page 117)

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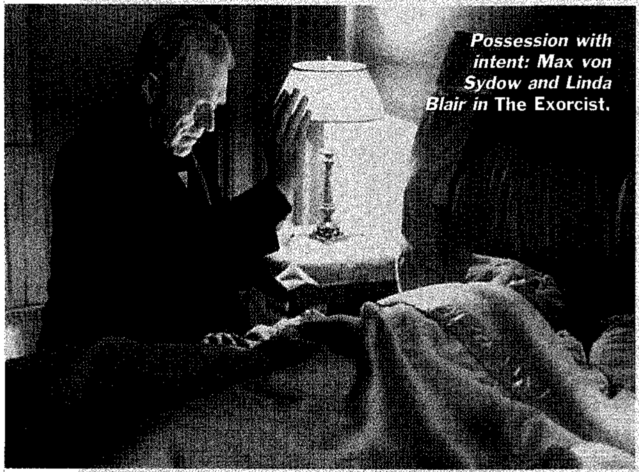
Revival

This One'll Make Your Head Spin

William Peter Blatty, screenwriter of *The Exorcist* and author of the best-seller on which it was based, is quick to assert that most reports of paranormal occurrences during the making of the 1973 film are untrue—although he did experience one brush with the inexplicable first-hand. "I'd just been reading about a scientist who claimed he could communicate with the dead via his tape recorder," Blatty explains, "and the next day, our sound engineer said we had to reshoot a scene. The recording had been drowned out by these loud rapping sounds. I listened to them—they were just like the bangs I describe in the first chapter of my novel." Fortunately, the noisy poltergeist was a no-show during preparation of William Friedkin's *The Exorcist—The Version You've Never Seen*. In fact, besides containing an entire reel of additional footage, the new release has a digitally remastered soundtrack, which means theatergoers can finally enjoy every splash and splatter of pea soup in Surround Sound. Speaking of which, does Blatty expect audiences to be vomiting in the aisles again? "Actually, as far as I know, that's all hype," Blatty says. "Test audiences were not puking all over one another. During a screening, I *did* see one woman leaving the theater during the hospital scene, whispering, 'Jesus! Jesus!' And I fell to my knees and prayed it wasn't Pauline Kael." But what about the originally deleted spider-walk scene, which finally has been restored—wasn't that cut because audiences found it too disturbing? "No," Blatty quips, "unfortunately, that was cut because audiences found *the strings*." Does Blatty have any personal investment in the occult? "Well, I've always searched for proof that the grave is not the end for us. I'm fascinated by reports of demon possession: If you can prove there are evil spirits, who's to say there aren't good ones? I don't think I have to worry that much about dying—unless it's on the Jay Leno show." *The Exorcist—The Version You've Never Seen* opens September 22. **Derek de Koff**



Possession with intent: Max von Sydow and Linda Blair in The Exorcist.

New Films

An Affair of Love—Frédéric Fonteyne's film—originally titled *Une Liaison Pornographique*—involves two strangers (Nathalie Baye and Sergi Lopez) who meet through a personal ad in order to explore their mutual fetish. Instead of watching their kinky pecadilloes, we're privy to several long monologues about how lonely love can be for urban dwellers. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Aimée & Jaguar—The true story of Lilly Wust and Felice Schragenheim (Juliane Kohler and Marie Schrader, respectively), who were lovers in Nazi Germany despite the fact that one was a member of the Jewish underground and the other an exemplar of Nazi motherhood. Based on Erica Fischer's best-selling book of the same name. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Almost Famous**—Cameron Crowe's sweetly engaging coming-of-age movie is set mostly in 1973, and it's about a 15-year-old rock journalist, played by Patrick Fugit, who hooks up with a touring, Led Zeppelin-ish band in order to write a cover story about them for *Rolling Stone*. The band's lead guitarist is played by Billy Crudup, who should finally become a star, and his chief groupie is played by Kate Hudson, whose character's baby fat is already starting to harden. Philip Seymour Hoffman, who may be the best character actor in America, is the rock critic Lester Bangs, the Yoda of the piece. (Rainer; 9/18/00) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay.*

The Art of War—Wesley Snipes plays a superspy who must save the world from a conspiracy that just might conquer the United Nations. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Autumn in New York—Winona Ryder plays a dying young woman who is romanced by silver fox Richard Gere in this drippy, luxe love story directed by Joan Chen. It's pretty terrible all around. (Rainer; 8/28/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Atrium.*

Backstage—A slick, perhaps too slick, look at Jay-Z's 1999 "Hard Knock Life" tour. Co-stars DMX, Redman, and Method Man. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Bait—Jamie Foxx makes his inevitable return to comedy, starring as an ex-convict who's lured by the FBI into catching a psychotic villian. Directed by Antoine Fuqua. (2 hrs.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack—Music legend Ramblin' Jack Elliott, the epitome of the folkie singing cowboy and compadre of Woody Guthrie, was born Elliott Adnopoz, the son of a Brooklyn Jewish doctor. This documentary, which was lovingly directed by his daughter Aiyana Elliott, traces his screwy ramble of a life. (Rainer; 8/28/00) (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Waverly; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Bittersweet Motel—A documentary following the foggy, blissed-out antics of the *Über*-hippie musical outfit Phish. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Bless the Child—Maggie O'Connor (Kim Basinger) just doesn't have time on her hands to consider the supernatural—that is, until she takes under her wing an autistic newborn (Holliston Coleman) whose soul is caught up in a metaphysical battle between the forces of good and of evil. Jimmy Smits plays the FBI agent with an encyclopedic knowledge of all things occult. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria; Atrium.*

Bring It On—A band of shrill, pom-pom-shaking cheerleaders don't quite know how to react to their new team member: a street-smart punk (Eliza Dusku) imported from Los Angeles. (1 hr. 31 mins; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish

'Cue' cover photograph by Bill Cooper.

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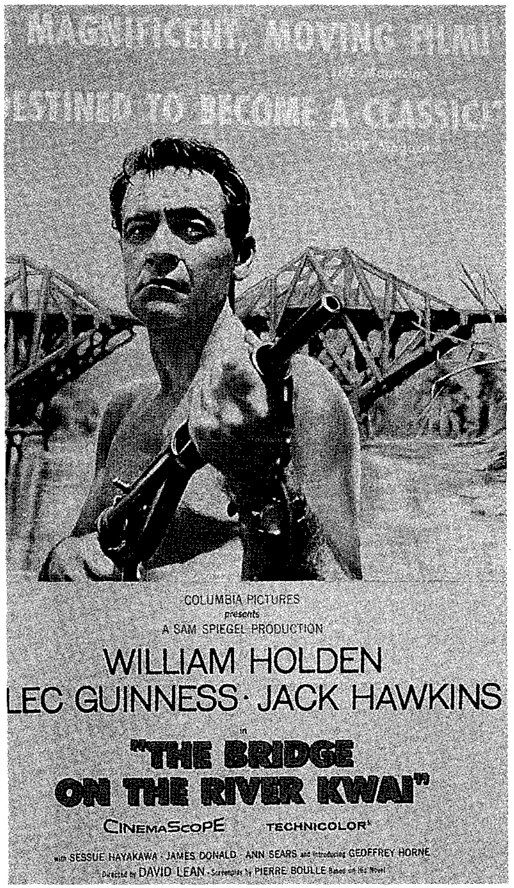
BILLY ELLIOT OPENS IN MANHATTAN ON OCTOBER 13TH

megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Sutton; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart.*

Cecil B. Demented—John Waters's new movie stars Melanie Griffith as a movie queen with a diva-sized ego who is kidnapped by a guerilla film director, Stephen Dorff's Cecil B. Demented, and terrorized into starring in his movie. His crew, the Sprocket Holes, are a gaggle of weirdos; their Yippie-style chants call for the destruction of bad cinema. Waters tosses out some funny ideas here, and Griffith, as a combination Gorgon and den mother, is incongruously funny. But this satiric attack on Hollywood garbage isn't much of a feat, filmmakingwise, which sours the satire. Waters, in his public appearances, remains his own best creation; his movies are almost superfluous by comparison. (Rainer; 8/21/00) (1 hr. 28. mins; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea.*

Festivals
Creepshow

Beginning September 19, Symphony Space begins its eleven-part film series "Empires of Passion: The Cinema of Obsession." Among the dark, unnerving works are the 1957 drama 'The Bridge on the River Kwai'; 'The Collector,' William Wyler's classic about a bank clerk who kidnaps an art student; 'Death in Venice,' that very silent 1971 adaptation of Thomas Mann's masterpiece; and 'Performance,' the cult film starring Mick Jagger as a reclusive, megahedonistic rock star. Who knows? You may even meet someone to follow home and watch through the window while he sleeps.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The Cell—A child therapist (Jennifer Lopez) who's involved with a revolutionary research program is politely invited into the mind of a comatose serial killer (Vincent D'Onofrio) in the hopes of rescuing his latest victim. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Coyote Ugly—An aspiring songwriter from Jersey (Piper Perabo) comes to New York to Make It and, as so often happens in a Jerry Bruckheimer movie, ends up wriggling on a bartop with a bevy of other Barbies while unshaven men slaver and whoop. By comparison, *Flashdance* seems like *Copenhagen*. Dreadful. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Crew—Four curmudgeons (Burt Reynolds, Seymour Cassel, Richard Dreyfuss, and Dan Hedaya) attempt to hoodwink the manager of the retirement home in which they live. Directed by Michael Dinner. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Cinemart; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much-underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Atrium.*

Duets—See Rainer, page 61. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion.*

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—A mocking, self-satisfied documentary about the weepy evangelist-mascara maven. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Gimme Shelter—The 1970 documentary by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin about the Rolling Stones at Altamont is still compelling, but it's structured as a nightmare symbol for the demise of the Love Generation, which seems bogus. The tragedy at Altamont, in which a Hell's Angels enforcer stabbed a gun-wielding fan to death—three other fans died there—had a lot more to do with greed and bad planning than with the wrath of God. The film does present, however, the best full-scale portrait of Mick Jagger in his pansexual prime. (Rainer; 8/21/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Girl on the Bridge**—Patrice Leconte's stylish, opportunistic romance mixes up everything from Fellini and Ophuls to forties film noir and fairy tales and occultism. Daniel Auteuil plays a has-been knife-thrower, and Vanessa Paradis is his new recruit in the act. They have an intriguing Svengali-Trilby thing going on, and the knife-throwing scenes are so rattling that you leave the theater grateful you weren't nicked. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *UA Gemini.*

Godzilla 2000—This authentic Japanese installment, twenty-third in the saga, finds that incorrigible reptile with the glued-on dorsal fins battling a brand-new nemesis: Orga (a.k.a. Giant Alien Millennian). (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Atrium.*

Highlander: Endgame—With any luck, the name says it all. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Hollow Man—Hollow movie. Kevin Bacon plays a mad scientist who gets even madder when he injects himself with a serum that causes him to become invisible without, as it turns out, the prospect of once again being visible. Director Paul Verhoeven doesn't play this material for its fun, lowdown voyeuristic possibilities; he seems more intent on allegory. The film ends being nowhere; it's neither Plato nor porno. Most of the time we're stuck in the top-secret lab with Bacon as he fumes and fidgets, which seems a waste of a promising premise. Elisabeth Shue and Josh Brolin co-star, matching dullards. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Cinemart.*

I'm the One That I Want—Margaret Cho's critically acclaimed one-woman show, in which she recounts her grim experiences starring in a fast-canceled ABC sitcom, finally makes it to the big screen. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Into the Arms of Strangers**—See Rainer, page 61. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Sony Lincoln Square.*

Love & Sex—Kate (Famke Janssen) is a jaded twentysomething who's totally over dating—until that kinky, responsible ex-boyfriend reenters her life. Hmmm . . . maybe she should give it another shot? (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Madadayo**—Akira Kurosawa's last film, made in 1993 but only being released now, is a highly formalized and serene work about a beloved university professor (Tatsuo Matsumura) and his students. It's a movie about how kindness keeps one from despair, and it has a valedictory quality that ultimately is profoundly moving. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Nurse Betty—Neil LaBute directed this one but didn't write it, which probably explains why it lacks his usual note of noxious misanthropy. It's a rather sweet and blobby romantic comedy starring Renée Zellweger as a Kansas waitress who, in a fugue state following the murder of her crumbum car-salesman husband, hits the road for L.A. to find her true dreamboat: a soap-opera actor (Gregg Kinnear) who she believes is really the character he is playing. Morgan Freeman and Chris Rock turn up as hit men trailing Betty, and they have a funny rapport. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Coronet; Loews State; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps**—Eddie Murphy once again divides himself up into an entire family, and he gives an extraordinarily rich performance in what is otherwise a gross-out teen pic. His ripening artistry deserves a better movie. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Atrium.*

On the Run—An introverted travel agent (Michael Imperioli) runs into an old friend, who turns out to be an escaped convict with a history of robbing

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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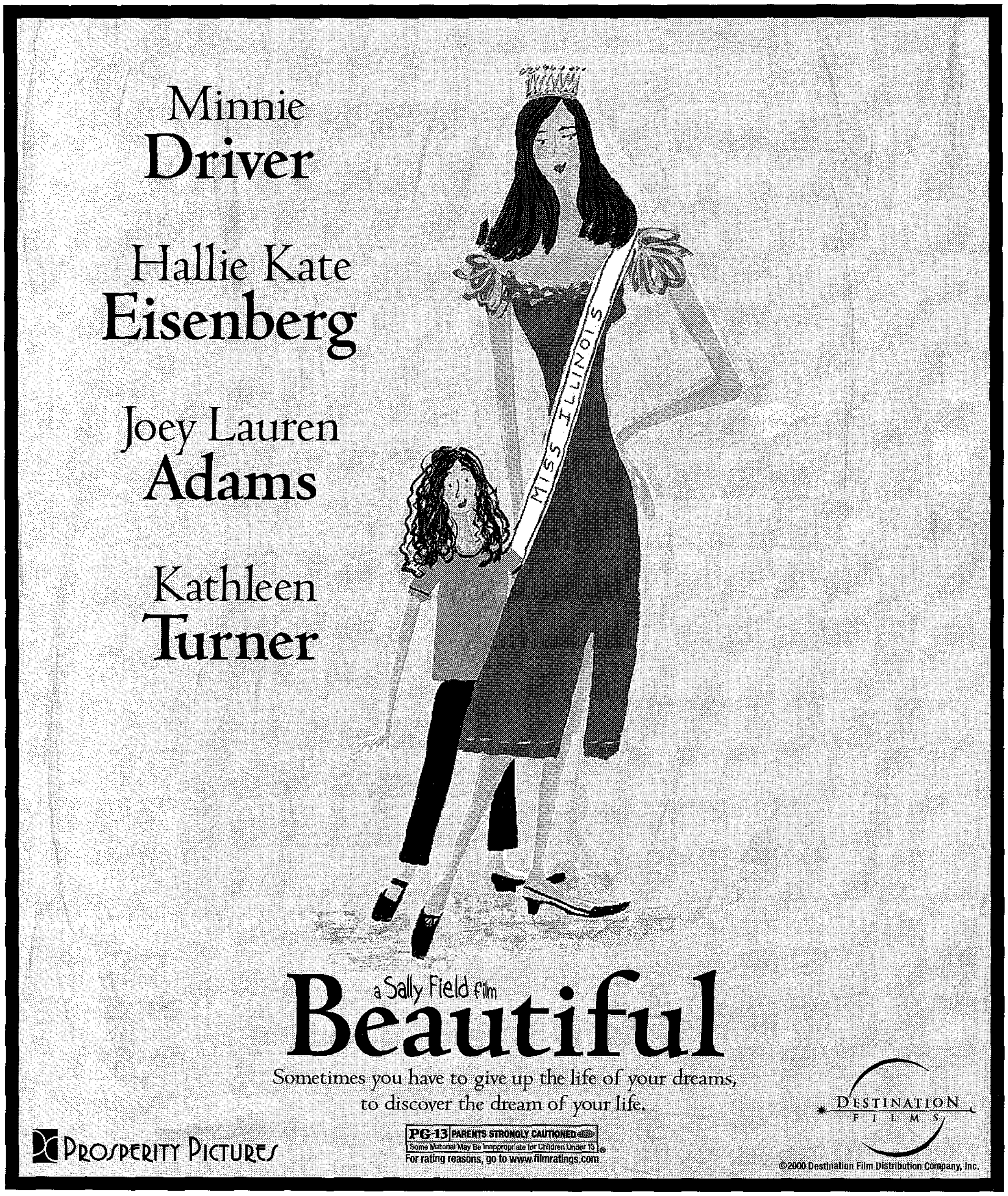
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BEAUTIFUL OPENS IN SELECT THEATRES ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH!

Festivals

Oscar's Winning Film

As part of the 38th New York Film Festival, the Film Society of Lincoln Center is holding a special retrospective presentation of Oscar Micheaux's *Body and Soul,* the rarely seen 1925 silent melodrama that stars Paul Robeson (pictured) as twin brothers, both in love with the same woman, who happens to be a dangerous escaped convict. What's more, the film will be accompanied by a live performance by the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. The festival begins September 22. *Body and Soul* screens on September 24; tickets are still available.

banks. Soon enough, he's cavorting through the streets of Manhattan, causing all sorts of tomfoolery. Co-stars Robert De Niro's daughter, Drena. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Opportunists—Christopher Walken plays a good man who's trying to let go of his crooked past, with little success. Cyndi Lauper plays his ballsy, in-your-face wife. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

The Original Kings of Comedy—Spike Lee takes a swing at the stand-up-comedy-concert genre, documenting the talents of Steve Harvey, D. L. Hughley, Bernie Mac, and Cedric the Entertainer. (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Paragraph 175—Filmmaking team Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman, best known for *The Celluloid Closet,* present this deeply affecting documentary focusing on the lives of five gay men and one lesbian who survived the horrors of World War II and, in some cases, concentration camps. Narrated by Rupert Everett. (1 hr. 21 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Place Vendôme—Catherine Deneuve plays the alcoholic widow of a debt-ridden gem dealer in this moody, well-paced drama directed by Nicole Garcia. Deneuve seems to have grown into her world-weariness: She's radiantly sodden here. (Rainer; 8/38/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Pokémon The Movie 2000—Those ubiquitous Japanese action figures make their inevitable return to the big screen. (1 hr. 54 mins.; G) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Pola X**—Leos Carax, bad boy of French cinema, directed this startling free-form adaptation of Herman Melville's novel *Pierre, or the Ambiguities,* and it's maddening, fascinating, rapt. Carax accomplishes what all successful literary adaptations must: He conveys the emotions we felt when we read the book. Guillaume Depardieu and Katerina Golubeva star as the brother and half-sister fated for destruction. (Rainer; 8/11/00) (1 hr. 34 mins; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Psycho Beach Party—Charles Busch stars in and co-wrote this satire about a 16-year-old beach babe (Lauren Abrose) who suffers from multiple-personality dosorder and might be a cold-blooded killer. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Replacements—This movie deserves a historical footnote for being the most rabidly anti-union movie in memory. Gene Hackman is a football coach who is brought in during a pro-league strike to shape up a team of replacements headed by quarterback Keanu Reeves. The scabs are all goony and lovable and the pros are all pond scum. (Rainer; 8/28/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Atrium.*

RiFiFi—All but unseen since its 1955 release, Jules Dassin's triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts, among other things, a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Saving Grace—Brenda Blethyn stars as Grace, a dottering old widow who, faced with a huge debt and the possibility of losing her house, comes up with a scheme to transform her garden into a veritable hemp highway. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Crown Gotham; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shower—This bittersweet examination of Chinese culture takes place in a public bathhouse about to be closed down by a young entrepreneur. (1 hr., 32 mins.; PG-13) *North Shore Towers.*

Sing-a-long Sound of Music—A truly terrifying concept. Audience members clad in tacky curtains scream out all their faves from the classic 1965 musical. Starring Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer, and numerous fanatics dressed as brown-paper parcels all tied up with string. (3 hrs.; G) *Clearview's Ziegfeld.*

Smiling Fish & Goat on Fire—Two brothers (Derick and Steven Martini) with eccentric nicknames just want to meet the right women and settle down. And, of course, they do. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Solomon and Gaenor—A young Orthodox Jewish boy (Ioan Gruffudd) and a miner's daughter (Nia Roberts) have an ill-fated love affair in 1911 Wales. Nominated for Best Foreign Language Film at this year's Academy Awards. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

Space Cowboys—Clint Eastwood stars in and directs this over-the-hill-gang buddyfest starring himself, James Garner, Tommy Lee Jones, and Donald Sutherland as ex–Air Force pilots who, 40 years after they were screwed by NASA, finally get their shot on a space mission. (They have to fix a Russian satellite!) It's genial at times, but the movie-star cronyism gets in the way of your enjoyment, and theres no bliss in this film's view of outer space. The old astronauts might as well be day laborers at the planetarium. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Szábó's movies, most famously *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl,* are all about the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He's fascinated by the fatalism of history and by the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fate. His new film carries on these themes on an even broader canvas, but often he seems to be inflating the usual recriminations and capitulations of a family by placing it against the Holocaust and the Gulag. Ralph Fiennes plays three separate roles, but he's too refined, too Dirk Bogarde–ish, to hold this behemoth of a movie together. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (3 hrs.; NR) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; North Shore Towers; UA Hylan Plaza.*

The Tao of Steve—In Jenniphr Goodman's directorial debut, Donal Logue plays Dex, a way-overweight rogue who still manages to be lucky with the ladies despite his size-44 jeans. Greer Goodman plays Syd, the one woman who's seemingly insusceptible to his charms. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

30 Days—A bunch of kids fresh out of college try to find love and success in the big city. Starring Jerry Adler, Arija Bareikis, and Ben Shenkman. (1 hr 27 mins; R) *CC Village East; CC Sutton.*

This Is Spinal Tap—Rob Reiner's classic satire of the heavy-metal scene, starring Michael McKean, Christopher Guest, and Harry Shearer. (1 hr. 22 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Turn It Up—Expect lots of blood and .22s in this crime thriller starring the Fugees' Pras, who plays a young, aspiring hip-hop artist who falls in with a band of villians. Co-stars Ja-Rule and Vondie Curtis-Hall. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Canarsie; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II.*

Urbania—Something of a gay *After Hours,* director/screenwriter Jon Shear's film involves an insomniac (Dan Futterman) who becomes obsessed with a mysterious man, complete with tattoos, that he sees on the street. He embarks on an endless search of Manhattan watering holes and runs into numerous eccentrics on the way. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea.*

The Watcher—James Spader stars as an ex-FBI agent who (surprise, surprise) comes out of retirement in the hopes of capturing his old nemesis, a creepy serial killer played by Keanu Reeves. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hil*

Photograph by Charles Musser

Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

The Way of the Gun—Ryan Phillipe and Benicio Del Toro play two hardened criminals whose attempt to kidnap a wealthy woman (Juliette Lewis) gets seriously botched. Written by *The Usual Suspects* screenwriter Christopher McQuarrie. (2 hrs.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

★**What Lies Beneath**—Crude scare-picture pulp done up in big-movie-star trappings. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a woman who believes the inherited Vermont home she shares with her scientist husband (Harrison Ford) is spook-infested. The director Robert Zemeckis draws on a whole stable of woman-in-peril warhorses, from *Gaslight* to *Wait Until Dark*; he lifts from Hitchock and *Fatal Attraction* and much more. The results are effective without being very interesting: It is not such a great achievement, in the end, to make audiences jump on cue; even the teen horror cheapies are pretty adept at it, if nothing else. But Michelle Pfeiffer's performance is something to see. Terror seems to turn her wraithlike. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Whitestone; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**X-Men**—Bryan Singer's cinematic transciption of the Marvel Comic mainstay has intermittent, balled-up power. It's a rarity, a comic-book-derived movie with a satisfying visual style and protagonists you want to watch. The X-Men include Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), Rogue (Anna Paquin), Cyclops (James Marsden), and their fearless leader, Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart), while their supermutant antagonists include Ian McKellan's Magneto and Toad (Ray Park), who can flick his twelve-foot tongue like it was a lasso. Adolescents, and probably not a few adults, will appreciate the film's celebration of being different. We're not dorks, after all—we're the next stage in evolution. (7/24/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Cecil B. Demented; The Girl on the Bridge; Pola X; Saving Grace; The Tao of Steve; Urbania.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) *30 Days; Backstage; The Cell; Double Parked; The Opportunists; Scary Movie; Smiling Fish & Goat on Fire; Turn It Up.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Bittersweet Motel; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; Madadayo.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave. (777-FILM#603) *The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack; The Virgin Suicides.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Gimme Shelter; Paragraph 175; The Times of Harvey Milk.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave. (50-LOEWS#952) *Bless the Child; Highlander: Endgame; Hollow Man; Nurse Betty; The Original Kings of Comedy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Aimée & Jaguar; I'm the One That I Want; Orfeu; Solomon and Gaenor.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) *On the Run; Psycho Beach Party; The Saragossa Manuscript; The Decalogue.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Revivals

Waxing Poetic

He's evil! He's brilliant! In the horror classic 'House of Wax,' the always great Vincent Price (pictured, in silhouette) plays a sculptor who's a little kooky, a little off-kilter, and a lot prone to throwing shrieking victims into vats of molten wax to turn them into macabre sculptures. Even better, André de Toth's classic spine-tingler is in 3-D—which means in short that you, like the movie's museumgoers, will be cooing "Oh, so lifelike!" Begins September 22 at Film Forum.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Smart City

continued from page 59

and 425 Broome Street, Studio 4R (212-750-3844; www.capoeiranyc.com). Mondays and Wednesdays 7 to 8 P.M. at the 125th Street location; Tuesdays and Thursdays 8 to 9:30 P.M. at Lafayette Street; Saturdays 4:30 to 6 P.M. at Broome Street; $15 per session. Class size limited to fifteen. Classes begin with vigorous stretching, move on to basic movements, and end with the *roda.*

Capoeira Angola Center of Mestre João Grande *104 West 14th Street, third floor (212-989-6975). Classes offered Monday through Friday 6:30 to 8:30 P.M., Sundays 10 A.M. to noon.; $12 per session. Class size is about 25.* Classes incorporate partnership work, so you'll always have someone to work through the movements with you. *Roda* is offered every Sunday from 2 to 7 P.M. Spectators are welcome.

AFRICAN DANCE

The first time I observed a class at the Djoniba Dance and Drum Centre, I was terrified. I arrived early, so I watched the previous class. The students stood at one end of the long studio as a group of drummers pounded out an almost deafening rhythm at the other end. The teacher, a small woman with powerful limbs, moved across the floor, arms swinging up and behind as her head flew forward and her legs kicked and spun. In rows of three, the students followed, executing the steps perfectly after a single demonstration. Just watching was exhausting, and the drums only increased my anxiety. But I survived. Sure, I had blisters on the bottom of my feet for a week and was incapable of raising my arms for a couple of days, but then I was back again for another class. Classes start with stretching and calisthenics, after which you'll work through a long combination piece-by-piece. Then the drummers come in and the class starts moving across the floor, mimicking the instructor. Dancers are barefoot and wear long skirts of African fabric over leggings.

Djoniba Dance and Drum Centre *37 East 18th Street, seventh floor (212-477-3464; www.djoniba.com). Classes offered all day; call for schedule; $12 per 90-minute session.* Three studios offer African, Afro-Caribbean, Afro-Haitian, and Afro-Guinean classes every day, all with live drumming. Capoeira, belly-dancing, and djimbe-drum classes are also available.

Sal Anthony's Movement Salon *190 Third Avenue, at 17th Street (212-420-7242; www.movementsalon.com). Call for schedule; $10 per session. Class size is about 25.* Offers Afro-Caribbean and Afro-Brazilian dance, t'ai chi, and belly dancing. ■

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Art of War; Bring It On; Crime and Punishment; Duets; Love & Sex; This is Spinal Tap; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Croupier; Saving Grace; Solomon and Gaenor; The Watcher.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *The Art of War; Cecil B. Demented; The Cell; Croupier; Duets; Saving Grace; Urbania; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Bring It On; Turn It Up.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Almost Famous; Backstage; Bait; Nurse Betty; The Original Kings of Comedy.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Almost Famous; Autumn in New York; Bait; Bring It On; The Cell; Duets; Nurse Betty; The Original Kings of Comedy; Space Cowboys; The Way of the Gun; What Lies Beneath.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Cell; Duets; Saving Grace.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Scary Movie.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Ran.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *30 Days; Butterfly.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Sing-a-long Sound of Music.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *American Psycho; Big Momma's House; Frequency; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Road Trip; Small Time Crooks.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Almost Famous; The Art of War; Bait; The Cell; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Scary Movie; The Watcher.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Nurse Betty.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Almost Famous; Bait; Nurse Betty; The Original Kings of Comedy.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Place Vendôme.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Backstage; Bring It On; Highlander: Endgame; Scary Movie.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Almost Famous.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Autumn in New York; Bring It On; Croupier; Girl on the Bridge; Sunshine; The Tao of Steve; The Watcher.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Nurse Betty; The Way of the Gun.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Space Cowboys.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Bait.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Almost Famous; The Art of War; Bait; The Cell; The Original Kings of Comedy; Space Cowboys; The Watcher.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Saving Grace.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Art of War; Gladiator; The Way of the Gun.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Love & Sex.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Bait; The Watcher.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Bring It On; Nurse Betty.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Goya in Bordeau; Aimée & Jaguar; An Affair of Love; RiFiFi; Solas; The Tao of Steve; The Wind Will Carry Us.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Art of War; Backstage; Bait; The Original Kings of Comedy; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Art of War; Bring It On; Nurse Betty; Turn It Up.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Art of War; Nurse Betty; Turn It Up.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Almost Famous; Autumn in New York; Bring It On; The Cell; Duets; Into the Arms of Strangers; Nurse Betty; Saving Grace; Space Cowboys; Turn It Up.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Art of War; Backstage; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; Nurse Betty; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Turn It Up; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Art of War; Backstage; Bait; Bring It On; The Cell; The Original Kings of Comedy; Scary Movie; Turn It Up; The Watcher.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Art of War; Backstage; Bait; Bless the Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; Nurse Betty; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Scary Movie; Turn It Up; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun; What Lies Beneath.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) *Aimée & Jaguar; Nurse Betty; Place Vendôme.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Butterfly; Nurse Betty; The Perfect Storm; Saving Grace; Smiling Fish & Goat on Fire; The Brooklyn Film Festival.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Art of War; The Original Kings of Comedy; Turn It Up.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Art of War; Backstage; Bait; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; Nurse Betty; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Scary Movie; Turn It Up; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *The Art of War; Bait; Bring It On; Dinosaur; Duets; Nurse Betty; Saving Grace; Scary Movie; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *The Art of War; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; Turn It Up.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Bring It On; Saving Grace; Scary Movie; The Watcher.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Almost Fa-*

Opening
You're the Top?

Prepare to see a lot of Penélope Cruz this fall. Next month, she'll be playing Matt Damon's ill-fated love interest in Billy Bob Thornton's *All the Pretty Horses*, but before that, she's strutting her fluffier side in the lighter-than-helium *Woman on Top*. In this decidedly Almodóvar-esque comedy, Cruz (pictured, with *Oz*'s Harold Perrieneau Jr.) plays a Brazilian who's a gourmet cook *and* a dynamo in bed—until she catches her husband cheating on her. After that, she breaks for San Francisco to live with her best transvestite friend, Monica (Perrieneau Jr.), and starts her own cooking show. That's when a winsome television exec (Mark Feuerstein) starts winking in her direction. Can they live happily ever after? Opens September 22.

Photograph by Phil Bray

mous; The Art of War; Bait; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; Nurse Betty; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.

Queens

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Art of War; Nurse Betty; Turn It Up.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Butterfly; The Crew; Hollow Man; The Original Kings of Comedy; Turn It Up; X-Men.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Almost Famous; The Art of War; Bait; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; Nurse Betty; The Original Kings of Comedy; Turn It Up; The Watcher; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *The Art of War; The Cell; Turn It Up.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Bring It On; The Cell; Coyote Ugly; Croupier; Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Saving Grace; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; The Tao of Steve; Tera Jadoo Chal Gaya; What Lies Beneath; Whipped; X-Men.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Aimée & Jaguar; Chicken Run; Girl on the Bridge; Love & Sex; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokemon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Smiling Fish & Goat on Fire; The Tao of Steve.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Art of War; Bring It On; The Cell; Highlander: Endgame; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Hamlet; Shower; Sunshine.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The Art of War; Bring It On.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Art of War; Bless The Child; Highlander: Endgame; The Perfect Storm; Turn It Up; The Watcher.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Bait; The Way of the Gun.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Bait; The Original Kings of Comedy.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Art of War; Bring It On; The Cell; Nurse Betty; Scary Movie; Turn It Up; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Almost Famous; The Art of War; Bring It On; The Cell; Duets; Highlander: Endgame; Nurse Betty; The Watcher.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Bring It On; Saving Grace; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

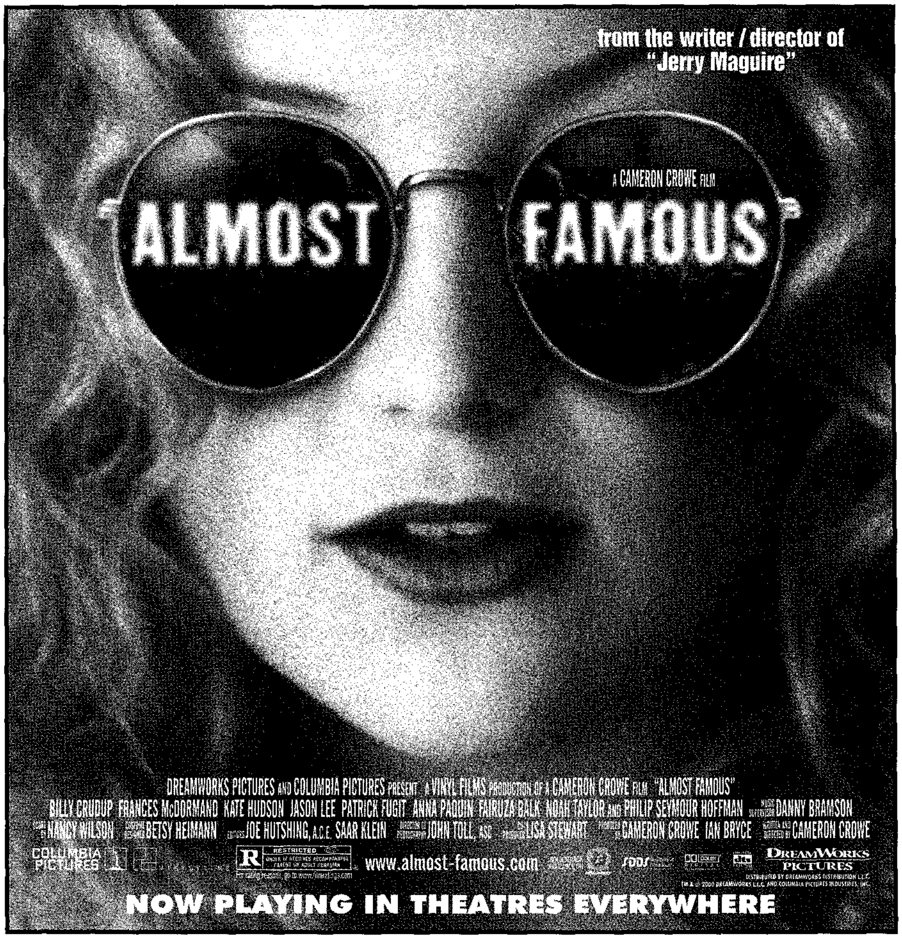
UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Bait; The Cell; Nurse Betty; Scary Movie; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun; What Lies Beneath.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., near Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Crew; Croupier; Godzilla 2000; Highlander: Endgame; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; Whipped.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Bait; Bring It On; Saving Grace; Sunshine; The Watcher; The Way of the Gun.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Art of*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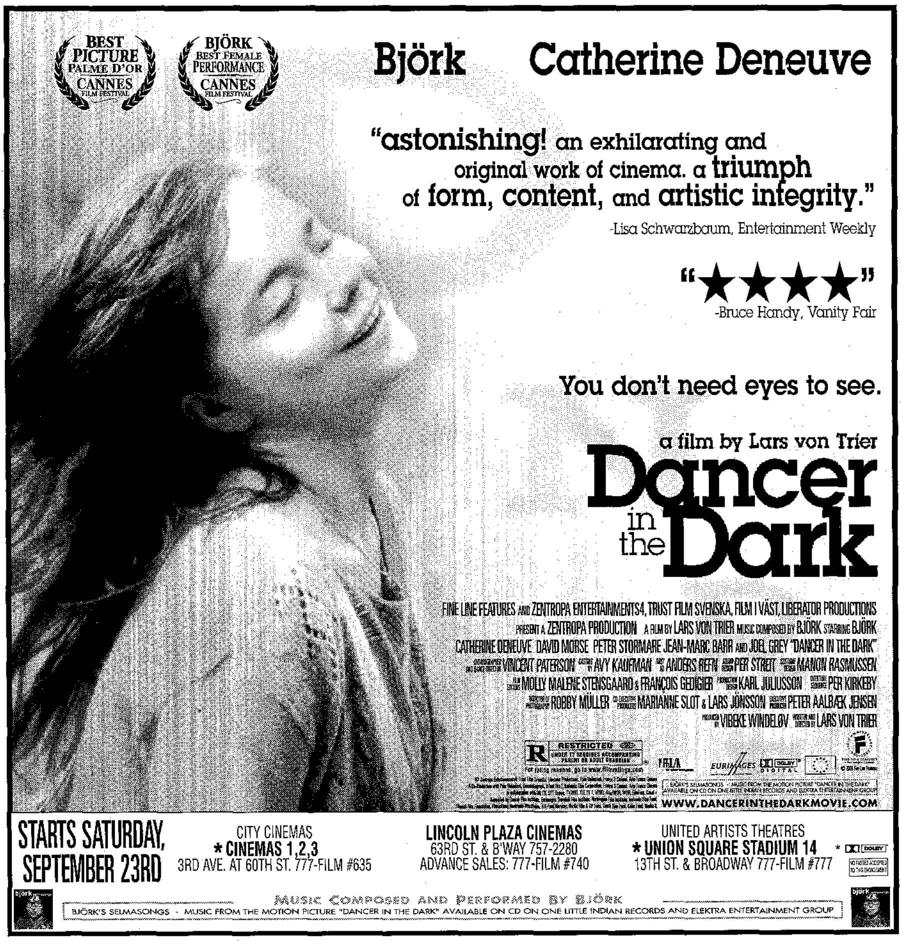
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Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 10/1: "Ride Lonesome: A Budd Boetticher Retrospective." 9/23: *Decision at Sundown* (1957); *Arruza* (1962). 9/24: *The Man From the Alamo* (1953); *My Kingdom For . . .* (1985). "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." 9/23–9/24: *Belle du Jour* (1967); *Chinatown* (1974). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—9/19: "The Empire State Film Festival." *The Old Man and the Sea; My Mother Dreams the Satan's Disciplines in New York; Kleingeld; Three Misses.* 9/20: "New Filmmakers Goes Underground." *Escalator* (2000); *Lunch Box* (2000); *My Left Nut* (2000); *Raw: Nonfiction* (2000); *Soul Cages* (1999). 9/21: "Downtown Arts Festival Presents the U.S. Premiere." *Occupational Hazards/Les Risques du Métier* (2000). 9/22: *Alma* (1998). 9/23: "Essential Cinema." *Flaming Creatures* (1963); *Scotch Tape* (1962). 9/24: "Essential Cinema." *Carriage Trade* (1973). 9/25: *Alma*. 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—9/19: "Universal Sirk." *The Tarnished Angels* (1957). 9/20: "Black Cinema Café." *One Week* (2000). 9/21–9/22: "Buck Henry: The Buck Stops Here." 9/21: *To Die For* (1995). 9/22: *What's Up, Doc?* (1972). 9/23: "John Woo—Hong Kong Style." *Just Heroes* (1987). 9/24: "By the Light of Nykvist." *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (1988). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—Beginning 9/23: "Big Stars, Early Films Festival." 9/23: *Dark Horse* (1932). 9/24–9/25: *Four's a Crowd* (1938); *The Hatche Man* (1932). 9/25: *The Big Shakedown* (1934). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—9/19–9/22: "American Independent Visions." *The Dream Catcher* (1999). Beginning 9/24: "Passion and Defiance: Silent Divas of the Italian Cinema." *Assunta Spina* (1915); *Rapsodi Satanica/Satanic Rhapsody* (1917); *Vedi Napule Po' Mori* (1924). 9/25: *Figli di Nesssuno/Nobody' Child* (1921). Beginning 9/22: "The New York Film Festival." 9/22: *Dancer in the Dark* (2000) 9/23: *Chunhyang* (2000). 9/24: *Boesman and Len* (2000). 9/25: *Krapp's Last Tape* (2000). 65 W. 65t St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 fo members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies fo Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—8/22: *Notorious* (1946); *Th Last Stop (Ostatni etap)* (1948). 8/23: *The Bes Years of Our Lives* (1946); *Monsieur Verdou* (1947). 8/25: *The Last Stop; Three Strange Love (Torst)* (1949); *Utamaro and His Five Women (C Meguru Gonin No Onna)* (1946). 8/26: *The Bes Years of Our Lives; Utamaro and His Five Women* 8/27: *Notorious; Three Strange Loves.* 8/28: *Monsieur Verdoux; The Storm Within (Les parents terribles)* (1948). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); fre with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and unde when accompanied by an adult.

Ocularis—9/24: "Closing Reception for Elsewhere—The Williamsburg & Greenpoint Art Festival." Features a live ambient screening, projecting and reflecting in the Galapagos pool. 9/2 "Counterimagination." A series of dual-scree video projections of four original works, linke simultanteously with found-footage rarities. A Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brookly (718-388-8713). $5.

The Screening Room—"Hong Kong." 9/20–9/21: *Th Valiant Ones* (1975). "Weekend Classics." 9/2 *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *The Saragossa Manuscript* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($ for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—9/19–9/25: *Chuck an Buck* (2000); *Steal This Movie!* (2000). 155 E. 3r St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

theater

Jitney . . . The In-Gathering . . . Lifegame

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Cheryl Ladd plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Lea Thompson. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Jasmine Guy and Charlotte D'Amboise $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Mon., Tues, and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

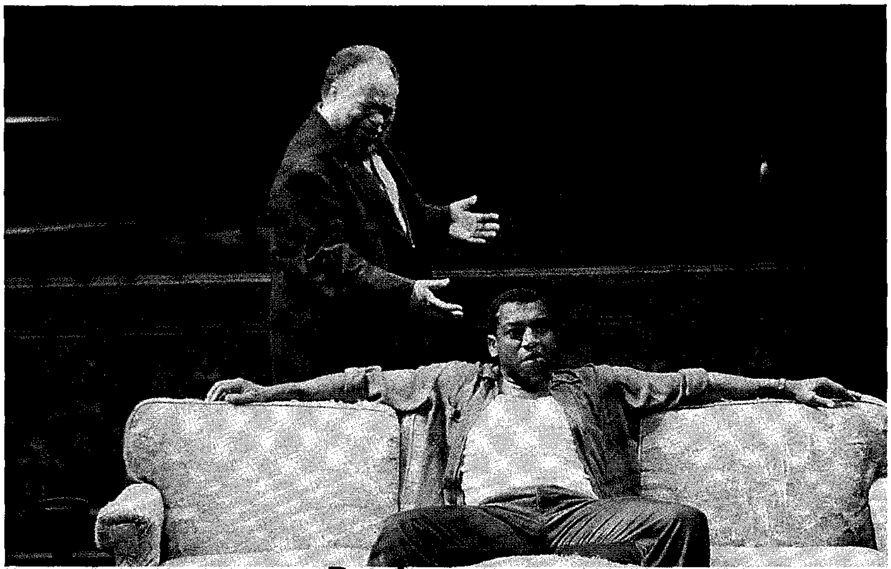
Gore Vidal's The Best Man—In 1959, Vidal felt that the true nature of American politics was being occluded by the sunny soft-focus antics of Frank Capra and James Stewart, so he set out to write a tough play that would, he says, "explain to the republic the kind of people who are presidential and why." Chris Noth and Spalding Gray play opposing presidential candidates, joined by Elizabeth Ashley, Charles Durning, Christine Ebersole, Jonathan Hadary, and Michael Learned. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic



Previews
Fare Play

Unlike the down-and-soon-to-be-out cabbies in August Wilson's terrific 1978 drama 'Jitney,' the play's cast will not be moving from Times Square because they were displaced by gentrification. On the contrary, the dazzling ensemble, featuring a hilarious Stephen McKinley Henderson (pictured, standing, with Russell Andrews), moves to the Union Square Theatre so they can accommodate ever-larger audiences beginning September 19. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

The Man Who Came to Dinner—One of the American theater's funniest farces, this play is much funnier than the same Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You*, because it is less good-natured, and amiableness is not what farce is about. The Roundabout Theatre Company has bravely inaugurated its new home, the American Airlines Theatre, with this capital farce, and in Nathan Lane they have found the right man for a risky role. The character is semi-Lane, semi-lion, and the actor nicely adds the bitchy fierceness to his customary campiness. There is not a weak link in the large cast. William Ivey Long's costumes, Paul Gallo's lighting, and especially Tony Walton's set that cunningly mirrors the auditorium's somewhat faded splendor are no less on the mark. (Simon: 8/7/00.) $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $35–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

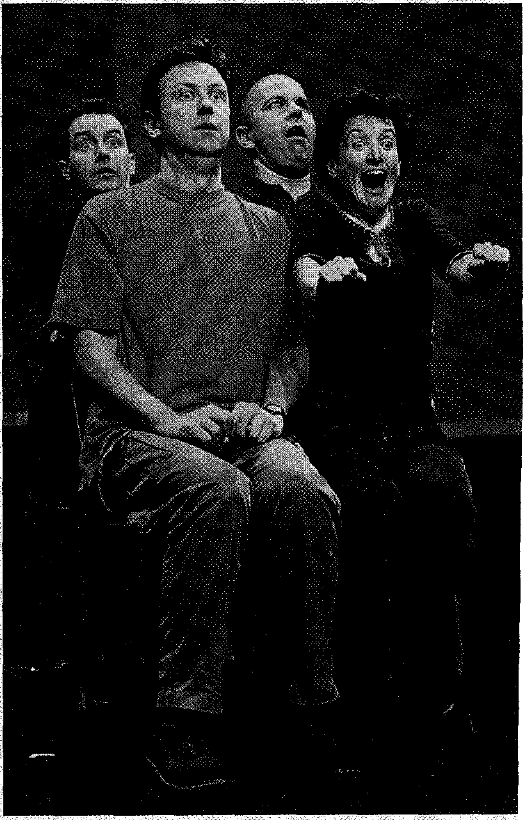
4 Guys Named José . . . and Una Mujer Named Maria—Four Latino guys fight to put together a song-and-dance revue that confounds stereotypes. $37.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. and Sat. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 9/18 opening. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Big Cactus—David T. King's new comedy introduces a furniture-maker who becomes embroiled in a revolutionary cause and begins stealing rare cacti. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 9/21 opening. *Curricari Theater, 154 W. 29th St. (212-615-6906).*

Previews

Tell and Show

As its directors and publicist take pains to point out, the new performance piece *Lifegame* does not condone or encourage "audience interaction." "Oh, God!" cries Phelim McDermott of the Improbable Theatre, as his co-director Lee Simpson cackles. "Those words make me gag!" In fact, this unusual theater piece, which earned strong reviews in England and California, does take *audience participation to new lengths. Here's how it works: Before each performance, a booker* selects an average Joe. Anyone can apply. Just call 212-768-0397 or visit www.lifegamenyc.com. And don't worry if you haven't gone over Niagara in a barrel or smooched Liz Smith. "The whole point of this is that everybody has a story to tell," says Simpson. Once you're selected, the ensemble cast of *Lifegame* (pictured) seats you at stage right, where you will be interviewed for the duration of the performance. But it's not that simple, either. Your first task is to select a performer to play *you*. And only once you've done that can you answer questions about your life as best you can: about your family, first kiss, grandmother, or sexual escapades during your term in the Nixon White House, as one particularly frank guest did. "And whenever a member of the ensemble sees something interesting, they say, 'Let's do that,' and they act out a scene from your life," says Simpson. Sometimes, the "onstage guest" *is asked to portray a friend* or family member. "Once," McDermott recalls, "we asked an older man to play his grandmother, and he told these incredible stories about his grandparents, who had been pioneers in the old West, to an actor, who was playing him as a child." McDermott adds, "You never know what you're going to get. Sometimes it's very funny, sometimes it's poignant, and sometimes it's very subtle and you just have to read between the lines." In previews for a September 28 opening. (See "Off Broadway.") LOGAN HILL



The Butterfly Collection—Marian Seldes, Brian Murray, Reed Birney, Betsy Aidem, James Colby, and Maggie Lacey star in a new play about a New England literary family by Theresa Rebeck (*Spike Heels, Loose Knit*). Bartlett Sher (*Waste*) directs. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/3 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Immigrant—Jacqueline Antaramian, Walter Charles, Cass Morgan, and Evan Pappas star in this new musical about a young Russian Jew who deals with everyday life in Texas. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/19 opening. Through 10/7. *CAP21 Theater, (212-279-4200).*

The In-Gathering—Inaugurating the newest Off Broadway house, the Duke on 42nd Street Theater, this new musical about an emancipated slave who travels to New Orleans in search of his wife is directed and choreographed by *Jelly's Last Jam* vet Hope Clarke, with music by Daryl Waters (*Bring In 'Da Noise / Bring In 'Da Funk*) and lyrics by John Henry Redwood (*The Old Settler*). Previews begin 9/19 for a 9/21 opening. *Duke Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventie are viewed through the goings-on in the offic of a gypsy-cab company in Pittsburgh in 1977. I is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keep you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. Al performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $55 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Reopens 9/19. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th S (212-505-0700).*

Juno and the Paycock—The Roundabout present Sean O'Casey's 1924 drama, directed by Joh Crowley. Set during the Irish Civil War, it tracks poor family living in a Dublin tenement who ar informed of an inheritance and drop cash lik Puffy before learning, tragically, that their anticipated fortune is just a pittance. $55. Tues.–Sat. a 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begi 9/22 for a 10/19 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 12 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Lifegame—Hoping that audiences haven't felt reality-based-entertainment fatigue, the first of tw

Photograph by Russell Caldwe

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Off Broadway shows promises to place pre-selected regular folks onstage. In this improvisational piece by the Improbable Theater, the people responsible for last year's delightfully kid-averse *Shockheaded Peter* will be interviewing practical strangers and acting out scenes from their lives. $25–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 9/28 opening. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

Tallulah Hallelujah!—Is Tallulah Bankhead this season's Mae West? Clearly, that's the idea. Last year, two plays about West debuted and Claudia Shear's wonderful *Dirty Blonde* transferred to a healthy Broadway run. Soon, three Off Broadway shows will tackle the legacy of the raunchy brunette. Tovah Feldshuh's up first in her new solo show. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/19 for a 10/10 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Where Did Vincent Van Gogh?—Dan Castellaneta, the hilarious comedian responsible for the voice of Homer Simpson and a former cast member of the *Tracy Ullman Show,* performs a one-man, many personalities solo show about an actor whose body is overtaken by aliens while doing a solo show about the painter. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 4. In previews for a 9/20 opening. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Now Playing

And God Created Great Whales—Rinde Eckert's terrific production about a piano tuner who attempts to compose an opera based on *Moby Dick.* $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 10/1. *45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—A new revue directed by Hal Simons, with musical direction by Eric Stern, who conducted the Kurt Weill celebration at BAM. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Blithe Spirit—Nöel Coward's comedy about death and marriage. $28–$35. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/15. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Coriolanus/Richard II—Ralph Fiennes and Linus Roache arrive in highly praised Almeida Theatre productions, performed in repertory. $25–$75. Call for schedule. Through 10/1. *BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $39–$45. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/29. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Place (212-206-1515).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Don Juan in Hell—The Irish Rep presents a dramatic reading of the third act from George Bernard Shaw's 1903 *Man and Superman.* Donal Donelly, Celeste Holm, James A. Stephens and Fritz Weaver star. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 10/8. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) Now starring the wonderful Roger Bart, who made his name as Snoopy in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown.* $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Godspell—Lookout, J.C. Superstar, there's another messiah. $45–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Henson International Festival of Puppet Theater—Eighteen days of the best puppetry in the world. Highlights include Robert Lepage's *The Far Side of the Moon,* Ronnie Burkett's *Street of Blood,* Albrecht Roser's *Gustaf and his Ensemble,* and Philippe Genty's *Stowaways.* Through 9/24. Call (212-279-4200) for locations, schedule, and prices—and call soon because most events sell out quickly.

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Imperfect Chemistry—A new musical comedy about genetics and male-pattern baldness. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues—This Tony-nominated musical about the history of the blues has been scaled down to fit inside the 499-seat B.B. King Blues Club. This new production features three of the original Broadway performers. $50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *B.B. King Blues Club, 243 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—Comedian Mark Maron riffs on his pilgrimages to Israel, Hollywood, and a Philip Morris factory. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening

E.T., Phone Homer

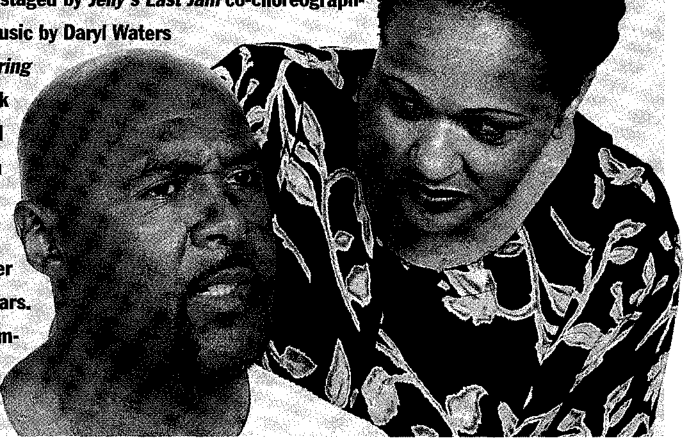
In the unfortunately punned 'Where Did Vincent Van Gogh' (let's hope it's not as bad as 'High Infidelity'), Dan Castellaneta, the comic responsible for the voice of Homer Simpson, plays an actor whose body is commandeered by aliens in the middle of a solo show about the painter. Opens September 20. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Jody Frawk.

Previews

Louisiana Purchase

Inaugurating the newest Off Broadway house, the Duke Theatre on 42nd Street, with a limited run, *The In-Gathering,* the New Professional Theatre opens a new musical about an emancipated slave who travels to New Orleans in search of his wife and finds she's been sold to a black slave owner. It's staged by *Jelly's Last Jam* co-choreographer Hope Clarke, with music by Daryl Waters (*Bring In 'Da Noise / Bring In 'Da Funk*) and book by John Henry Redwood (*The Old Settler*). Ann Duquesnay (pictured, with Frederick Owens), who won a Tony for her role in *Noise / Funk,* stars. Previews begin September 19. (See "Off Broadway.")



A Lesson Before Dying—The Signature Theater Company kicks off a strong twenty-month series of new plays by its veteran playwrights-in-residence, beginning with Romulus Linney's new play, adapted from the Ernest J. Gaines novel about two young black men in 1940s Louisiana. Kent Thompson directs. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre's Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-PLAY).*

Manchild in the Promised Land—A stage adaptation of Claude Brown's classic autobiography, set in 1950's Harlem. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon.–Wed., Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Reprise Room at Dylan's, 245 W. 54th (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

The Soul of an Intruder—Steve Braunstein's play about a woman involved in a perplexing love triangle returns after a successful 1995 run. $20–$30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2. Through 10/4. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

The Syringa Tree—Pamela Gien plays 28 characters in a solo show about a young girl who tries to come to terms with life in 1960s South Africa. $47.50. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).*

That Ilk—Nancy Dean's new family drama about a lesbian daughter who unearths a surprising family history. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/21. *Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W. 26th St. (212-591-0793).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorcese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 9/24: Ana Gasteyer, Mercedes Ruehl, and Brooke Shields. 9/26–10/15: Nell Carter, Kathleen Chalfant, and Annabella Sciorra. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Where Everything Is Everything—Daisy Eagan stars in Stephen Spoonamore's new romantic drama about a graphic designer, a financial consultant, and sex in the city. $25–$35. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/14. *Ryan Theater, 128 Chamber St. (212-539-8892).*

Why We Don't Bomb the Amish—Twenty-one-year-old comedienne Casey Fraser riffs on subways, David Koresh, the Amish, and United Nations shindigs. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (212-279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

10 Stories Up—Five one-acts on the roof of Greenwich House. $12. Fri. at 6:30, Sat. and Sun. at 6. Through 10/1. *Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. (212-245-4036).*

33 Swoons: A Portrait of Anton Chekhov—Chekhov in the renovated, but hardly reformed, porn palace. Mon.: "Undiscovered Chekhov" and "On the High Road." Tues. and Wed.: "Complete Chekhov Vaudevilles" and "Chekhov Sketchbook." Thurs.: "The Seagull." Fri.: "Vanya on 42nd St." $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Blitzkrieg—A tuneful Hasidic wrestler on a mission from God sings and wrings necks in a rowdy cabaret show followed by more burlesque. $20. Tues. at 7:30. *Club One51; 151 E. 50th St. (212-753-1144).*

Boxing 2000—Richard Maxwell's new play follows a family of boxers. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/30. *Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).*

Chicago City Limits Turns 20—Celebrating twenty years of shtick. $20. Wed–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *City Limits Theater, 1105 First Ave., near 60th St. (212-888-5233).*

The Cradle Will Rock—You've seen the Tim Robbins movie; now see a new production of Mark Blitzstein's lefty 1937 musical onstage. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/19. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

The Ed-Fest—This tribute to Edward D. Wood Jr. presents camp adaptations of some of the worst screenplays ever written. $10. Call for schedule. Through 9/24. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlow and Nada ShowWorld, 675 Eighth Ave. (212-420-1466).*

Lypsinka! The Boxed Set—The fantabulous lip-synching diva. $27.50–$32.50. Tues.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 9/24. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-206-1515).*

Macbeth—A major hit in a very small way at Fringe, Tiny Ninja Theater presents the Bard's classic, performed entirely by tiny plastic toys. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 7. Through 10/1. *Present Company Artspace, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).*

Middle Finger—Two Filipino-American boys make their way through Catholic school in this new play by Han Ong, a recent recipient of the Macarthur "genius grant." Presented by Ma-Yi Theatre Company. $19. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-841-0370).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

Natural Born Pop: 20 from the 20th Century—Highlights of the Pure Pop festival at Nada Classic include Ian W. Hill's fusion of *Apocalypse Now* and *Jungle Book,* titled *Even the Jungle,* Mark Spitz's "The Hobo Got Me High," and the first theatrical Ed Wood festival. $8.88–$14.99. Call fo schedule. Through 10/9. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlo (800-965-4827).*

The Personal Equation—To kick off the third year o the Playwrights Theater of New York Eugen O'Neill series, which aims to stage all of O'Neill works, the theater presents his 1915 drama, written while the playwright was a college student Free. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Provincetown Playhouse, 13 MacDougal St. (212-998-5801).*

Propaganda Plays—Micah Shraft's new play spans 2 years to link an unlinkely bunch: a high-schoo teacher and his student; a stepson and his ne stepmother; and a genetics genius and a journalist $12–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/23. *Dixo Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532 1546).*

Shattered Boxes—Compagnie Faim de Siècle presents a multimedia *Medea* performed with dozen of artists from France and the United States. $20 9/20–9/23 at 10. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th S (212-255-5793).*

South of No North—The 29th Street Rep revives it successful spring adaptation of stories by Charle Bukowski. $35. Wed.–Mon. at 8. *29th Street Re Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-465-0575).*

Wanderers—A new comedy by Michael Rhodes, th actor who originated the role of "The Boy" i Edward Albee's *Three Tall Women.* Keith Teller directs. $15. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/24. *Sanfor Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (80 965-4827).*

When Real Life Begins—Karen Sunde's biographic play about the founders of Chain Lightning Theatre. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/1 *Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-206-1515).*

Wyoming—Marylouise Burke stars with Rosaly Coleman and Camilla Enders in Catherin Gillet's new play about thee women who escap from a mental institution and go gonzo throug the great state of Wyoming. $12. Thurs.–Sun. a 8. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (212 873-9050).*

Photograph by Gerry Goodstei

John Wesley...Art and the Empire City

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Charles Goldman—Sculptures that explore the artist's identity in relation to the forms and structures of everyday experience, such as a large walkway constructed from wood; through 10/14. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

Don Gummer/Jennifer Durrant—New sculpture/Paintings. Through 9/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

Erin Parish—New abstract paintings; through 10/14. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Acharya Vyakul—Works on paper by the Indian artist (1930–2000), whose style was a combination of popular and Tantric painting; through 10/7. Markey, 42 E. 76th St. (212-517-9892).

57th Street Area

Will Barnet—A survey of the artist's works on paper from the thirties to the present; through 10/14. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

an Dawson—Large-scale sculptures created from everyday, mass-produced plastic objects that are transformed and reconfigured by exposure to intense heat; through 10/7. Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

Rineke Dijkstra/Giuseppe Penone—Recent photographic portraits of adolescent girls and boys in the Tiergarten Park in Berlin and in another park in Eastern Europe, and a film, *Buzzclub, Liverpool, UK/Mysteryworld, Zaandam, NL* (1996–97). (Note: film will be shown from 9/12–23 only.)/An installation that was shown earlier this year as part of the "Beauty in Fabula" exhibition at the Palais des Papes in Avignon, France, one part of which features a floor-to-ceiling wall of wire mesh boxes filled with bronzed bouquets of laurel leaves. Through 10/28. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Daniel Garcia—Recent paintings; through 10/7. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (644-9090)

Gregory Gillespie—A memorial exhibition of paintings by this artist (1936–2000) who was known for his psychologically charged portraits and self-portraits, interiors, images of Tibetan mandalas, and street scenes that paid tribute to Expressionism and Surrealism; through 9/30. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Micha Klein—Photoworks that depict virtual 3-D environments of human models in frozen poses, fantasy architecture, pills, and radiant light; through 10/28. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

arvey Quaytman—Abstract paintings on square and shaped canvases and drawings; through 10/7. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

avid Saunders—Paintings and works on paper inspired by the artist's fresh look at French modern masters during a residency at the Cité Internationale des Artes in Paris; through 9/30. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

ohn Winship/Monica Rich Kosann—Paintings based on the artist's old family photographs dating from the twenties through the forties/Black-and-white photographs of children. Through 9/30. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

rzysztof Wodiczko—A video projection of interviews with Hiroshima survivors and their children that was initially projected in Hiroshima (in 1999) beneath the A-Bomb Dome, the building that was directly under the bomb that exploded on August 6, 1945; through 10/21. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Nicola Costantino—An installation in the gallery's storefront space, titled *Human Furrier,* that suggests a boutique of clothing and accessories, but whose products are actually made from synthetic human skin, and a frieze in the main gallery that suggests a battle scene from the pediment of a Greek temple, but is composed of casts of the fetuses of colts and calves; through 10/7. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

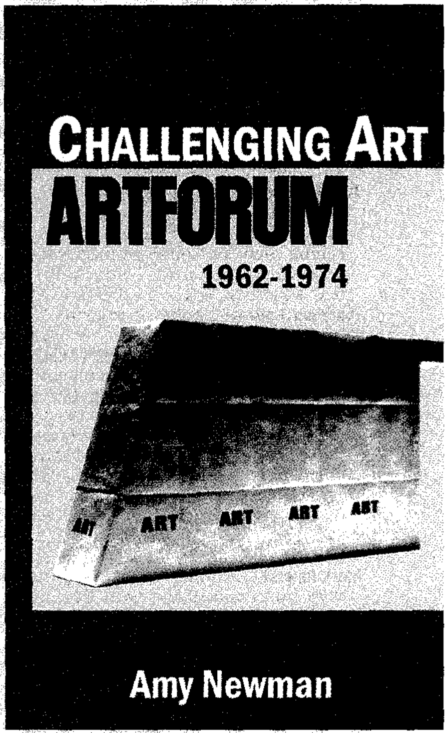
Marcel Dzama/Jockum Nordström—Figurative pen and watercolor drawings in which figures are stripped of all extenuating circumstances/Graphite drawings that depict strangely familiar characters posing in unlikely situations. Through 10/7. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

In Print

Artforum, Part One

It was not the most auspicious of start-ups, even by art-magazine standards. The year was 1962, when there were already several art periodicals to choose from; the setting was San Francisco, a city of few galleries and an insular art scene; and the man who cooked it up, John Irwin, was a print-company salesman who knew little about art. Even the founding editors of *Artforum* were an improbable duo: Philip Leider, an intellectual New York transplant with no background in art except a stint working in a San Francisco gallery, and John Coplans, a London-born, South Africa–raised abstract painter who'd spent eight years in the military and lived in London before landing in San Francisco in 1960. But they knew what they wanted: an art magazine that would offer (to quote a letter from Leider to the painter-critic Sidney Tillim) "analysis while everyone else is frugging in front of the paintings; evaluation while everyone else is clinking glasses and comparing mini-skirts; depth while everyone else is splashing on the surface." No matter that the magazine couldn't pay its writers until it moved to Los Angeles in 1965 (it moved to New York in 1971)—within four years of the founding of *Artforum,* its list of regular contributors included such fearless analysts as Michael Fried, Max Kozloff, Rosalind Krauss, Annette Michelson, Peter Plagens, Barbara Rose, and Robert Pincus-Witten. An early art director of the magazine was the artist Ed Ruscha. Now *Artforum*'s early earnest years have gotten the same unequivocal treatment in an oral history by Amy Newman, a onetime managing editor of *ARTnews,* whose new book, *Challenging Art:* Artforum *1962–1974* (Soho Press; $42), features interviews with Leider, Coplans (now a critically lauded photographer), Rose, Fried, and numerous others who knew *Artforum* back when. As Newman learned, memories of the magazine—and the relationships it engendered and dismembered—still arouse passion in those who made it tick. "They all felt it was thrilling; it was this sense of being absolutely on the same wavelength with a huge group of people," Newman says, adding that getting an audience with her subjects was the tricky part. "In no way is it an average cross-section of people—they're all eccentric, prickly, and brilliant in their own ways. I felt like I was Madeleine Albright in every single case."

Edith Newhall



Nicole Eisenman—New work; through 10/14. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Wojciech Fangor—Constructivist-influenced abstract paintings made between 1963 and 1972 by this artist, who was given a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum in 1970; through 9/30. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Manuel Neri—New sculptures in marble and bronze and drawings; through 10/21. Cowles, 74 Grand St. (212-925-3500).

Jeffrey Saldinger—Painted portraits and self-portraits that also depict portions of objects; through 10/7. CRG, 93 Grand St. (212-966-4360).

Geneviève Seillé—Large mixed-media drawings on rough brown paper that depict numbers and writing with repetitive architectural imagery and figurative biomorphic shapes; through 10/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Do-Ho Suh—A site-specific installation that includes a "welcome mat" of hundreds of tiny figures and a glass floor supported by more than 180,000 small, tightly packed plastic figures; through 10/7. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Garner Tullis/Vadim Katznelson—Recent abstract paintings by both; through 10/14. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (212-431-4838).

Corban Walker—A site-specific installation made from glass and informed by specific proportions and numbers associated with the human body and the landscape; through 10/7. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

Chelsea

Xenobia Bailey/Richard Nielsen—Wall and floor installations created from crotcheted multicolored yarn/Paintings of everyday objects rendered in broad gestural strokes. Through 10/14. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

Matthew Benedict—Figurines inspired by the Tarot and a large-scale painting; through 10/14. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Rachel Berwick—Translucent cast-resin models of the extinct Tasmanian tiger based on film footage of the animal from the twenties; through 10/14. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Slater Bradley—Video projections and photographs that capture people in private moments; through 10/7. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Tom Burckhardt/Frank Gonzalez—Paintings that mix abstraction, decorative patterns, and landscape/"The After Life," an installation of floor-to-ceiling shelves of obsolete machinery and goods collected by the artist. Through 10/14. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Jonathan Callan—Books, photographs, small sculptures, and a "dust cement" installation; through 10/14. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

William De Lottie—Geometric compositions of intensely colored fabric; through 10/7. Eller, 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Rob de Mar—Freestanding biospheres and wall sculptures that suggest miniature worlds; through 10/7. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Barry Goldberg—Large-scale abstract encaustic paintings of linear geometric shapes on fields of matte color; through 10/7. Scott, 529 W. 20th St. (646-486-7004).

Mark Innerst—Paintings of views of New York City skyscrapers and of the twin Beacon Newburgh bridges in upstate New York that emphasize verticality and horizontality; through 10/7. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Udomsak Krisanamis—Recent collage paintings; through 10/7. Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (212-627-5258).

Matt Magee—Abstract paintings; through 10/7. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Yoshiyuki Miura—A sculpture installation of shards of granite suspended from the gallery's ceiling; through 10/14. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Samuel Mockbee—Drawings and models designed by the architect for his firm, Mockbee Coker, based in Jackson, Miss., and Memphis, Tenn., and for Auburn University's Rural Studio in Hale County, Ala., which he founded (with D. K. Ruth) in 1993 as a way to give undergraduate architecture students the opportunity to design and build as a service to the community; through 10/21. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open from Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Stefanie Nagorka—Sculptures composed of cast-concrete blocks and hexagonal units; through 10/14. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-6643-2070).

Alice Neel—Portraits painted by the artist in the eighties, near the end of her life; through 10/14. Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Pat Passlof—Recent abstract paintings in which rhythmic gestures suggest systems; through 10/7. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Louis Renzoni—Paintings that use film noir as a source and depict people cloaked in shadow, seen through a window, or caught midway in unknown deeds; through 10/7. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (212-966-9024).

Holton Rower—A large hanging sculpture made of hand-forged steel links, plus paintings and smaller sculptures; through 9/30. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Alan Shields—Multidimensional colored-paper constructions; through 10/14. At Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (255-1105), and Davies, 23 Commerce St. (212-243-6840).

Charles Spurrier—Recent assemblages that incorporate colored light bulbs, Mylar, mosaics of broken mirror shards, room-fresheners in the shape of Christmas trees, plastic beads, and other materials; through 10/14. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Claude Wampler—"Painting, the Movie," a performance-installation; through 10/7. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Leslie Wayne—Paintings on wooden boxes that the artist fills and layers with oil paint, and a large-scale wall painting; through 10/7. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Meg Webster—A large floor sculpture composed of sections of fired clay whose shape mimics an eroded river basin, and an environment of pools, fish, and live vegetation; through 10/14. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Rachel Whiteread—Eight mixed-media drawings from 1997 that were done as studies for the artist's Water Tower project; through 10/14. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Portraits of this gallery's late founder, Leo Castelli, by Artschwager, E. de Kooning, Johns, Kelly, Morris, Stella, the Starns, Vaisman, Warhol; through 10/7.

Hunter College—Leubsdorf Gallery, 68th Street and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991). "Building the British Library: An Architectural Exhibition"; through 10/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). "Simply Complex: Monochrome Paintings from L.A.," works by Hendler, Heywood, Kraal, Rafalko, Thurston, Wayne; through 10/28.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Paradise Now: Picturing the Genetic Revolution," works by 39 artists who are exploring the ways in which breakthroughs in genetic research are changing life as we know it; through 10/28.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs that address the frame by Bierk, Brady, Eddy, Gregory, Gonzalez, Mackenzie, Owen, others; through 9/30.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (212-941-0012). Paintings by Hardie, Howard, Jaudon, Noland, Rousselot; through 9/30.

Location One—26 Greene St. (212-334-3347). "LIFE, After the Squirrel," installations by Cardiff, Cooley, Rist, Tasset, and others in environments created by the exhibition's curator, Harm Lux; through 10/28.

Chelsea

Meltzer—516 W. 20th St. (212-7727-9330). Works by Steinfeld, Friedl, Lambert; through 10/7.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (212-941-8642). "Nude + Narrative," works by twelve artists who use the nude to explore the tension between a formal artistic style and critical social awareness, including Attie, Bartlett, Heffernan, Kuharic, Woodruff, others; through 10/7.

Rosen—525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000). Works by Edmier, Swallow, Swenson; through 10/12.

White Box—525 W. 26th St. (212-714-2347). "Critic as Grist," artworks about art critics by Bag, Beckley, Kaplowitz, Levine, Oppenheim, Pruitt, Rosler, Wampler, others; through 10/17.

Photography

Miles Coolidge—Large color photographs of a housing development in Central Washington State; through 10/7. Kaplan, 416 W. 14th St. (212-645-7335).

Saul Fletcher—Photographs of invented scenarios shot in a single room using available light; through 10/14. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Teresa Hubbard and Alexander Bircher—Collaborative color photographs that introduce the viewer to a fictional world of constructed sets and anonymous, solitary characters; through 10/14. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777). Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of works by the videomaker, theorist, photographer, and political activist, being held in conjunction with a related exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art (see "Museums"); through 10/1. . . . "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African-American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Michael Kenna—Photographs of nocturnal landscapes and cityscapes; through 10/21. Mann, 21(Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Sheila Metzner—Large-format platinum prints o New York; through 10/21. Stevenson, 338 W. 23r St. (212-352-0070).

Joel Meyerowitz—Color photographs of street scene in Paris and New York taken between 1966 an 1976 that have never been published or exhibited through 10/21. Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

Richard Misrach—New images of the sky that continue the photographer's study of light and color through 10/14. Marcus, 578 Broadway (212-226 3200).

Julie Moos—A project titled "Friends and Enemies" in which the photographer divided students of high-school class into pairs and took their portraits; through 10/14. Fredericks Freiser, 504 W 22nd St. (212-633-6555).

Robert Polidori—Color photographs of interiors c grand or once-grand buildings in Cuba, Brazi France, Lebanon, and the United States; throug 10/14. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759 7999).

Steve Shapiro—Photographs from the sixties covering political campaigns, the civil-rights movement, hippie protests, and the New York art scene through 10/14. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517 3766).

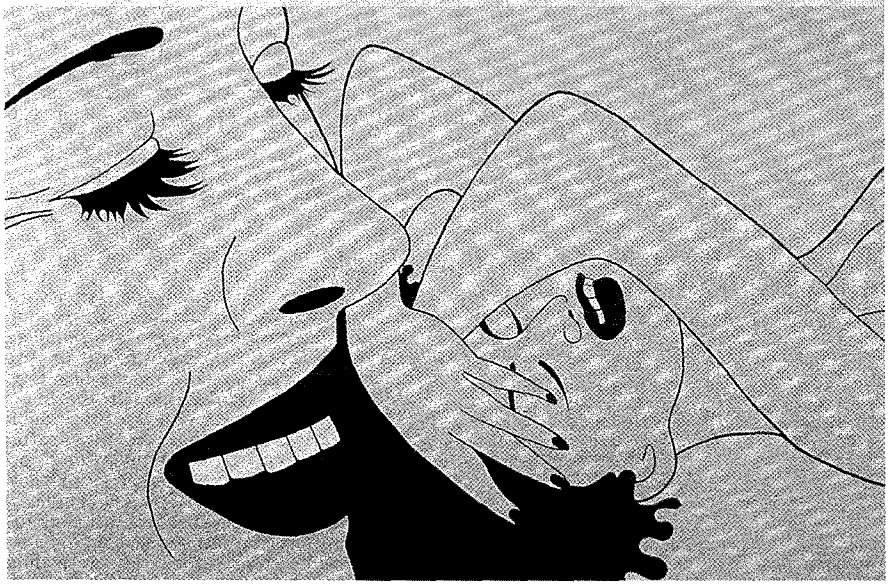
Bettina von Zwehl—Life-size, black-and-white photographs of children aged 2 to 10 that show ther completing the task of taking their own portrait in a minimally staged studio set up by the artis through 10/14. Lombard-Freid, 531 W. 26th S (212-967-8040).

James Welling—Four series of photographs, amon them "Degrades," color photograms made wit shaded light, and "Eastern Window," images tha record the changing view from the artist's window; through 10/7. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Retrospective

Not Just Pop

"John Wesley: Paintings 1961–2000" is the first U.S. retrospective for the California-born, New York City–based artist, whose works on canvas and paper—featuring his distinctive palette of baby pinks and blues, and comic-book-style renderings of buxom women, emblems, and historical figures—were once lumped in with Pop Art but deserve a category of their own. At P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22–25 Jackson Avenue at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; through January 15.



ourtesy of the artist and the Frederick Freiser Gallery.

Museums

merican Craft Museum—"Memories of Murano: American Glass Artists in Venice." Glass works made in Venice by Tina Marie Aufiero, James Carpenter, Dale Chihuly, Dan Dailey, William Prindle, Ginny Ruffner, Toots Zynsky, and other American glass artists who have been invited to work in the Venetian glass factory of Paolo Venini; 9/13–1/7/01. . . . "Venetian Glass: 20th Century Italian Glass From the Olnick Spanu Collection." Works by Flavio Poli, Carlos Scarpa, Thomas Stearns, Paolo Venini, and other glass artists from the collection of Nancy Olnick and Giorgio Spanu; 9/13–1/7/01. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

merican Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

rooklyn Museum of Art—"Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

ooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Opulent Eye of Alexander Girard." A retrospective of works by the mid-century American designer and architect (1907–1993); through 3/18. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

rawing Center—"Selections Fall 2000." Works on paper by eight emerging artists who submitted their work to the Drawing Center's curatorial staff for professional feedback and to be considered for inclusion in an exhibition; through 10/7. . . . "Ania Soliman, *Biohazards*." An installation of four large-scale drawings that reflect on media's representation of epidemics; through 10/7. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"A Brush With Nature: The Gere Collection of Landscape Oil Sketches." Scenic views of Italy painted by British, French, Italian, German, Belgian, and Scandinavian artists, collected by the art historians Charlotte and John Gere; through 11/12. . . . "Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last Duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1/03. . . . "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29/01. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Face to Face: Shiseido and the Manufacture of Beauty, 1900–2000." The history of the Japanese cosmetics company as told through its archives of prints, posters, photographs, product designs, advertisements, and works of art; 9/15–10/28. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Amazons of the Avant-Garde: Alexandra Exter, Natalia Goncharova, Liubov Popova, Olga Rozanova, Varvara Stepanova, and Nadezhda Udaltsova." Paintings and works on paper by six Russian avant-garde women artists, drawn from more than 30 public and private collections; through 1/7. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

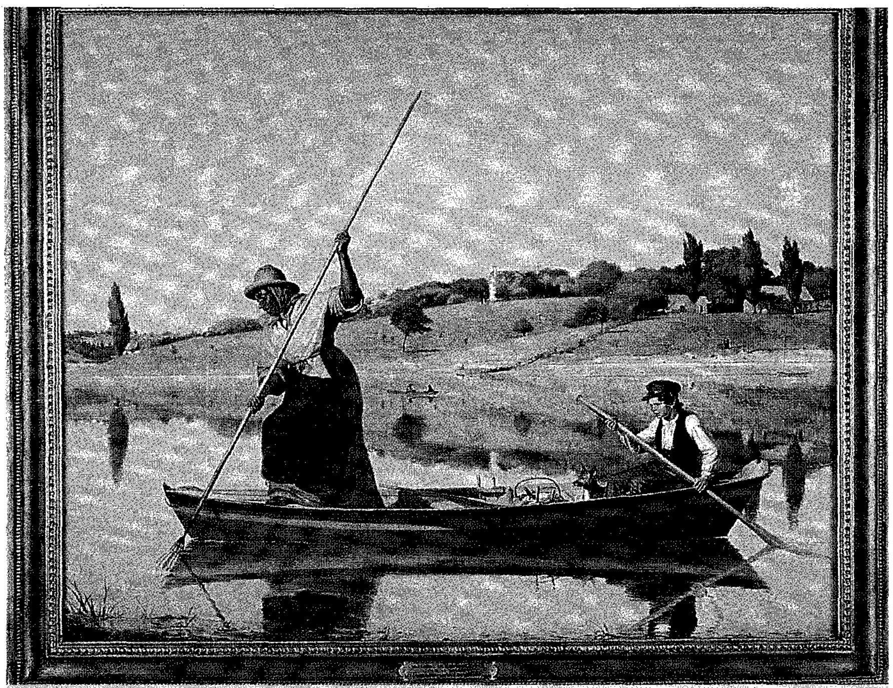
Jewish Museum—"Eat, Drink, and Be Merry: Wine and Beer in Ancient Times." The history of the two beverages as told through art, artifacts, and paraphernalia from the wine- and grain-producing regions of the Mediterranean and the Near East; through 11/5. . . . "Moritz Daniel Oppenheim: Scenes From Frankfurt's Jewish Past." Fourteen *grisaille* (monochromes in shades of gray) paintings by the German Jewish artist (1800–1882), from his series "Pictures of Traditional Jewish Family Life"; through 10/19. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 pay what you wish); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Thomas Sully in the Metropolitan." Paintings and drawings by the Philadelphia portraitist (1783–1872) from the museum's collection, including self-portraits, depictions of prominent social figures, members of the artist's family, and other subjects; 9/19–12/31. . . . "Queen Victoria and Thomas Sully." Oil portraits, wash drawings, and graphite sketches made between 1837 and 1838, when the artist was commissioned to paint the young queen; 9/19–12/31. . . . "Art and the Empire City: New York, 1825–1861." Paintings, sculpture, architectural drawings, photographs, and decorative arts created in New York City, from the museum's own collections and from lenders in the United States and Europe; 9/19–1/17/01. . . . "La Divine Comtesse: Photographs of the Countess de Castiglione." Photographs of the Countess de Castiglione, the mistress of Napolean III and considered a great beauty of her day, that were taken by the photographer Pierre-Louis Pierson under her direction; 9/19–12/31. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library—"Claude and the Ideal Landscape." Drawings of Italian landscapes by the French artist Claude Lorrain (1600–1682), who spent most of his life in Rome; through 10/29. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An Engagement With Folk Art, Cyril I. Nelson's Gifts to the Museum." Quilts, textiles, coverlets, painted and decorated furniture, paintings, and other works given to the museum by one of its trustees; through 1/7/01. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.



On View **Beginning with the year the Erie Canal opened and made New York the gateway to the West and ending when the Civil War began (by which time New York was the largest city in the Western hemisphere), "Art and the Empire City: New York, 1825–1861" documents New York's explosive cultural growth through more than 300 works, among them paintings (above, William Sidney Mount's *Eel Spearing at Setauket,* 1845), sculpture, drawings, prints, photographs, and decorative arts produced here during those years—by Mathew Brady, Frederic Edwin Church, Thomas Cole, Gustave Herter, Frederick Law Olmstead, Calvert Vaux, and others. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Avenue; September 19 through January 7.**

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Paris Salon"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem, by Bill Foley"; through 11/12. . . . "Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Bonnie Cashin, Practical Dreamer." An exhibition paying tribute to the American clothing designer through designs, childhood and professional sketches, photographs, film stills, clips, personal scrapbooks, and other ephemera; 9/19–1/6. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Pierre et Gilles." Hand-painted photographs from the past two decades by the French collaborative team; 9/15–1/7/01. . . . "Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Inventing the Skyline: The Architecture of Cass Gilbert." Sketches, presentation drawings, letters, and other materials from the society's Cass Gilbert Collection, relating to such projects as the U.S. Customs House and the Woolworth Building; through 1/21/01. . . . "Jenny Lind: The Swedish Nightingale in America." Documents, portraits, medals, and ephemera from the society's collection relating to the celebrated nineteenth-century singer; through 10/29. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"John Wesley." The first U.S. retrospective of works by this painter known for his palette of pinks and baby blues, his use of painted "frames" within his pictures, and his daydreamlike combinations of emblems, historical and comic-book figures, animals, and sexy women; 9/17–1/15/01. . . . "Santiago Sierra." A sculpture and performance work by a Mexico-based artist; 9/17–1/15/01. . . . "Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. . . . "*To Conserve a Legacy* Interactive Kiosk." A digital exhibition featuring images of and information on works in the traveling exhibition "To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities," which is currently installed at the Clark Atlanta University Art Gallery and the High Museum of Art in Atlanta; through 10/6. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Roni Horn: Still Water (The River Thames, for Example)." A piece comprising fifteen photographic images, printed as lithographs, of the surface of the River Thames; 9/16–1/14/01. . . . "Barbara Kruger." The first major museum retrospective of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched metal plates, installations, and sculptures that use text and image to raise questions about values, taste, and the material world; through 10/22. . . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Tony Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified.*" A new work commissioned by the museum tha allows three-dimensional projections to appear in free space; through 10/31. 945 Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Thurs. Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned works by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rache Feinstein, Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lis Ruyter, and Alyson Shotz; through 12/15. . . "Expanding Horizons: Landscape Photograph From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works by Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and others; through 10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663 2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 9/20 at 10 and 2: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 9/16. 9/21 at 10 and 2: "Chines Works of Art." On view from 9/16.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 9/2 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 9/23.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). Next auction on 9/27.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606 7000). 9/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Chinese Works of Art." On view from 9/15. 9/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Japanes and Korean Works of Art." On view from 9/1 9/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Indian and Southeast Asia Works of Art." On view from 9/15.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 9/21 at 10:30 and 2:30: "19th- and 20th-Centur Prints & Drawings." On view from 9/16.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Ar

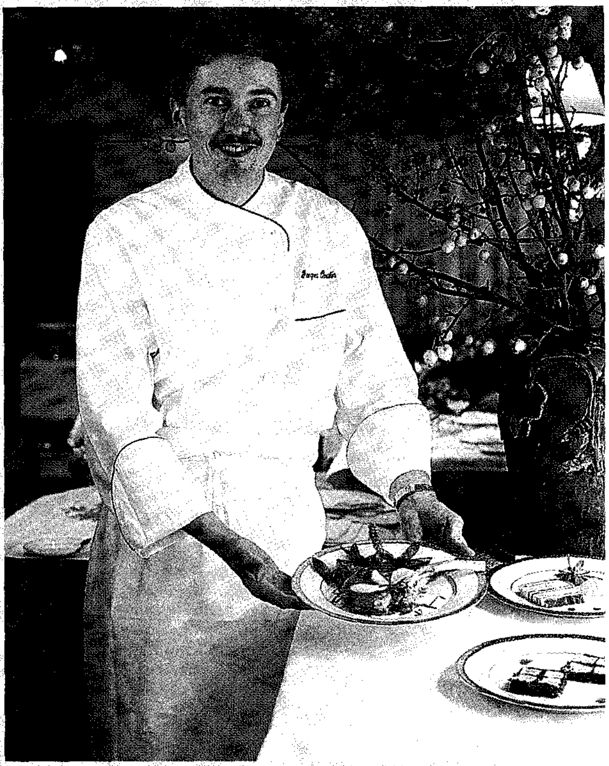
restaurants

Forty Years Young...Bar Nibbles and Bits

Institutions
Turbot-Charged

Last month, Jean Georges sous-chef Jacques Qualin (pictured) emerged from that high-powered kitchen to seize control of his own at Le Périgord, the Sutton Place stalwart and old-school incubator to the talented likes of David Bouley, Thomas Keller, and Antoine Bouterin. Like them, Qualin has put his personal stamp on the haute-French menu, incorporating ingredients from his native Jura region in eastern France. Nutty Comté cheese, for instance, encrusts a flaky turbot fillet. Vin jaune, Jura's "yellow wine," enlivens roast chicken, while the Savagnin grapes it's made from become a savory sauce for frog's legs. But while he's cooking homeward, Qualin's also crossing culinary borders, yanking a classical kitchen into the twenty-first century with cardamom chutney for his foie gras, coconut emulsion and ginger oil for his arctic char terrine, grains of paradise for his shellfish vinaigrette, and ras el hanout for his rack of lamb. Only the Dover sole meunière remains untouched: "It belongs," he says in deference to a kitchen that's older than he is, "with the house." (405 East 52nd Street; 212-755-6244.)

Robin Raisfeld



otograph by Carina Salvi.

Manhattan

Lower New York

apsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

hanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ivine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

he Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

udson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ontrachet—No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

orton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

bu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Scalini Fedeli—This Manhattan branch of a spectacularly popular and critically acclaimed Italian restaurant in New Jersey occupies the old Bouley space, distinguished by high ceiling arches, antiques, and fresh floral arrangements. Dishes like slow-roasted salmon with chanterelles and pan-seared duck breast and leg confit with Calvados and braised figs, both available on the $60 prix fixe, are equally elegant. *165 Duane St. (212-528-0400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

RBG—During the day, this East Village chameleon satisfies the local appetite for coffee-shop fare with burgers, sandwiches, and salads. At night, happy hour kicks off a mellower mood: the lights go down, the D.J. starts spinning, and the menu extends to more elaborate dishes like apricot-walnut-stuffed pork chop and cilantro-lime chicken breast with roasted-corn salsa. *37 Third Ave. (212-777-2216). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

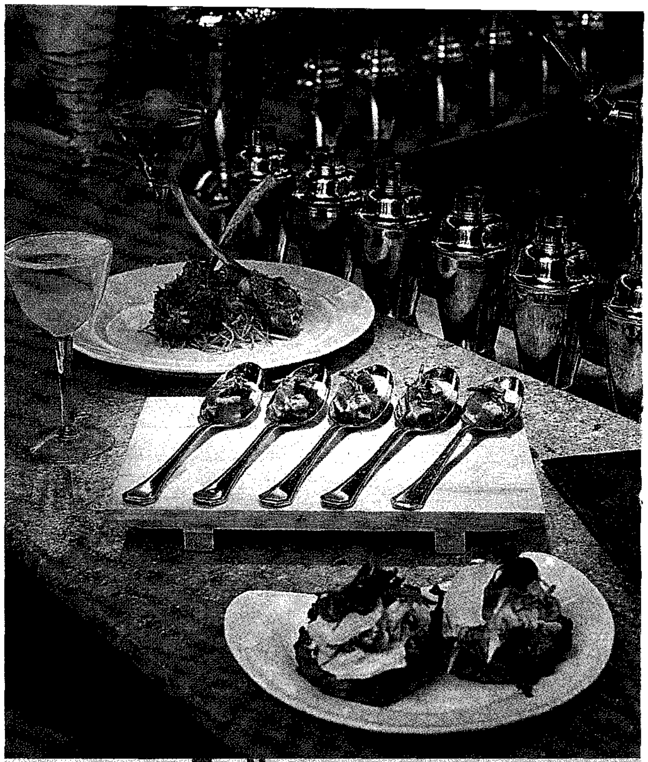
i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (including Sunday). The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave. nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavo and big portions. He developed his own signatu style, plundering the ingredients of the America Southwest for such mouthwatering creations roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, es pecially for those partaking of the house drink, cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th S (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobster crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simpl satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of sho dinners served in seaside towns along th Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinar wanderlust can sample the house-special bouil abaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) A DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron spac is especially well suited to private functions, b even the lone diner (or foursome) will find th Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetabl with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lam prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfyin Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturda *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) A CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*



Tastings

Piece Rally

Zoë chef Kevin Reilly's new "Piece-Meals" menu, a New American take on tapas, includes grilled Colorado baby-lamb chops with a plum barbecue sauce, fried green tomatoes topped with lobster salad, and American artisan cheeses, all of which are priced by the piece with a two-piece minimum per order. To complement the food, there's a new list of 25 premier American wines by the glass; a cocktail menu designed by Dale DeGroff; a face-lift by Jeffrey Beers, the restaurant's original designer; and the cushiest butterscotch bar stools we've ever parked our . . . selves on. (90 Prince Street; 212-966-6722.)

Photograph by Carina Sal

li—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbop at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

lovitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

yster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

he Pump Energy Food—There simply isn't any way to cheat at this "Physical Fitness Restaurant" and takeout shop. The falafel is baked, not fried; the tuna is low-sodium; and all the egg dishes are whites-only. In fact there's no fried food at all, no oil period, not even a soda in the house. *113 E. 31st St. (212-213-5733). Also, 40 W. 55th St. (246-6844). (I) AE, MC, V.*

ossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

pplebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

helsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

ısion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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Opening

Uptown Boy

There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street, but Stephen Latargia is betting there's room for one more. Latargia, formerly the general manager of TriBeCa's Gigino Trattoria, has opened Mangiarini, an "Italian bistro," in his own Yorkville neighborhood. Latargia enlisted his aunt, ibeauty.com CEO and former Calvin Klein honcho Gabriella Forte, and Angela Patterson (who designed the Calvin Klein boutique) to create the narrow, minimalist 30-seat restaurant, where the food is as stylishly stripped down as the décor. To wit: simple pastas like spaghetti with lemon, basil, and Parmesan, and a variety of pressed and grilled sandwiches, like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread (all available for delivery). (1593 Second Avenue, near 82nd Street; 212-734-5500.)

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hatsuhana—One of Manhattan's pioneering sushi sources, and still an enduring option for a reliable midtown business lunch. All the raw-fish bases are covered, as are the now-familiar realms of teriyaki and tempura. Or sample one of the house specialties, like cucumber-wrapped broiled eel, ostrich carpaccio, and ultraluxurious Kobe beef baked in a salt pouch *and* a bamboo leaf. *17 E. 48th St. (212-355-3345). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Périgord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovativ
menu of American classics. A second-floor part
room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th S*
(212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard n
to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from th
balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Cer
tral Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog
high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choo
from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porte
house for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crus
ed buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New Yor
strip. There's a private dining room and a priva
smoking room. And if you (or your progeny)
desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip
the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-theme
paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones.
Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-65
2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by Dav
Rockwell, this midtown landmark has unde
gone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has i
fused the menu and the retro-feeling dini
room with new spirit by way of inspired ne
dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast wi
Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and b
con, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gr
ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour cana
menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural b
with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (21*
838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Photograph by Patrik Rytikang

lorton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

aples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

lino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

scar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

eacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

opica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ng—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

rienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable dishes include a warm lobster salad with braised mango, and a confit of wild striped bass with a shallot vinaigrette. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie Bit—With David Ruggerio supervising the kitchen at this new theater-district restaurant, customers can expect a bit of Italian cooking to seep into the French-American brasserie menu. Pre- or post-curtain appetites are sated with hearty fare like braised short ribs with olive-oil-enriched mashed potatoes, and garlic-roasted pork shank. Want something less heavy-duty? Try the European tapas, served at the serpentine zinc bar. *258 W. 44th St. (212-869-4440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (212-398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn Diner U.S.A.—Don't be fooled by the neon lights and the geographically incorrect cheeriness of the wait staff. If this is how owner Shelly Fireman chooses to memorialize the Brooklyn of his youth (which happens to have been spent in the Bronx), we won't complain, despite prices that would shame any genuine greasy spoon (entrées, $13.95 to $24.95). It's comfort-food heaven: big portions of exuberantly non-diet Americana like pigs in a blanket, sliced from the overgrown house "fifteen-bite hot dog"; a fresh-turkey sandwich on a buttery roll with stellar mashed potatoes and cranberries that taste better than the day after Thanksgiving; ham-flecked linguine baked in a too-rich-to-finish sauce that modestly bills itself as macaroni and cheese. *212 West 57th Street (212-977-2280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jennifer's Restaurant—This casual Italian restaurant serving well-prepared standard and classic Italian-American dishes, including shrimp stuffed with crabmeat and linguini with whole lobster in a garlicky tomato sauce, is a welcome refuge for tourists and local businesspeople who've had it with West 57th Street's theme-restaurant circus. *117 W. 58th St. (212-397-4256). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nascimento—This fun, romantic Brazilian restaurant with a supplement of Italian dishes features live entertainment nightly and Brazilian music on Saturdays. Try the authentic Bahian specialties like moqueca de peixe (fish stew made with dende oil) and Brazil's hearty national black bean dish from Rio, feijoada completa. *1068 First Ave., nr. 58th S (212-755-6875). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, wh may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other singl restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and th food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-26 5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shelly's New York—Bronx-born, Brooklyn-obsesse Manhattan-based restaurateur Shelly Firema tends to make big, personal statements: the flash neon façade of his Brooklyn Diner USA, Fireman's of Brooklyn, and this, the latest place mad in his own image (in a space that was originally a Art Deco-era Horn & Hardart). Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfis platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mei barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowne with seared foie gras and make it work. *104 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,*

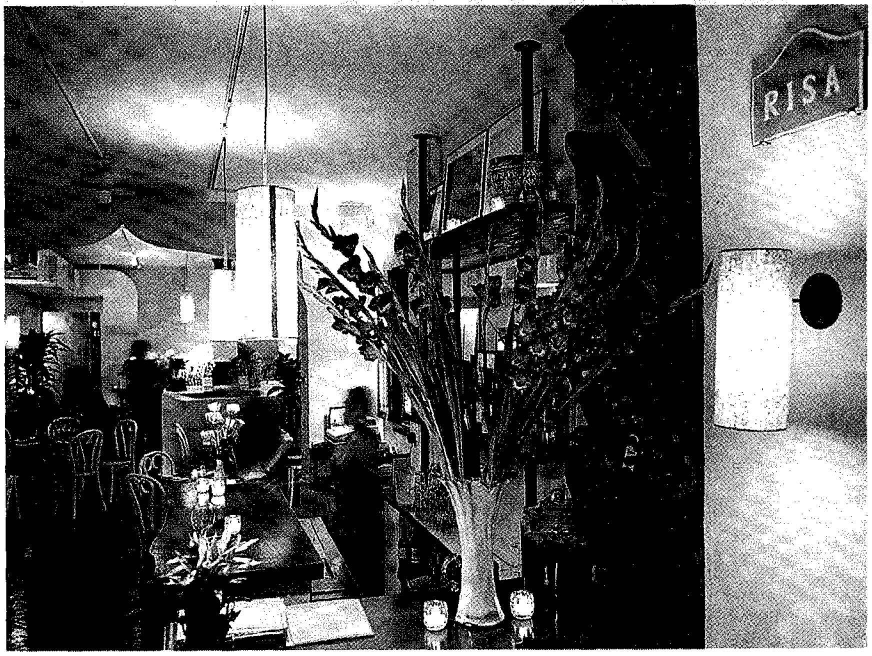
Above 60th Street, East Side

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his oute borough fantasy with this seafood house, whic features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; marke fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet migno and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC,*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dinin room's landscape is speckled with round booths s

Opening
Eat to the Beat

When the Knitting Factory was on Houston Street, musicians from Sonny Sharrock to Sonic Youth rattled the walls in the cramped upstairs room. So it feels somehow strange to be eating tagliolini al pesto and lobster carpaccio at Risa, the Italian restaurant that's just opened on the historic premises. A joint venture between a chef and a manager from Mad 28 and their fashion-photographer friend, the space feels bigger than it used to, even with the addition of a beehive-shaped pizza oven, cork-covered light sconces, and a leather-clad banquette. And where the stage used to be, there's now something oddly serene: windows that look out on treetops, one floor above the street-level tumult. (47 East Houston Street; 212-625-1712.)



Photograph by Kenneth Ch

big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (212-249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

sle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

o Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

lino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'enang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

'ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rimavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

l & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

llo Giardino—As the name implies, this pleasingly priced neighborhood Italian has a nice garden and a friendly staff serving well-prepared standards. Try the lobster ravioli and the red snapper cooked with white wine. *71 West 71st St. (212-875-1512). (I–M) ($).*

Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

nang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

choline—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with

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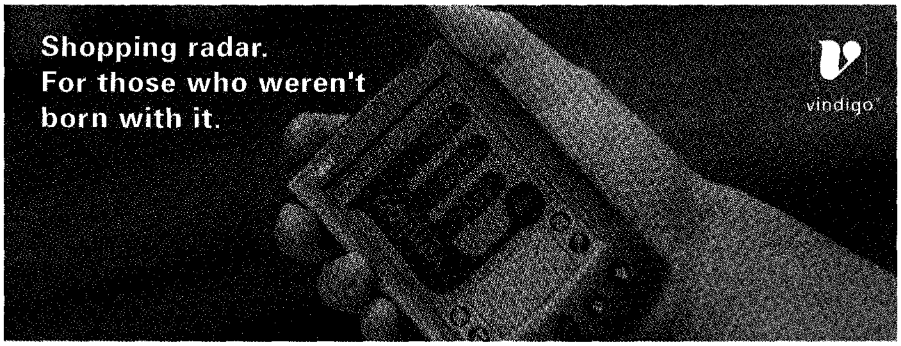

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tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners fron TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regiona Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sor need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunc buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *184 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a home place for upscale down-home food like chicke potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, wit homemade, award-winning jams and preserves *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rita and André Jammet, seated, celebrate the big four-oh with chef Eric Di Domenico.

ASK GAEL

I want to take Dad someplace old-fashioned where he used to take me.

Were you wearing Cardin booties and a mini in the late sixties when a tuxedo'd captain at La Caravelle stood at the rolling hors d'oeuvre cart *voulez-vous*ing you in a heavy accent while piling fat tendrils of crab on Dad's plate? Come back now and see the place, pretty in apricot at the age of 40, a triumph of civilization and longevity in an era where this week's rage is next week's ho-hum. In 1968, a time of *haute* snoot and masochistic forkplay in Manhattan's imperious French restaurants, I was a quaking outsider, braving the vowed *snobbisme* of the terrible-tempered Robert Meyzen for a red velour banquette in La Caravelle's farthest Siberia. Remembering the ritualized luncheon scene—a convergence of high commerce and the dowdily genteel, the old, the lame, the blind, many surely now gone—it's reassuring to see that the new owners' energy and warm welcome is winning an eclectic following. Now the prix fixe dinner is $68, with an excess of extras for smoked salmon or Dad's crab, easily $100 per person even with modest red wines. Like too many of his ambitious peers, chef Eric Di Domenico treads in water over his head just to be different. Orange-blossom water does nothing for his luscious lobster with tomato confit. (Is it only me? I've already tasted enough listless foam to last two lifetimes.) Still, there are not many places left in town where you can find such *ancien* diversions as truffled pike quenelles, simply grilled Dover sole, and roasted duck with cranberries (though it's far from "crispy" as advertised). The roasted cod with white-truffle sauce and green-pea purée and tonight's pan-seared king salmon with artichokes and braesola are masterly. Start with splendid elegant yellowfin carpaccio rolled around olive tapenade or crisp sweetbreads with frisée in porcini oil or smoked salmon layered with mango and crème fraîche. Linger over black-currant mousse or lush melting marquise au chocolat and little macaroons at the end—for everyone, a small triumph, but delicious. (33 West 55th Street; 212-586-4252.)

Photograph by Bruce Ka

in concert

Isaac Stern's 80th Birthday...The New York Philharmonic

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

ie New York Philharmonic—Opens its 159th season with soprano Kiri Te Kanawa performing arias by Mozart and the final scene of Strauss's *Arabella* in a program that also includes Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. 9/20 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $45–$125.*

ie California Guitar Trio—Honor the guitarist most responsible for bringing the instrument to the concert stage in a program titled "After Segovia: New Directions in Classical Guitar." 9/21 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $15.*

tists for the Cure at Carnegie Hall—Artists performing to benefit breast cancer research include André Previn and the Juilliard String Quartet, presenting Mozart's *Piano Quartet in E flat Major.* A VIP reception at the Russian Tea Room follows. 9/22 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $30–$100. For VIP sponsorships please call the benefit office (212-860-9746).*

w Juilliard Ensemble—Premieres Jack Beeson's *Ophelia Sings* with mezzo-soprano Leah Summers, Deirdre Gribben's *Tribe,* Laszlo Tihany's *Irrlichtspeil,* and *Dedicatio* by Suren Zakarian. 9/23 at 8. *Juilliard Theater, 155 W. 65th St. (212-769-7406); free, but tickets must be obtained from the Juilliard box office beforehand.*

ac Stern at 80: A Carnegie Hall Celebration—The two-day tribute includes a retrospective of films featuring the violinist, an exhibit at the Rose Museum, and three family concerts with a storyteller. 9/23 at 1 and 2, 9/24 at 4. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); children's concerts $5, screenings free.*

ac Stern at 80: The Birthday Concert—Violinists Midori, Arnold Steinhardt, and Pinchas Zuckerman oin Michael Tree (viola), Yo-Yo Ma (cello), pianists Emanuel Ax and Leon Fleisher, and many other distinguished musicians for a program with the Curtis Institute Symphony Orchestra that includes works by Stravinsky, Beethoven, and Bernstein as well as a surprise performance by Kurt Masur and he Carnegie Hall staff. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$61.*

e Nashville Symphony Orchestra —Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg and Mark O'Connor premiere O'Connor's *Double Concerto for Two Violins* in a program that also includes works by Beethoven and Strauss. 9/25 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $17–$60.*

Opera

w York City Opera—*La Traviata* with Mary Duneavy in the title role opens 9/22. Donizetti's *Roberto Deveraux* continues through 10/17. The current program also includes *Madama Butterfly* nd *Le Nozze di Figaro.* Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. nd Sat. at 1:30 and 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5630); www.nycopera.com; $25–$92.*

Amato Opera—Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* continues through 10/15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. *319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25, $20 seniors and children under 12.*

The Metropolitan Opera—The season opens with *Don Giovanni* sung by Bryn Terfel with Renée Fleming in Franco Zeffirelli's lavish production, conducted by James Levine. 9/25 at 6:30. *The Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $250–$1,000.*

Dance

Coyote Dancers—Present three premieres, including *Invocation: Monk's Dance* accompanied by live percussion, and *To the Night Goddess.* 9/21–9/24 at 8. *The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Madison Aves. (212-772-4448); $20.*

The Birmingham Royal Ballet—The first of their two contrasting programs features the disturbing *Edward II,* billed as graphic, violent, and not appropriate for children. The second, "Jazz Triple," includes *The Nutcracker Sweeties,* Duke Ellington's jazz version of Tchaikovsky's classic ballet. 9/21–10/1 at 8, matinees at 3. For full program details call the box office or log on to www. citycenter.org. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $30–$60.*

Jody Oberfelder—Premieres *Slay the Dragon,* choreographed for six acrobatic dancers and set to original music by John Zorn, and Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1.* Through 10/7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *The Flea Theater, 41 White St. (212-226-2407); $20, $15 students.*

Preview

All the King's Men

tograph by Bill Cooper.

Just after the resignation of British prime minister Margaret Thatcher in 1990, David Bintley, artistic director of the Birmingham Royal Ballet, began to choreograph his controversial production of *Edward II* (Joseph Cipolla as Mortimer, pictured). It's struck through with his own reflections on the abuse of power during the Thatcher years. "We had an ambitious, selfish, and brutal political leadership," he says, pointedly referring not to the ballet's fourteenth-century setting, in which the king's sexual proclivities and penchant for commoner Piers Gaveston infuriated his court and ripped apart his country, but to the Tories. Unlike Derek Jarman's 1991 film version, Bintley's *Edward II* is not a gay-rights manifesto. It's "about the pressures of power, about people placed in roles they're not capable of fulfilling." The production begins at City Center this Thursday with lavish costumes designed by Jasper Conran and elaborate sets. It's stamped with a warning that all this history is inappropriate for children. Edward's duets with his lover are erotic, although "more is suggested than shown," Bintley insists calmly on the phone from his studio in the north of England. "It's not a piece which tries to titillate." The second program the company will present is the family-friendly *Jazz Triple,* featuring *The Shakespeare Suite,* in which Romeo, Juliet, and other famous lovers dance to music by Duke Ellington. Just as you were starting to think there's something for everyone here, Bintley concludes that none of the relationships he dramatizes are straightforward. "The *Suite* is about murder and sex, jealousy and deformity. At the end, Hamlet, dancing alone, puts a stop to the madness of it all." (See "Dance.")

TARA PEPPER

nightlife

LTJ Bukem...José Feliciano...Wilco

Concerts

José Feliciano—9/20 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800). $17.50–$62*

"Pan Afrique 2000"—9/23 at 8: Featuring Lucky Dube; Arrow; Floxy Bee; Sing Sing Rhythms. *Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-749-5838). $25.*

Sarah Brightman—9/22 at 8. *The Theater at Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171). $55–$85.*

Steve Reich—9/21 and 9/23 at 7:30: *Miller Theatre, Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway (212-854-7799). $25.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—9/18: The Wait; Paul Thorn. 9/19: 40 Ft. Ringo; Lucky Town. 9/20: Roi; Falling Skyward. 9/21: Halfmanwonder; Never on a Sunday. 9/22: Lesion; Skinny Living. 9/23: Saphin; Episonic. 9/24: Vered & Robbery; Pareese. 9/25: The Skinny; Mark Eliot Miranda. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill—9/21: The Fins. 9/22: Anson Funderburgh; Lou Ann Barton. 9/23: "Legends of the Delta Blues" with Homesick James; Henry Townsend; Honeyboy Edwards. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

Baby Jupiter—9/18: Chameleon. 9/19: Coby Brown Group. 9/20: Tara Englebart; Dylan Alexander. 9/21: Gun Shy Hostess. 9/22: Fathead; Audio Butler. 9/23: Amy Miles; Congregation. 9/25: House Of Red; Hissyfits. 9/27: Puckett; David Brass. 9/28: Dog Fly Religion; King Missile III. 9/29: Babloo; Psychedelic Breakfast. 9/30: Black LIB; Darediablo. *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287).*

Bottom Line—9/19: Phil Roy. 9/20: Church of Betty. 9/21: Steeleye Span. 9/22: "The Beat Goes On Goes Vegas," Volume 8. 9/23: A Night of Modern A Capella. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—9/18: Wilco. 9/19: The The. 9/21: Wild Colonials; Peter Salett. 9/22–9/23: Southern Culture on the Skids. 9/25–9/26: Sleater-Kinney. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—9/21: David Johansen; Dave Keyes. 9/22: Hubert Sumlin. *73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). $.*

Fez—Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb: "Playing for Time." 9/19: Matthew Ryan. 9/20: Va Va Voom Room. 9/22–9/23: Jonatha Brooke. 9/24: Brini Maxwell; Morplay. 9/25: Lea DeLaria; Justynn Daniels. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—9/19: Wilco. 9/21: Zap Mama. 9/22–9/23: Modest Mouse. 9/25: Laley. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 9/18–9/19: Emmylou Harris. 9/22–9/23: Quarteto Jobim Morelenbaum. 9/24: Sasha Lazard; Dana Wheeler; Lisa Zane. 9/25: William Finn. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—9/18: Alternative Grooves of Blackness. 9/19: Pharaoh's Daughter. 9/20: Isotope 217; HIM. 9/21: Joan of Arc; The Lapse. 9/22: Oval/Circle. 9/23: 16 Horsepower. 9/24: SlideRide. 9/25: Hasidic New Wave. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—9/19: Songwriters Hall of Fame. 9/20: Hi-Fi Honey Trio. 9/21: Metropolitan Klezmer. 9/23: Steve Bernstein. 9/24: Jenna Mammina Duo. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Thursdays in September: Gret Garing. Fridays: Adam Roth. 9/19: "Hardcore" with Misstress Formika. 9/20: Courtney Lee Adams Jr. 9/23: George Gilmore and the Giblets. 9/24: Dan Hovey. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—9/20: The High Canadiens; Dolly V den. 9/21: Karyn Kuhl; Mike Ill; Swati. 9/22: M Witte's New Blood Revival; Awake Asleep. 9/ Mark Eitzel; Deke Dickerson & The Ecco-Foni The Big Galoots. *1039 Washington St., Hobok N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—9/18: Tahiti 80. 9/19: Richa Buckner. 9/20: Verbow; Christian Lane. 9/21: T O; Mister Jones. 9/22: Andrew Bird. 9/23: Dea bolt; The 45's. 9/24: White Stripes; Candy Darlin 9/25: Aden. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—9/18: Malcolm Holcomb. 9/19: Bu Woodward and the Nitro Express. 9/20: Lil' M

Performance
Hey, Good Looking

For a producer who creates some of the lushest drum 'n' bass around, LTJ Bukem (pictured) sounds a lot like a world-weary rock-and-roll road dog. "What I'm doing is no different from what any rock band would do," says Bukem. (His real name is Danny Williamson; his stage name is a combination of "El D.J." and the famous line from *Hawaii Five-O,* "Book 'em, Danho!") "It's about building a scene from the ground up. No amount of hype or marketing can replace that." His relentless touring schedule—he's covered London, Chicago, Seattle, and Kansas over four days—might explain why he released his solo debut *Looking Inward* on his Good Looking label last year, even though he's been a critical figure on London's drum-'n'-bass scene since the early nineties. "I was too busy to get into the studio," Bukem explains, "and I also wanted to showcase other artists on my label before I put myself out there." Not surprisingly, Bukem refuses to hog the spotlight; his shows, dubbed "Progression Sessions," feature Good Looking M.C.'s like Conrad and DRS and D.J.'s like Blame and PFM. Still, Bukem is the main draw; dance-music fans worship productions like "Music," "Demon's Theme," and "Atlantis," which blend dublike bass lines, New Agey atmospherics, and hard-stepping drum-'n'-bass beats. Bukem will bring all that—as well as some other surprises—to Centro-Fly on September 19. "I played a house set at the End in London a few weeks ago, and it was one of the best nights of my life," he says. "So I hope New York is ready for a bit of house."

ETHAN BROWN

Photograph courtesy of Kinetic Reco

Performance
Country Fare

In 1998, Wilco (pictured) took a break from their own mix of country and rock to team up with Billy Bragg for 'Mermaid Avenue,' an album of unreleased Woody Guthrie songs. This summer they got together to put out a sequel, which they'll bring (without Bragg, sadly) to Irving Plaza on September 19. (See "Small Stages.")

otograph courtesy of Jay Blakesberg.

9/21: Kinky Friedman. 9/22: The Niagras. 9/23: The Flea Bops. 9/24: The Flying Neutrinos. 9/25: Western Caravan. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

.O.B.'s—9/18: Yousy Barbara. 9/19: Tony Rebel. 9/20: Toots & The Maytals. 9/21: Baba Olatunji. 9/22: Brenda Russell. 9/23: Silvana Magda. 9/25: Extrellas Cubanas. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Vetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 8/30: Laura Love; Antigone Rising. 9/19: The Deadbeats. 9/20: Fat Mama. 9/21: Seth Feinberg Band; Big Sister. 9/22: Conehead Buddha. 9/23: Rudy Ray Moore, a.k.a. "Dolemite." 9/24: Anomolies; Steel Workers. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubs

entro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand Van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big-name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen." 9/19: LTJ Bukem. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

heetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). Saturdays: Thumping tribal house and live percussionists at "Cherchez La Femme." Sundays: "Boys Nite" with D.J. Merritt. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

rank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

un—This sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime,* a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Best of all, Fun recently snagged the cyber fetish party "Click + Drag" from the now defunct Mother. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

melight—The Limelight is officially back from the dead thanks to its powerhouse weekend nights, where the likes of Detroit techno icon Jeff Mills, the trance heavies of the "Gatecrasher" crew, and the drum-'n'-bass D.J.'s of "Physics" grace the turntables. The mazelike club's renaissance comes just as other megaclubs like Twilo have become uncomfortably packed, verging on the claustrophobic. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-807-7780).*

e Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

ine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." 9/22: Lisa Loeb. 9/25: Angie Aparo. *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Spa—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *zhlubs,* club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 9/22: Richie Hawtin. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

"Fourth American Jazz String Summit"—9/23 from 1 to 5:30: Panel discussion; "The Talking Violin" and "New Faces" concerts; "Blues and Rhythm Changes" jam session. *The New School, 55 W. 13th St. (212-229-5896). Free.*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center" presents: Wycliffe Gordon—9/24 at 5 and 8: Featuring a new film score to the 1925 Oscar Micheaux silent film *Body and Soul. Avery Fisher Hall, 64th St. at Columbus Ave. (212-721-6500). $20–$55.*

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 9/20: Cynthia Scott. 9/21–9/23: Christian McBride Quartet. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 9/18: John Nugent. 9/19–9/24: Diane Schuur. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck

Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. Beginning 9/29, The Charles Mingus Orchestra will play Fridays. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 9/19–9/24: Dave Douglas Quartet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 9/18: The Rachel Z Trio. 9/19–9/24: Archie Shepp & Roswell Rudd. 9/25: The Jay Azzolina Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 9/21 and 9/23: Nat Shaw's Power Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Rose Center—9/22: Mark Whitfield Quartet. *The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Fridays; suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St., American Museum of Natural History (212-874-3929).*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 9/19–9/24: Henry Butler Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 9/20: Steven Emerson. 9/21: Isotope 217; Sex Mob. 9/22: The Mighty Flashlight; Bride of No No; Sex Mob. 9/23: Marty Ehrlich Traveler's Tale; Elysian Fields. 9/24: Chris Knox. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 9/19–9/24: Brad Mehldau Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8,10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. 9/21: Mike Robles's "Comed Rhumba." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 9/24: Colin Quinn; Nick DiPaolo; Wanda Sykes; Adam Ferrara; Godfrey; Dave Attell; Andrew Kennedy. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Performance Light His Fires

When Latin legend José Feliciano (pictured) blows out his 55th-birthday candles September 20 at Carnegie Hall, he'll be joined by enough special guests for a Santana album. Among those performing with the virtuoso guitarist will be Paul Simon, Arturo Sandoval, and Peter Yarrow. (See "Concerts.")

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge i one of the city's oldest comedy establishments Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, anc 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *111 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. a 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 anc 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum 9/22–9/23: Louis Ramey; Tom Papa; Orn Adams. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known t drop by here unannounced to warm up for hi *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cove 9/22–9/23: Orny Adams; Paul Michael Mercurio Wali Collins; Vanessa Hollingshead; John Joseph *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early show Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: Th Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 10/16: "Second International Festival of Cabaret" featurin Natalie Gamsu adn Michel Hermon. Also throug 10/14: Maureen McGovern. *59 W. 44th St. (212 840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restauran with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lis Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. Through 10/15: Karen Mason. *450 Park Av So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swing through the early set with Eddy Davis & His Ne Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. *Carlyle Hote Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Caf Pierre with a special program called "Fascinatin Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song an Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and pla piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fif Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Frida and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind dow after an evening of overwrought Broadway fa than some understated cabaret? 9/22 and 9/2 "The Next Big Broadway Musical." *343 W. 46 St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstei cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares t room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets a $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. Throu 9/23: Dame Cleo Laine. *540 Park Ave., at 61st (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest pos show snuggery, right next door to an overwroug Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossac dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Se Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cove $15 minimum. Thursdays, through 9/21: Jackie Roy. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features tw performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly g by Judy herself. 9/18: Anthony Gaglione. 9/19: Eli abeth Hodes. 9/20: Margaret Goodman. 9/21: H len Klass. 9/22: Diana Templeton; Faith Dane. 9/2 Annie Hughes; Faith Dane. 9/24: Margaret Goo man; Diana Templeton. 9/25: Anthony Gaglione "Bridges"; "Leer Mondays." *169 Eighth Ave., b 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

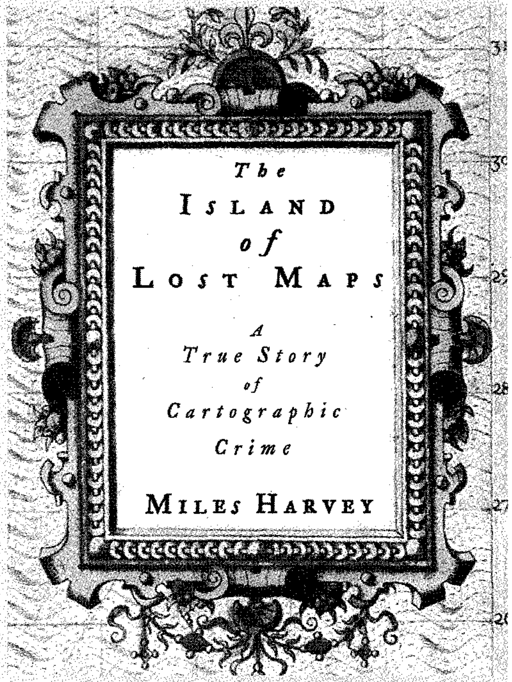
Photograph by Nikki Torr

the mix

Art Spiegelman...Elmore Leonard...Karl Kirchwey

In Print
Taking a Map

Stealing maps is "a very curious crime," says Miles Harvey, author of *The Island of Lost Maps: A True Story of Cartographic Crime.* "When you're dealing heroin, your risk is that you've got this wide contact group, but that's also your advantage. With maps, there's only so many places you can steal them from and a limited number of people you can sell them to." That's how America's once-preeminent map thief, Gilbert Bland Jr., was busted at the Peabody Library in Baltimore, where he'd been spotted one too many times before. Harvey, the former book reviewer for *Outside,* was fascinated by Bland's decision to devote himself to this especially inconvenient life of crime. "On some level," says Harvey, "he was deeply interested in maps. I don't think he chose this on the merits of the scam alone, even though it was easy for him to get away with for a long time. But there are items he could have stolen worth more money—map dealers always tell their customers, 'If you're in it for the money, don't bother.' " If Harvey found Bland's flawed criminal mind confusing, he understood his cartographic fixation perfectly, being a lifelong map addict himself. "Now that I'm done with the book, I do get bored with reviewing the criminal case, but I'll never burn out on maps," he pledges. "They're beautiful works of art, and they're also full of history and strangeness. And, like all interesting pursuits, the more you know, the more you can find these amazing, odd details: What is that name of a city that doesn't exist doing on this map? What sort of miscalculation or myth is involved in that mysterious river? Oh, look, *there's* El Dorado!" Harvey reads at Barnes & Noble Astor Place on September 25 at 7:30 P.M. **ARIEL LEVY**



John Leonard's TV Notes

City–La Ciudad (9/23; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 3), four impressionistic segments by David Riker n Latin American immigrants in New York City, vill remind you equally of Buñuel's *Los Olvida-os,* De Sica's *Sciuscià,* James Agee's *Let Us Now raise Famous Men,* and Tillie Olsen's *Tell Me a iddle.* In "Bricks," day laborers trucked to scavnge in the rubble of the Bronx can't summon elp when a wall collapses because they don't now where they are. In "Home," a boy recently rrived from Mexico falls in love, at a birthday arty, with a girl from his very own village, then loses her whole family in the maze of their housing project. In "The Puppeteer," a father living in a station wagon can make every sort of magic except the transformation of his daughter into a student in an elementary school. In "The Seamstress," a garment worker is so frantic about her sick daughter that she refuses to work, or to leave her sewing machine, until the sweatshop pays her. Each of these ghostly stories seems a collaboration of filmmaker and aggrieved community; the art is entirely self-effacing.

Relic Hunter (9/23; 6 to 7 P.M.; WWOR-9) returns for a second good-humored season in syndication, with Tia Carrere as a sort of Indiana Jane professor of ancient civilizations who is forever leaving the classroom for a lost city, exotic cave, or boneyard of antiquities, where she removes her clothes, solves a riddle, and kicks some assets. I've a weakness for such hopped-up narrative. Tonight, Tia and her boy-toy Christien Anholt must return a stolen idol to the Temple of Woot in darkest Africa before its curse does terrible things to an old friend and a whole tribe. Her reward will be a nifty crossbow.

Sweet Revenge (9/24; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime), adapted for television by Malcolm Mowbray from the plays of Alan Ayckbourn, is one of those British romps where the actors seem to be having more fun than we are, although not offensively so. Sam Neill, a suddenly redundant middle-manager, saves Helena Bonham Carter from throwing herself off the same bridge he was going to throw himself off of—after which, in her aristocratic mansion full of the usual rabble of the madly eccentric, he enters with her into a *Strangers on a Train* conspiracy to avenge each other on those who did them wrong. Except that Sam falls in love with Kristin Scott Thomas, who appears here to be mildly retarded, while Helena, whether dressing up or riding around in the house on Rupert Graves's motorbike, is genuinely, murderously nuts. There are several fires, a shotgun duel, substantial proof that there's more to Helena than ever met the eye of Merchant-Ivory, and interesting questions raised about Kristin's "fondness for swine of all kinds."

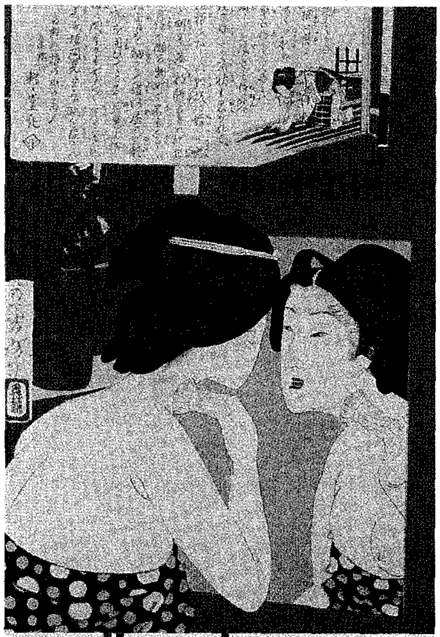
Debating Our Destiny (9/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) consists of snippets from the TV debates of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates during the past ten years, as well as sit-down-and-arm-wrestle interviews with these worthies by NewsHour eminence Jim Lehrer, organized according to trumped-up issue and the recovered memory of the participants. Thus, as if from a tiny time capsule, Mondale and Ferraro; Carter savoring a Ford gaff; Reagan and Clinton showing off; a Quayle in hand; the original Bush. Not exactly Lincoln-Douglas, but probably no worse than we deserve.

Lectures and Panels

After-Images of the Holocaust: A Conversation with James E. Young and Art Spiegelman—9/19 at 6:30 P.M.: A reading from Young's new book, *At Memory's Edge: After-Images of the Holocaust in Contemporary Art and Architecture,* and a discussion with Spiegelman about his work and contemporary art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); free with $8 admission, tickets available at 4 P.M.

Rhythm and Beats Conference: Making It in R & B and Hip-Hop Music—9/23, noon–6 P.M.: A career seminar with Tina M. Davis of Def Soul/Def Jam; the songwriting-producing team Eristopher; Demmette Guidry of Urban Music, Columbia Records; and Brian Jackson of EMI Music Publishing, among others. Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Auditorium, Brooklyn Museum of Art, third floor (212-245-5440, ext. 370); $15, $10 students, $20 day of event.

"New York Is Book Country" Literary Brunch—9/24 at noon: The New York *Times* sponsors a brunch with speakers William H. Honan, Candace Bushnell, Arthur Miller, Cynthia Ozick, Liz Smith, and Nicholas Sparks. The Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroom, Park Ave. at 50th St. (212-691-9707); $110.



Courtesy of the collection of Shiseido Corporate Museum.

Happenings

Making Faces

Is our modern idea of beauty made up? From September 15 through October 28, the exhibition "Face to Face: Shiseido and the Manufacture of Beauty" explores the role of powder and paint in shaping aesthetic ideals in Japan and throughout the world. Pictured above, Yoshitoshi Tsukioka's portrait of a woman making up in 1877.

The Written Word

Geoffrey O'Brien, Melissa Pierson, and Fred Dewey—9/19 at 8 P.M.: Reading from their works, *The Browser's Ecstasy: A Meditation on Reading, Dark Horses and Black Beauties: Animals, Women, and Passion*, and *From Under the Rubble*, respectively, at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. (212-592-4648); free.

Jayne Cohen—9/20 at 2 P.M.: Book signing, discussion, and recipe-tasting with the author of *The Gefilte Variations: 200 Inspired Re-Creations of Classics From the Jewish Kitchen, with Menus, Stories and Traditions for the Holidays and Year-Round*, at the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3211); free with $8 admission.

Stephen Kuusisto—9/20 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from his first poetry collection, *Only Bread, Only Light*, at Posman Books, 1 University Pl. (212-533-2665); free.

Lydia Davis—9/20 at 6:30 P.M.: A half-hour reading followed by a question-and-answer session with moderator David Lehman. The New School, 66 W. 12th St., rm. 510 (212-229-5611); free.

Rick Reiken—9/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *The Lost Legends of New Jersey*, at Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Elmore Leonard—9/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his latest novel, *Pagan Babies*, at Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Karl Kirchwey—9/21 at 8 P.M.: Reading the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Auden, and others while pianist John Kamitsuka performs J. S. Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $35.

Laura Straus—9/23 at 2 P.M.: A presentation and discussion of her new photo narrative, *A Child's World*, at Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Hasia Diner—9/24 at P.M.: A reading and discussion of the historian's book *Lower East Side Memories: A Jewish Place in America*, at Eldridge St. Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. (212-219-0903); $6, $4 students, seniors.

Dorianne Laux and Pablo Medina—9/25 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their works as part of the Monday Night Poetry series at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Margaret Atwood—9/25 at 8 P.M.: Reading from her newest novel, *The Blind Assassin*, at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $15.

Tours

Modern Masters: 53rd Street—9/18 at 11:30 A.M.: A tour focusing on the architectural development of the neighborhood, with stops including Lever House, the Seagram Building, Paley Park, and the CBS building. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-935-3960); $10, $8 students, seniors.

Sunset Park NoshWalk—9/21 and 9/24 at 11 P.M.: A walking tour of this diverse Brooklyn neighborhood focusing on its restaurants, bakeries, and food markets, with stops to "nosh" along the way. Meet at the parking lot of Hong Kong Dynasty Supermarket, 6013-6023 Eighth Ave., at 60th St. (212-222-2243); $14 plus meals.

Green-Wood Cemetery Tour—9/23 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour of the famous Brooklyn cemetery focusing on its architectural and historical points of interest. Meet at the Green-Wood Cemetery main gates, 25th St. and Fifth Ave., Brooklyn (631-549-4891); $10.

"Inside TriBeCa Loft Tour"—9/24 at 1 P.M.: A self-guided tour of twelve of TriBeCa's most intriguing lofts, ranging from traditional artist spaces to contemporary conversions. Meet at Duane Park at the corner of Hudson and Duane Sts. (212-227-5843); $40; tickets go on sale at 12:30 P.M on the day of the tour.

Benefits

Brooklyn Conservatory of Music Award Gala—9/18 at 6 P.M.: An evening of cocktails, dinner, jazz performances, and a tribute to Music Award recipient Dr. Billy Taylor, with all proceeds to support studen scholarships at the Conservatory's two schools. Th Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (718-622-3300 $150 tickets, $10,000 tables.

Celebrate Montefiore 2000—9/21 at 6:30 P.M.: black-tie gala featuring cocktails, a silent auctio dinner, and dancing, to benefit the Montefio Medical Center, a community health-care and ec ucation facility. Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroon Park Ave. at 50th St. (212-245-6570); ticke $750–$1,500, tables $7,500–$30,000.

Light the Night Walk—9/21 at 7 P.M.: A three-mi walk across the Brooklyn Bridge in an effort raise money for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Sc ciety's struggle to find cures for leukemia, lyn phoma, Hodgkin's disease, and myeloma. Begins the Plaza area of the Municipal Building, 1 Cent St. (212-448-9206, ext. 27); $25 minimum spor sorship to participate.

14th Annual Broadway Flea Market and Gra Auction—9/24 from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.: A day-lo event to benefit Broadway Cares/Equity Figh AIDS featuring posters, Playbills, and paraphern lia on display and for sale, a grand auction unique and priceless items, and autograph-sig ing and picture-taking with celebrities fro Broadway, Off Broadway, and Daytime Dran shows. 44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Av (212-840-0770); free.

Events

Arts Of Pacific Asia Show—9/21, 11 A.M.–8 P. 9/22–9/23, 11 A.M.–7 P.M.; 9/24, 11 A.M.–5 P. An Asian-antiques-and-fine-arts show featuri 75 international exhibitors, selling items rangi from jade to bronzes to paintings from the ma regions of Pacific Asia. The 69th Regiment A mory, Lexington Ave. and 26th St. (301-92 5002); $15.

Crafts Park Avenue—9/22, 3 P.M.–8 P.M.; 9/23, A.M.–6 P.M.; 9/24, noon–5 P.M.: A fair featuri one-of-a-kind works on display and for sale by 1 contemporary craft artists from across the U.S. T 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 66th St. (80 649-0279); $9.

"Elsewhere: Williamsburg"—9/23–9/24: A festival ce brating the arts community in this Brooklyn neig borhood, including extended gallery hours, rea ings, outdoor movies, jazz and electronic music p formances, a fashion show, and a tour. C Momenta Art at 718-218-8058, or log on www.artwilliamsburg.com for details.

The Medieval Festival at Fort Tryon Park—9/24, noon P.M.: An event celebrating the Middle Ages, feat ing medieval food, crafts, music, jousting, dance, a theater. Fort Tryon Park, 190th St. and Fort Wa ington Ave. (212-795-1600); free.

Knit-Out & Crochet 2000—9/24, noon–5 P.M.: A c sumer event sponsored by the Craft Yarn Council America, featuring free knitting and crochet lesso live fashion shows, Q&A with the "Sweater D tor," workshops for kids, displays, and more. Un Square Park, 17th St. bet. Broadway and Park A (800-662-9999); free.

Exhibitions

"Brooklyn Pops Up! The History and Art of the Mova Book"—9/23–12/30, Mon.–Thurs. 9 A.M.–8 P. Fri. till 6 P.M., Sat. till 5 P.M., Sun. 1–5 P.M. A lar scale display highlighting more than 100 books t illustrate some four centuries of innovation in bo making. Highlights include famous story illus tions, interactive displays, and special presentati like "The Making of Movable Books." The Cen Library, Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn (718-2 2100); free.

Eyewitness 2000—Through 10/9 from 9:30 A.M. 10 P.M.: Each year, the World Press Photo Foun tion chooses that year's best press photogra from a huge selection of entries from 122 co tries. An exhibit of the winning news photos fr 1999 kicks off its worldwide tour with this ex bition at Manhattan's World Financial Center. North Bridge Gallery, bet. Liberty and Vesey (212-945-0505); free.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							WAS ESPN 8:35 P.M.
JETS							TAM CBS 4:15 P.M.
YANKEES	CLE MSG 7:05 P.M.	TOR MSG 7:05 P.M.	TOR MSG 7:05 P.M.	TOR MSG 7:05 P.M.	DET MSG 7:05 P.M.	DET MSG 4:35 P.M.	DET MSG 1:05 P.M.
METS	ATL FSNY 7:40 P.M.	ATL FSNY 7:40 P.M.	ATL FSNY 7:40 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PHI FSNY 1:35 P.M.
METROSTARS			DAL METRO 8:30 P.M.			DAL ESPN2 3:30 P.M.	
	9/18	9/19	9/20	9/21	9/22	9/23	9/24

Sports

ew York Road Runners Club Events—"Wall Street Run/Walk," 9/20 at 6 P.M.: The twentieth annual race through the streets of the financial district starts on West St. near One World Financial Center; proceeds benefit the American Heart Association in New York City. "Race to Deliver," 9/24 at 9 and 10 A.M.: a four-miler supporting God's Love We Deliver, an organization that provides meals to people living with AIDS; starts at 72nd St. Transverse at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park (kids' races start at 9 A.M.). Visit www.nyrrc.org or call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 for information on these and other events taking place this week.

S Bike Tour—9/24, at 7:30 A.M.: Benefiting the New York City chapter of the National MS Society and supporting national research into the cause and cure of multiple sclerosis, this sixteenth annual tour offers cyclists three distances to cover—30, 60, or 100 miles. Starts at the World Trade Center Plaza, proceeding along city highways; the longer distances trek through the Lincoln Tunnel into New Jersey, returning across the George Washington Bridge. For more information or to register, call 212-463-9791 or visit www.msnyc.com.

arden State Football League: Long Island Seahawks vs. Brooklyn Mariners—9/23 at 8 P.M.: The Mariners' final home game before the playoffs, which begin the following week. At Kings Bay Field in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, Ave. Y and Coyle St. Call 201-996-1965 for more information.

Happening **For the twenty-second year in a row, New York Is Book Country from September 20 to 24 when the annual festival brings dozens of authors to town for readings and a Sunday street fair on Fifth Avenue between 48th and 57th Streets. Plus, a panel of writers including such strange bedfellows as Candace Bushnell, Arthur Miller, Liz Smith, and Cynthia Ozick (pictured) will discuss their work over brunch at the Waldorf-Astoria; call 212-691-9707 for reservations, or visit www.nyisbookcountry.com.**

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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kids

Bear Stearns' Magic Man

Happening
You Can Always Go Downtown

Growing up downtown in the seventies meant that when uptown and out-of-town visitors came over, we invariably went to Orchard Street to shop and Chinatown to eat. We avoided the playgrounds below Delancey Street, which gave my suburban friends and their parents some serious agita when they caught sight of the junkies and bums—as they were called back then—having conversations with no one in particular. Today, the transformation that's spread over the lower part of Manhattan is almost weird. "We're like a village unto itself now," says Debra Simon of the Alliance for Downtown New York. "The myth is that there's nothing to do here at night and on the weekends. Many cultural institutions are down here, as well as world-class performance space and lots of programming for families." And to prove as much, this weekend the Alliance has jam-packed two days of mostly free entertainment into dozens of venues within a one-mile radius. At KidAround Downtown, youngsters can become Wall Street traders in mock-trading sessions at the American Stock Exchange. Or they can spend the morning making apples-and-honey crafts at the Museum of Jewish Heritage. Native American storytellers present coyote tales at the National Museum of the American Indian. Future flatfeet can see how it's done at the New York City Police Museum (bet you didn't know there was one) and be fingerprinted at the same time. An all-clown circus, the New York Goofs, (pictured) will delight with their slapstick chicanery at the World Financial Center. With all this attention, perhaps my out-of-town guests will want to venture into TriBeCa for a meal. One can only hope. (See "Children's Events.") SUSAN AVERY

Children's Events

Going Down—Dozens of fun and educational activities take place at **KIDAROUND DOWNTOWN**. All day 9/23–24 beginning at 10 A.M., kids can attend concerts, dance performances, arts and crafts workshops, and interactive programs, most of which are free, all in a one-mile radius of downtown Manhattan. Events are on a first-come, first-served basis. For more information and a free program schedule, call 212-835-2789, or log on to www.kadnyc.com.●

Lunch Time—Learn everything there is to know about school lunch. Sponsored by the **NY FOOD MUSEUM**, which creates exhibits for existing spaces. The display is set up on the Staten Island side of the Ferry Terminal and runs through the end of October. For more information, call 212-966-0191.●

Lollypop Playhouse—Live actors, audience participation, and no mean stepparents or negative stereotypes at Miss Majesty's Lollypop Playhouse in the Village. Every Saturday and Sunday, now through Nov. 19, is **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD** at 1:30 P.M. and **THE LITTLEST MERMAID** at 3:30 P.M. Tickets are $8.50. Call 212-741-6436 for reservations. At 39 Grove St.●

Gingerbread Kids—Adapted into a gentler version for the marionette stage, **HANSEL & GRETEL** will be performed by Puppetworks at its Park Slope theater. The tale of two children lost in the woods is now depicted with Rosina Sweettooth, a silly witch who tries to turn the kids into gingerbread, only to wind up as a cookie herself. The production includes several folksongs from the operatic version. Performances are Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 P.M. and 2:30 P.M., through 12/17. Additional shows on Columbus Day, 10/9. Tickets are $7, $6 for kids. At 338 Sixth Ave., in Brooklyn. Call 718-965-3391 for reservations.

Checkmate—Find out how to play chess at the second annual **CHESS FESTIVAL**, sponsored by the Harlem Educational Activities Fund. Free instruction throughout the day, plus a special raffle for a game of chess with Man in Black Will Smith and a tour of the MTV studios. Wynton Marsalis will perform and New York Knicks player Erick Strickland will cheerlead. 9/23, from noon to 6 P.M. Held outdoors on 119th St., between Manhattan and Morningside Avenues. For more information, call 212-663-9732.●●

Shofaring in the New Year—You may have had a bang-up time at the turn of the millennium, but are you ready for 5761? On 9/24 from 1 to 4 P.M., the Jewish Museum holds its annual **SHOFAR FESTIVAL**, where kids c decorate their own ram's horns and learn how blow with the best of 'em. Rosh Hashanah st rytelling and a contest for the longest blow a also on the agenda. Festival cost is $3 per chil Museum admission is $8, $5.50 for students a seniors, free for children 11 and younger. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200).●

Y Fest, Y Science—The 92nd Street Y has a busy d ahead. On 9/24, the annual street festival includ a full day of free dance, music, and demos of pr grams the Y has to offer. Don't miss the $92,0 shoot-out, where randomly chosen festivalgoe can take a half-court free-throw shot to win t big bucks. The festival goes from 79th Street 94th Street, along Lexington Ave., from 11 A.M. 5:30 P.M. 9/24 also marks the start of the **SUND SCIENCE SPECTACULARS**, a year-long series that lows kids to explore the world of nature. Includ is plant collecting in Central Park, stargazing, n croscope use, and an exploration of sound. S sions are $35 each, or $300 for the entire ten-s sion series, and run from 10 A.M. to noon. F more information, call 212-996-1100.●

Magic (Chair) Man—Alan (Ace) Greenberg, cha man of the board of Bear Stearns, is not onl financial wizard but a master magician. Since t age of nine, Greenberg has made magic his ho by, but decided to pursue a career in the fina cial world to earn a real living. On 9/24, he p forms ***A MORNING OF MAGIC*** at the Kaye Playho at Hunter College. Backing him up are juggle mimes, balloon twisters, and goodie bags for kids. Doors open at 9:30 A.M., the show g from 10 to 11 A.M. Tickets are $25, $10 for ki A benefit for the Jewish Community Cen Volunteers for Literacy. At 695 Park Ave. (2 580-0099).●

The Little Mermaid—She wants to have legs so can hang out with the prince. But when dream comes true, it comes with a hitch. T evil sea witch has given her legs in exchange her melodious voice, and now she must get prince to kiss her to get her voice back. In ad tion to the 50-minute musical, the audience take part in building the set in a hands-on wo shop before the show. Kids will also become miliar with the musical numbers in advance. S urdays and Sundays, from 10/13 through 12/ Tickets are $15 each. The pre-show worksho an additional $5. At the Hitchcock-Rockefe Auditorium, 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd (212-866-5170).

Ground Rules:

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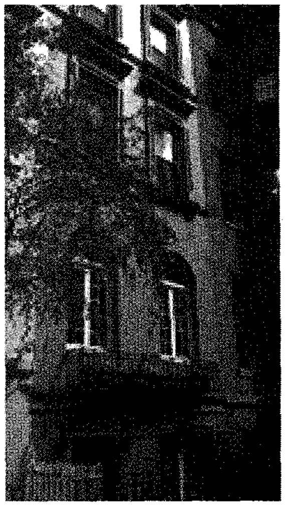

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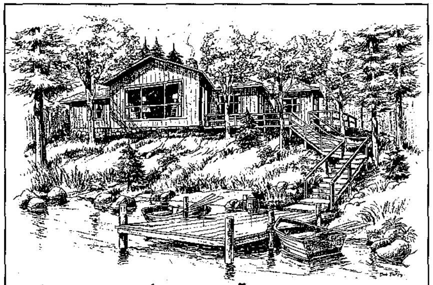

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midtown

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Property ID 2299
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Prewar Elev. Studio
Full-time drmn condo. E/exp. hi beamed ceil, sep kit, sep dressing room, dbl Frnch drs, 3 lg clsts, elec incl 450 sf, 24 mo, Cats allowed. $2900
No bkrs, pls. Avail 10/15/00.
Owner 212-645-3610

Property ID 2324
AMAZING OPEN LOFT, DUPLEX
Greenwich Village Conv. Warehouse
AMAZING OPEN LOFT, DUPLEX
Elev, Hi Ceil, Juliet balc, open kit
All renovated............ price : $3300
Benjamin James
Phil Caban 212-777-7300

village

Property ID 2081
GV/Christopher St. *Pre-war Loft*
Huge 1BR, sep kit, DW, sep kit, oak flr expo brick, pre-war detail, elev, laundry
$3195, Knickerbocker Village 377-5757

Property ID 2323
LARGE SUNNY 1 BR $3300
Washington Sq East Lux DM Bldg, 1 BR $3300, S/W expo., vanity bath, lrge, WIC, city vus, rf deck, pool, dogs O.K.
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Phil Caban 212-777-7300

below houston

Property ID 2308
TRIBECA LOFT
Loft w H/W flrs, hi ceil. Stainless kit. w/granite ctr and tile flrs. 2 huge mrb l bths; W/D in apt, lite from 3 exp. Clsts & wndws galore. $5250.
Charles Laboz WB May 962-6293 x103

Property ID 2316
West B'Way Cast-Iron Bldg
Rarely avail. 4500 sqft. corner bldg, live/work. Configured as trplx w/1200sf. terr, owner will build 2 more flrs for right client. Possible store front access. $30,000/mo.
Eric Slater, 212-431-0725 x21
REZANAMAZIREALESTATE.COM

Property ID 2082
Soho/Spring St. *Pre-war Loft*
Huge loft, org details, hi ceiling, oak flr S/N expos, huge wndws, Calif kit, Sunny
$5500, Knickerbocker Village,377-5757

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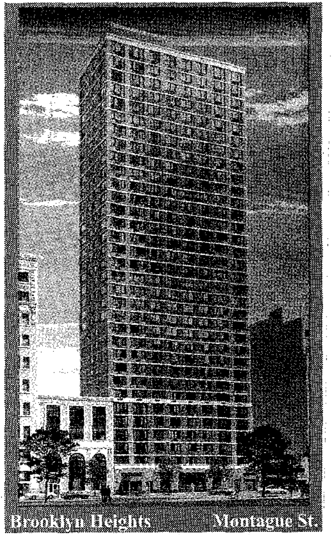
$2100,**Knickerbocker Village, 377-5757**

other areas

Property ID 2104



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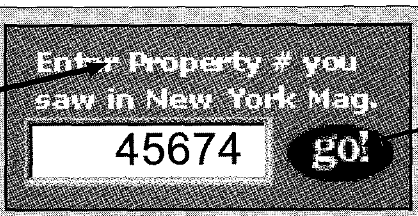
Central Park South ID#45674
1 BR, 1 BT, post war clean elv bldg
Fantastic view! 24 dmn, jacuzzi,
mbl ktn & bt, huge balcony, details,
garage, pets OK, Financing 75%

1. Find the Property ID on the right top from print ad.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45674
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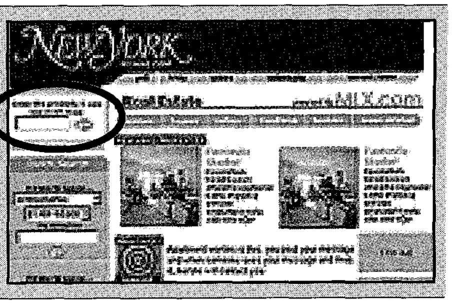

...sales

upper west side

Property ID 2070
90s West/CP W "Opportunity Knocks"
MUST see these huge 1 + 2 B/R Condos in 24 hr DM bldgs. State Of The Art Kit, Steps to CP, city/pk vus, gym, ample clst spc. Very Low C/C Ret. **Marilyn Reisner**
Citi-Habitats 489-7777 x205

Property ID 2172
UWS **No Board Approval**

60's 1 Bdrm mint reno	$349K
70's 1 Br w/Den wreck	$459K
70's 2 Brs w/huge 23'x29' LR	$639K
100's 1 Br w/ Dining area reno	$270K
www.tudorrealty.com	**935-7093**

Property ID 2321
Low 70's West
5-story floor thru garden ledvel + income. Low taxes. $1.550M. Also, low 70's 5-story triplex + income. $3.990M.
Fenwick - Keats Realty
Jeannette Bernstein 787-0707 x24

Property ID 2303
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
CPS, Large CONDO Studio, Ideal pied-a-terre, prime location, best lux wht glv bldg, apprx 600sf, very brite, 2 expos, excellent cond, $309K. **Danny Anitian,**
MANHATTAN APTS 378-2336

Property ID 2306
100s West, Low CLASSIC 6 $700's K
Lovely tree-lined blk. South-facing LR & 2 BR + FDR, kit., Maid's rm. & 3 bths. All orig dtl. Restore & create your dream family home! **E. Sharman Mather**
Wohlfarth & Assoc. 666-1600 x12

Property ID 2167
160 West 95th
Live/work renovation, spacious, airy "loft-like" apt on tree-lined st. Hi ceil, WEIK, sunny conv. 3 Price: $599K
Christine Iu/ Victor Cino
Corcoran 875-2963

Property ID 2314
70's West **Pre war Condo Duplex**
2 BRS/ 2 BTHS ARTIST LOFT UPTOWN 16' ceil, 10' windows, terrazo & hardwood floors, mint, approx. 1500 Sqft, for rent or sale by owner. **Price: $6500 Rent**
1.2M for sale **B. Mayerson 580-2561**

Property ID 2328
STUNNING 2 BRS
2BTHS/2 TERRACES
60's West/Lincoln Center Area Premier Condo STUNNING 2 BRS/2BTHS 2 TERRACES Triple mint cond., Dining area, approx 1200sqftn S,E,W expo., W/D Incl. H/C, Pool, Squash CT. **Price: $799K**
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Property ID 2335
60s-70s W

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Property ID 2334
Spacious Sleeping Alcove
South expo. quiet, very sunny 4 generous closets **Heloisa Gilbert,**
Matthew Adam Prop 699-8927

upper east side

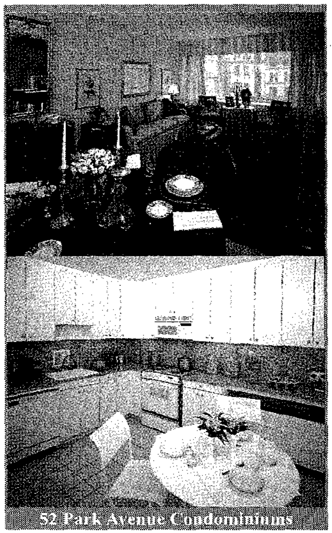
Property ID 2310
440 East 62nd St. **$675K**
Lovely 2 BR w/ wonderful E. River vus and renovated wndwed kitchen & bath.
Sumitomo Real Estate Sales
Cecilia 651-2243

Property ID 2313
196 EAST 75TH STREET
Lux. Bldg. w/grge xxx extra lg J4 w/entry foyer low mt. & everything is new. Kit w/granite ctr tops, dbl pane wndws, flrs, bth w/ ex lg shwr & ex lg clsts
lambrealty@aol.com
J.C. Lamb 779-6000 x202

Property ID 2304
70s E
SUNNY, BRITE, 1 BR, grt cond. Lux Drmn, rf deck, $399K. **Danny Anitian,**
Manhattan Apts 378-2336

midtown

Property ID 2103



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Property ID 2315
145 E. 48th St.#16A **Cosmopolitan**
1 BR CONDO, CONDO, CONDO
Lux drmn, great city vus, excellent cond. grt investmt opport. Asking Price: $359K Call **Ben H, Interbelmont, 212-319-7919**

Property ID 2309
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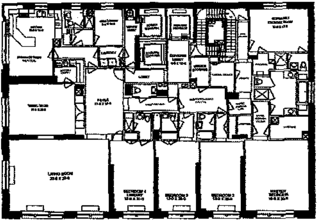
PENTHOUSE LOFT
2 WBFP, 2 full bth, D/A and massive pvt rftp terr. **Doug Heddings**
Douglas Elliman 769-6554

featured property



Property ID 2180
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Park Avenue & 60th Street, F/S Concierge Condo. 4 Br, 6.5 Bth, Library, Cook's Kit, Media Rm Light & Open Oversized Rooms. Includes separate studio apt. This is NYC's BEST NEW ADDRESS. $11.9M
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Riley Jason 877-1300 x248

Property ID 2319
54th St./Third Ave **Lux Drmn Bldg**
REAL 1 BR 29'LR/REDUCED!
S/expo., gd light, excellent cond.
4 grt clsts, mt only $650........$259K
Matthew Adam Prop. **Steve 699-8925**

Property ID 2164
TRIPLE MINT JR 4
Corinthian, Super Lux Condo, H/C, Pool Incl, concierge mint cond., panoramic wndws, amazing city& river views, balc.
Asking:$ 595K **Elan B.**
Prudential MLBKaye 259-0455

Property ID 2174
40's East **Tudor City**
Studio Frm $125K, 1 Brs frm $225K, PW F/S Bldgs. Why rent? mdtwn Community
www.tudorrealty.com 557-3610 x10

Property ID 2317
440 E. 62 St. **Lux Drmn**
RIVER VIEWS/ 1 BR/ DA
Approx 900sqft, open LR, windowed kit+bath, Fab closets space, brite
Price: $359K **Heloisa G.**
Matthew Adam Prop. 699-8927

Property ID 2342
E. 40s **Luxury Condo**
FT DM/Conc, laundry,garage,dogs OK, N/W exp, move-in cond., bright, pool rfdeck. $350K, 350 mt. **Flori Saban**
Dwelling Quest 784-2143

gramercy/chelsea

Property ID 2333
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Property ID 2181
West Side **2 townhouses**
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Jeannette Bernstein 787-0707 x24

Property ID 2173
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1 Bed room w/dining area	$250K
Studios from	$125K
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village

Property ID 2320
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6,000+ sf, hi ceil, 6 apts. plus high end retail. Residential can be vacant, income over 300K, expenses under 50K.
$3.825M. **Halstead Properties**
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below houston

Property ID 2305
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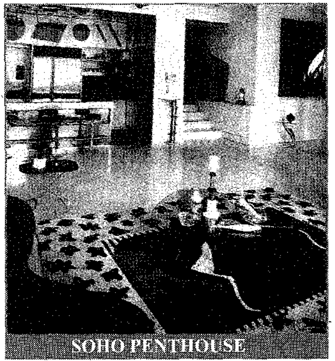
UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY
To restore sunny, single fmly hm w/fplc, outdr spc & grge. Under $3M.
Kinnaird Fox Spector
WOHLFARTH & ASSOC 666-1600 x15

Property ID 2311



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condo vs. coop

I would like a better understanding of cooperative living. What are the privileges of owning a coop?

Coops are a creature of New York. Originally conceived in the late 1800's to persuade home owners to live on top of each other instead of side by side, the coop is premised upon the idea of a social club. Coop owners, through their boards of directors, are entitled to choose who their neighbors are. Provided that federal and state discrimination statutes are not violated, a coop board may reject a potential purchaser or subtenant for any reason or for no reason. As housing becomes more scarce in the city, coop boards are exercising this veto right with increasing regularity.

When buying a coop, you are not buying real property. Instead you are buying a long term lease and the right to sole and exclusive possession of your apartment for an indefinite period. The coop board acts very much like a landlord and you are entitled to demand from the board the same services and attention you expect in a rental building. The coop board bills you every month for a pro-rated share of the total cost of running the building, usually including the monthly costs of a mortgage on the entire building. You pay this montly bill, called maintenance, in addition to any bank loan you obtained to purchase the apartment.

PROS: coops are generally cheaper than condos, have lower closing costs and give you greater protectio against unruly neighbors.

CONS: coops are more difficult to sell, are very difficult to rent (unless the board of directors allows liberal subleasing), have greater monthly costs, actual and potential.

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TV TRAFFIC REPORTER WITH CAT
(Tenant ID 124615)

Where did you last live?
On 54th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues

What was your rent?
$775 per month

What's the worst you've seen?
Some of the studio apartments I saw were ridiculously small and in basements with no light so they were a little dismal. I want a cheerful place.

What do you hope to find?
I am looking for either 1) a studio in Manhattan, anywhere below 96th street for $900, or 2) a two bedroom for $1600 to $1800. I have a cat (Buffy). She's my child. She must come with me.

What would you tell a potential landlord?
I always pay my rent on time. I do not drink. I think all drugs are illegal, and it should stay that way. I'm quiet, clean, conscientious, and a fun person to be around. On occasion I have friends over, but no loud parties and I'm certainly respectful of my neighbors, as I would hope they would be with me. I am a great tenant!

LONDON MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT
(Tenant ID 124639)

Where did you last live? London, England

What was your rent? $1,200

Why are you moving?
After 6 years in London I am returning to start a job as program director of a new media consultancy business.

Have you used a broker?
I have not used a broker yet as the costs seem exorbitant but I've only just started. I'm not unwilling to concede that a broker might be necessary.

What do you hope to find?
I hope to find a clean one bedroom apartment, preferably downtown (SOHO, the village, or the lower east side) up to the west thirties. I expect to pay from $1,500 to $2,500.

What would you tell a potential landlord?
My current landlord loves me. I have lived in the same place for over three years without incident, and haven't objected to his occasional rent increases (because I was getting a good deal to start with). I'm quiet, clean, in my thirties and too busy to be trouble to anyone.

INTERNET PRODUCT MANAGER
(Tenant ID 1118483)

Where did you last live?
I last lived north of Detroit. Very cute and small town.

What was your rent? $900 for a two-story townhouse

What do you hope to find?
I hope to find a 1 br or somewhat spacious studio in a nice area for under $1800/month. Something that I could hopefully be happy in for a while without having to move after 1 yr. I am looking for a place in a locatio that will afford me the peace of mind for a little stabilit

What is the worst experience in finding a place?
The worst experience I have faced is calling on a place that sounded absolutely ideal and then finding out that already had been rented.

What would you tell a potential landlord?
I am extremely timely in my rental payments, clean, quiet, friendly and acute to the apartment environment where you really need to be conscious of your neighbo and understand the impact some of your actions may have on their peace. At my age of 32, I am in a positio of being financially stable and resourceful as well as responsible. I don't have any pets.

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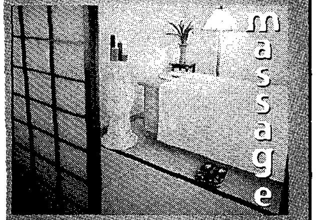

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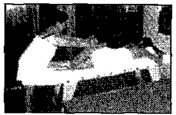

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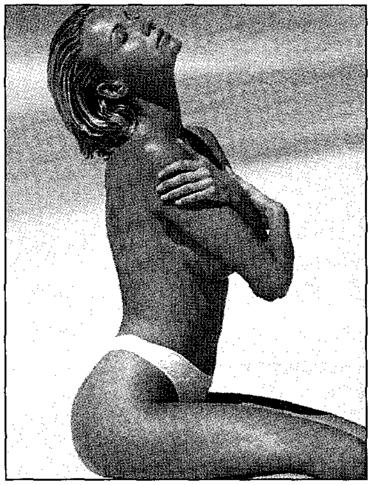

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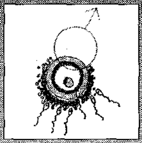

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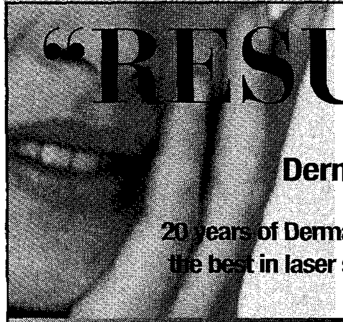

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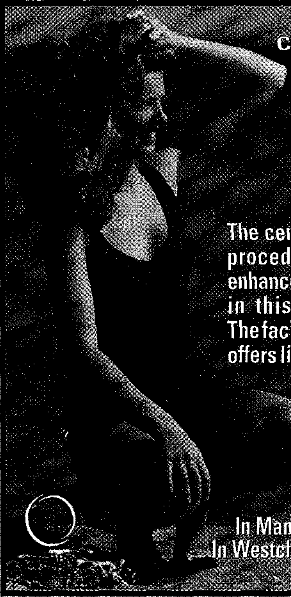

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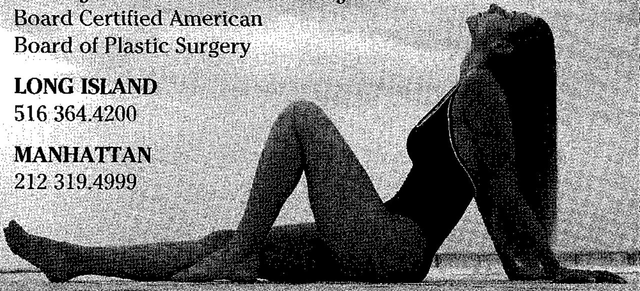

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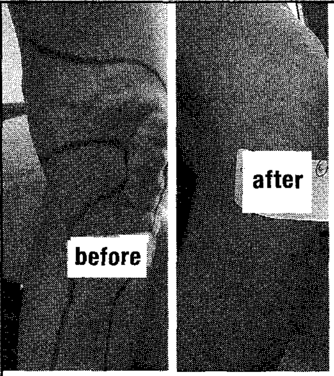

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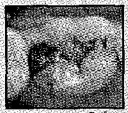

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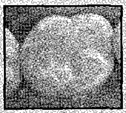

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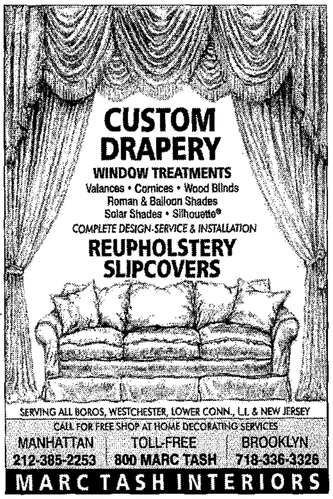

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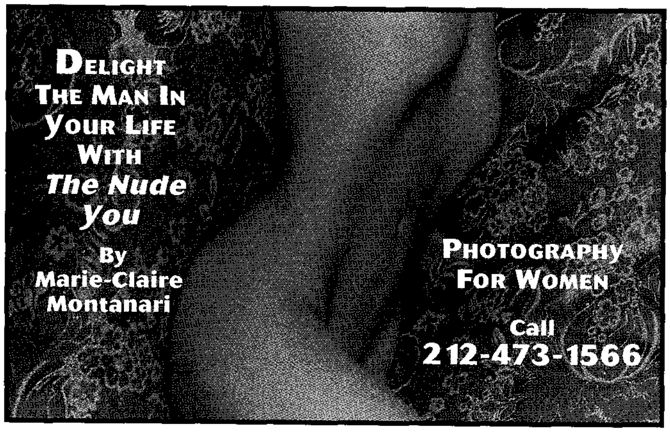
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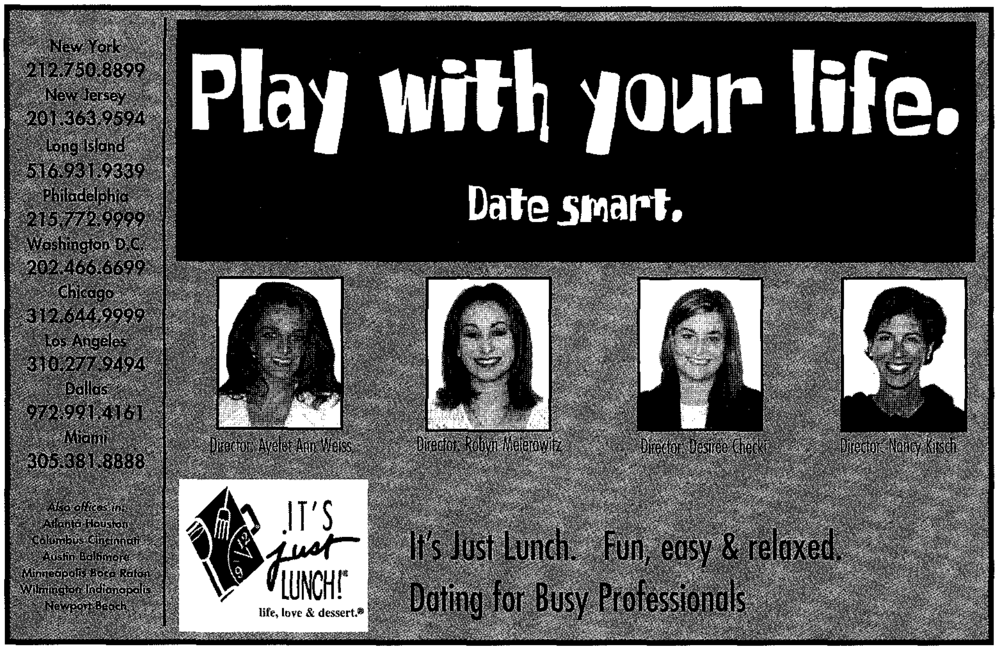

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Special Guy—Easy on the eye, successful and kind, 50, very selective. Looking for a very pretty woman, great shape, funny, intelligent, who has a life of her own, 30-45. Photo/phone, please. 5241 ✉

Trophy Wife Wanted By Hot-Looking—Accomplished, single white male, doctor/PhD. I'm tall, 6'1", tan, very fit, slim/buff, 180 lbs, 40 (easily appear 30). Very secure/successful - financially/emotionally, with an overall balanced life style. Considered passionate/intense, supportive/generous, warm, playful and more. Seeking one astonishingly beautiful, unconventional, well-bred, fit/slim, chic, sensuous, confident female (to 39), prepared to be placed on the mantle of my heart. Recent photo/note assures reply. 5293 ✉

6'3", Businessman, MBA, Catholic—Slim, successful, secure, family oriented, Mediterranean descent, down-to-earth, sense of humor, morals, caring, enjoys the pleasures of life that stimulate the senses to its zenith. Outdoors, fine dining - in or out, romantic, well-groomed, athletic, NYC and country exploring, travel, beach, no hang-ups or dependents, 50. Seeks refined, slim lady, 30 plus, for friendship and beyond; enjoys the same, is 100 percent free to see where this journey takes us. I am generous, passionate and loving in all ways. No meal tickets given out on this trip. Sincerity/serious responses with photo/note/phone number a must. 5242 ✉

Divorced, Nonreligious—Jewish-flavored math professor, 69, 5'9", NYC, two children, Ivy League, bookish, seeks woman, 59-71, to share life of the mind. 5251 ✉

Family Man—Young 54, Manhattan/Westchester, risk-taker and investor, lusts for a brainy, playful goddess under 40, who wants family, travel, country, city. Benefits include forever love, laughs and hot tub. Note/photo/phone. 5238 ✉☎

Shiksa Seeks Mensch—Professional female, attractive and kind, seeks Jewish professional male, 50s, for permanent relationship. Widower with child welcome. 5279 ✉

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—Successful entrepreneur, 41, fit, easygoing personality, with many interests including dining out, dancing, NYC culture. Seeks a warm, intelligent, attractive woman, 20s-30s, for possible long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5254 ✉ ☎

We, The Jury—Find this single Jewish male: 38, 6'2", slim, very handsome (honestly), sexy, successful, athletic, health-conscious, funny...and not so innocent. Therefore we recommend "life" with a very pretty, stunning, sexy, fit, single Jewish female, 25-40, to be his inmate (oops!) - soulmate(!)...who enjoys comedy clubs, movies, sporting events and winter weekend getaways - as partners for life sentence. Photo necessary for reply. 5235✉

Big, Tough, Freedom-Loving—Educated, good-looking (blue eyes, fit, 6'4", hunky, long brown hair), 44-year-old guy owns his own business (Volvo dealership) but hates suits and ties. Creative. Plays the saxophone. Likes the outdoors and urban environments. Likes to eat well, dance, laugh and have fun. Likes fast cars and hates TV and conformity. I'm looking for gorgeous, feisty, smart, healthy (emotionally and physically), independent woman in her 30s. Must like to dance, be sensual, hike and camp; have her own mind and her own passions. Be fun-loving, available, caring, a good cook, with her own style and job. Tattoos a plus. In good shape. 5284 ✉

Single White Christian Female—Mid 30s, green eyes, seeking single white male, 33-39, for committed relationship. The person I am interested in meeting must be independent, attractive, professional, fun and spontaneous. He should be free of past baggage, and comfortable in his own skin. I am fiercely independent, and have varied interests. I've worked through the demons in my life, and I'm ready to enter a committed relationship. NYC. Note and photo. 5253 ✉☎

Seeking Truly Upscale—68-plus gentleman with all pertinent accoutrements and old-fashioned values, for this tall, slim, very pretty and selective lady with great lifestyle. 5269 ✉☎

Seeking Special Man—Very attracti professional, slim, warm, fun-loving a grounded female - enjoys travel, peop pets, movies, theater, dining out. See Manhattan male counterpart, 46-57, em tionally available and financially secu for lasting relationship. Photo. 5285 ✉

Now Is The Time—If you're ready a serious, romantic, fun relationship w a successful, very attractive, youthf mellow, mature Jewish exec... You are slim, sexy, attractive, affectionate, "u woman, 56-65, nonsmoker. My intere include business, films, theater, lots opera, family, etc. Also a year-rou waterfront Hamptons home with boati golf, tennis, jacuzzi and fireplace cuddli Only your letter with appropri personal data and a recent, clear ph will receive my response. 5252 ✉☎

Lonely In My Penthouse Apartmen I am an extremely successful attor who owns my own law firm, 38, 5'1 Jewish, good-looking, muscular, bl eyed, stylish, charismatic, charmi interesting, romantic, sensitive and v selective - but alone in my Manhat penthouse apartment. I enjoy spor music, boating, traveling, dining, beach, working out and having fun would love to meet a beautiful, se intelligent, kind, gentle, sweet, down-earth and classy woman with good val age 25-35. I never did a personal before, and perhaps neither have you, we have not yet met anywhere else have everything except someone special share it with. If you think we should m note and photo a must, please. 5271 ✉

One Great Person Deserves Another Very pretty, long-haired blond lawy writer, Catholic, Mensan, slim, sweet sexy (I'm told); voracious reader, f loving, quality person, animal lover; en fine dining, films and simple pleasu Seeking one handsome, professio 40ish man who is kind, sincere interested in a monogamous, mutu rewarding relationship possibly leadin more. NYC area preferred. Photo a r (sorry); will gladly exchange. 5225 ✉

Professional Male—For West Indian 50-year-old Caucasian physician, roma personable, good-looking, 210 lbs, lived in West Indies for two years. S ing a special West Indian lady: sw attractive, 33-43 years old, 5'6" plus, serious romance. Note/photo. 5248

Single, Straight, Sane—Jewish male, professional, seeks female, 30-40, for times and more. Note/photo. 5232 ✉

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Good As It Gets—Beautiful and ight, young Jewish widow, 40s, stchester. Slim and shapely brunette h big brown eyes, dazzling smile, great le. Well-educated and well-traveled. otionally stable and financially secure, -loving and funny, vivacious, warm and ing. I move comfortably between City country, sneakers and heels, business, nily and friends. If you are a Jewish le, 47-60, and you think we might be a tch, please send a note/photo. 5258 ✉

ndsome, Single White Gentleman—), 37, 5'11", 165, gentile) seeks smart, ninine/pretty soul mate: she's athletic, interests are artistic and cultural, and 's sweet at heart. Note/photo. 5292 ✉

agmatic, Poetical, Physician— tly retired specialist, seeks honest, cated white female for long-term tionship (53 and below). Close-up photo direct phone for response. 5229 ✉

Woman Who Fits—Elegant, smart, n, generous spirit, naturally beautiful, husiastic, well-educated woman seeks life partner. Love children, art, sic, beauty and things that take my ath away. Seeking wonderful man eclectic interests, depth, compassion, knows the best times are at home. -40s. 5289 ✉

Who Dares Accept This Challenge— l in one minute understand the nition of beauty and brains wrapped this young 40-year-old, sexy female y. You should be intelligent, witty, histicated, sincere, handsome and ncially successful. Please forward note photo. bravo76343@aol.com 5288✉

utiful Brunette—Young-looking mid , Jewish Manhattanite, cultured, nisticated, down-to-earth, shapely. ks good-looking, marriage-minded essional gentleman, 40-55, for serious ance. Note/photo/phone. 5294 ✉ ☎

vn-To-Earth Physician—48, 5'9", lbs, sincere, intelligent, Jewish, with ood sense of humor, is seeking an ctive, accomplished Jewish woman, moker, under 41, for sharing happy s leading to marriage and starting nily. Photo appreciated. 5240 ✉

dsome, Successful Physician—44, er, seeking a warm, bright, classy attractive woman, 30-37, with traditional Jewish values for a meaningful and g relationship leading to marriage and own family. Photo, please. 5297 ✉

Gone Fishing—Developer/Esq., 40, traditional, likes to dance, blade, theater. Seeks to share life with upbeat Jewish lass to 35. Photo, please. 5226 ✉

What About Going Out—With a guy, 37, who really knows how to treat a woman? I'm tender, kind, considerate, generous, loyal and passionate. Don't hesitate. I await your response. 5228 ✉☎

Green-Eyed Entrepreneur—Fun, fit and handsome man, 38, Jewish, 5'10", brown hair, seeks a romantic, slim and upbeat Jewish woman, 25-35. Photo. 5272 ✉☎

Eye-Catching Good Looks—Beautiful brunette, cognac brown eyes. Wonderfully sexy, great posture and presence. Compassionate, generous heart. European background. Divorced Jewish woman. Versatile and real. No BS, no pretense. Former CEO and film actor. Speaks several languages. Genuinely fun. Spiritually evolved (or strives to be). Enjoys city life, country life, Caribbean. Loves music, writing, working out, photography. Seeking smart, financially secure, attractive man, 53-active/fit 60s, who sees brighter, spiritual, philosophical side of life. hsfny@aol.com 5291 ✉☎

Handsome Executive—53, CT resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman - seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoy golf, movies and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note, phone and photo, please. 5255 ✉

Pretty Lady Designer—Seeks male soul mate, 36-48. Likes theater. 5245 ✉

Sexy, Petite, Shapely Blond—45, divorced, classy, pretty, loving, loyal. You: an accomplished male, 40-49, with same qualities for long term. E-mail: pookie5289@aol.com

Fit Exec—In search of fun-loving, sexy, communicative gal to ski, bike, travel, enjoy opera, ballet; nonsmoker, 45-52, for passionate, permanent relationship. 5227✉☎

Satellite "Dish" Seeks Resonant Signal—Divorced Jewish male, 55 (often taken for 40). I'm spirited and mellow, successful professional and poet. I'm slim, pretty, classy and fit. Send note and recent photo if you are a man (50s) with youthful vitality, dignity, sensitivity, and you value realness and truth. I'm selective, but soft. Do you read me? 5230 ✉

Pretty, Perky, With Personality Plus—40-year-old, sexy, fun Jewish woman in search of a consummate gentleman who is successful, sophisticated, with street savvy. 5239 ✉☎

Lovely, Elegant, Playful Professional—Enjoys city culture/country calm, free to travel, looking for a successful, quick-witted, sincerely loving and thoughtful, unencumbered man accustomed to a quality lifestyle, mid 50s-60s. 5262 ✉☎

Russian Woman, 63—Widow, blue eyes, long hair, kind and soft, wants to meet future husband, happy, age 63-83. 5265✉

HURRY UP & CALL!!
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Tall, Successful, Very Fit Male—39, 6'2", 195 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair, attractive, educated, confident, passionate, giving, witty, diverse interests. Seeks woman, late 20s-mid 30s, fit, attractive, intelligent, engaging, stylish, sensuous, warm and adventurous. Phone/brief note/photo appreciated. 5276 ✉☎

Dancer's Body And Carriage—5'4" and 44, fun, athletic woman of diverse interests, committed to inner journey, still turning heads of 30-year-olds, but looking for mature man of heart and substance to match my own. Photo, please. 5278 ✉☎

Russian-Jewish Teacher—Very pretty, slim, 5'4" brunette, 38, seeking professional Jewish man, 38-49, who, like me, wants a serious relationship. Must be slim and good-natured, and must understand the art of chivalry. Note and photo, please. 5244 ✉

Handsome Bachelor, 35—5'10", Ivy-educated entrepreneur, financially secure, loves jazz and blues in NY, fall weekends upstate, seeks educated, never-married female, 26-34, together with life and interested in a fun but serious relationship. 5281 ✉☎

Fall Preview Clarification

Page 261 of our **Fall Preview Issue**
didn't have our usual response icons
for **MAIL** (✉) for **PHONE** (☎)

Here's how you break the code to respond to these ads:

If only the letter **N** follows the box number, you can only respond by mail

Box numbers followed by the letters **N** and **P** will take both mail and phone responses.

N = MAIL RESPONSE (✉)
P= PHONE RESPONSE (☎)

We're sorry for any inconvenience.

Strictly Personals

Respond!!

Some of New York's most interesting people can be found on these pages. It's so easy to get in touch with them. Drop them a line and send it to:

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Do you see this phone symbol (☎) next to the box number? Then you can call

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and leave your message for the person whose ad catches your eye.

*For adults 18 years or older. $1.95 per minute. Touch-tone phone only.

54 And Never Been Kissed—By the right woman. I am single, white Jewish male, nonsmoker. We are: bright, intelligent, loving, romantic, cuddling, patient, gentle, slightly nutty. We want to start a family together. 5250 ✉☎

Sparkling—Bright, pretty, witty, (212) Jewish widow seeks gem, 60 plus. 5270✉☎

Gay, Tall, Trim, Handsome—51, intellectual, spiritual, 40-55, good-looking soul mate/friend. 5286 ✉

Are You A—Cultured, politically concerned male, 68-75, and eager to meet an attractive NYC woman, trim, 5'6"? 5268 ✉☎

Smart, 60, Professional—Music and fun-loving Ms. seeks thoughtful Mr. 5275 ✉

Richard Gere Look-Alike—Successful, handsome professional male, young 50, athletic, enjoys the arts. Seeking pretty, fit and bright woman, late 20s-40s. Note and recent photo, please. 5266 ✉

Searching For A Lifetime—Feminine, pretty, gay white female, youthful 40s, healthy, trim, athletic, professional, with an advanced degree, emotionally and financially stable, warm, caring, friendly and communicative. I have many interests including sports, cultural activities, nature, travel. I'm looking for my life partner for mutual love and support, who has similar qualities/interests. Ideally, you are 35-45, aesthetically pleasing, 5'5" plus, athletic, cultured, professional, educated, career-minded, spiritually inclined, enjoy sharing thoughts and ideas. I know you are out there! Please, no smoking/alcohol. 5236 ✉

To advertise in ASSORTMENTS, CALL 212.463.0024

What Pressure! Me In Nine Lines!—Principled, feisty (on bike, running shoes and skis), captivating lady, positive (definitely!), with "Far Side" humor besides. Hope to bump into a man (50s) with passport and funny bone, who is open to life and chances. Adventures are waiting (but please send photo - I'm not that adventurous). 5246 ✉

Pretty And Bright Interior Designer—Honey-blond hair, green eyes, slender, 5'3", 46, upbeat and youthful - enjoys travel, the arts as well as Yankee games. Interested in meeting a sincere, attractive, fun, romantic, successful man under 52, *for a meaningful relationship. Note/photo* please or NYDsgner@aol.com 5256✉

Sophisticated Lady—(But down-to-earth), European-born, attractive, cultured, nonreligious Jewish, North Shore, (631), widow. Creative, widely traveled, family-oriented and fun. Love City offerings. Ready to meet an intelligent, humorous, physically fit, kind and financially secure gentleman (60-73), for companionship and sharing laughter. Nonsmoking. Photo and handwritten note, please. 5283 ✉

Handsome Jewish Investor—40, semi-retired, slim, fun, cultured, travel; CPW and Swiss homes. Seeks that one special, sweet, beautiful partner. Note and photo, please. 5231 ✉

LI Widower—Jewish, attractive, well-versed, seeking woman, 60-64. For travel, partnership and best in life. Photo. 5259✉

Looking For A Silly Man—Great personality and good looks, who doesn't take life for granted - one who would be content simply sharing exciting times together. I am a special female, unique, very attractive. Only self-confident, successful men over 50 need apply. Note/photo/phone. 5277 ✉

Great-Looking Guy—Early 40s, blue-eyed, Catholic, successful business professional, 5'11", 175, very fit, full dark hair, seeks one very pretty, fit, sweet, sexy, smart woman for romance and commitment. Letter/phone/recent photo for reply. 5287 ✉

Seeking A Dream Boat—Or at least a life raft. Smart, successful, sometimes silly white male seeks a slender, attractive white female, 40ish, *with a great sense of humor* and an eclectic personality, for friendship and possible romance. 5261 ✉☎

Seeing Is Believing—I am 33, adorable, athletic, adventurous, successful, low-maintenance, care-free, Jewish (not religious) female who lives life to the fullest. How about you? Photo/note a must. 5274✉

Lipstick Lesbian—Creative, Jewish, 5
woman of substance seeks romantic
share ethics, secrets, tennis and concer
silk and cotton, walks in the Bois, sails
the Mer and to avoid the merde. 5249 ✉☎

Wanted: 50-Plus Man—For Jewish, sli
pretty woman - loves art, music, trav
fun, Moscow born - long in USA. 5234✉

Asian Admirer: Handsome Jewish MD-
6'1", 175, seeks attractive, sma
American- or foreign-born Asian fema
Serious interest or involvement in mus
a big plus. 20s-30s. Photo, please. 5282 ✉

Beautiful Face, Slim Knockout Figure
Warm, easygoing personality, gourm
cook, eclectic interests, 51. See
gentleman. 5243 ✉☎

Westchester Professional—42, Catho
great sense of humor, seeks well-educat
female for love and marriage. 5290 ✉

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With captiv
ing smile, Jewish, athletic (figure skat
and tennis), very successful - seeks t
trim, educated, monogamous, optimis
male, 30s-40s, to explore friendship a
romance. Recent photo required. 5260✉

Architect, 40—Handsome, clever a
kind, with downtown sensibilities in
and music, seeks woman who mig
like MOMA, le Jardin de Luxembou
PJ Harvey, Satie. Note/photo. 5280 ✉

Gay White Female—Fit, romantic, w
educated professional with many intere
seeks similar, classy, sincere, nonsmok
44-50, European gay white female
relationship. 5295 ✉

Is Midnight Too Late?—If it is, ple
skip this ad. Businessman, 53, 5'
165, upbeat, educated, athletic, success
seeks beautiful, spirited and fun-seek
woman, to seek out and share fun tim
live music, hi, lo and pop cultu
restaurants, etc. Do not write about l
walks and gazing at the moon. They b
me stiff. Photo/phone, please. 5257 ✉

Russian-Jewish Beauty—Success
professional, very athletic and cultu
looking for a male with the same quali
(42-50). Note/photo. 5237 ✉

Active Male—5'11", 185, se
active female, mid 40s-early 50s, v
eclectic interests including NYC, the
French language, outdoors, laug
and conversation. Photo/note. E-m
bmmcc@worldnet.att.net 5267 ✉

Attractive, Witty, Warm—With joie
vivre, petite redhead. Seeks secure ge
man, 63-73, interested in the cultural
of NY, but primarily good companions
Photo, please. 5264 ✉

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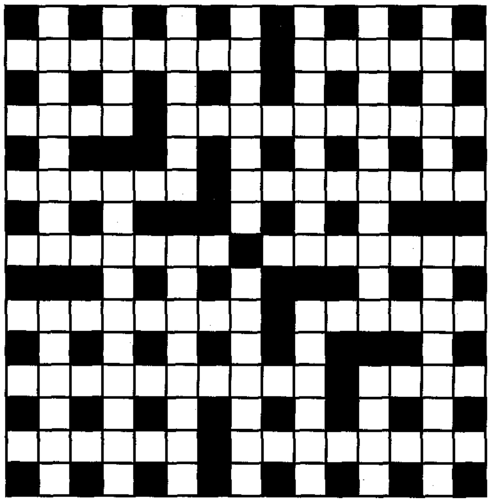
The 'Guardian' Crossword

A A cough keeps Navy airborne—fight on ground. (6)
B The sound of pipe? It has a silly sound. (6)
C A dangerous place: you'll need a chaperon. (4,4)
D Shabby poor who need a lot, love gone. (4,2,4)
E Before arachnids, they avoid the mob. (8)
F The singer sounds as if she'd Charon's job. (7)
G Note: tops off bloom in flower in cheerless way. (8)
H O! from N1 Zola's gone astray. (10)
I I, with a spirit in me, visualise. (7)
J Just me Peace Justice? Weird: straight up they rise. (4,4)
K Said quite like X, a mine of information. (4-3)
L Sans life, sans joust, sans roll, sans inclination. (8)
M Male donkey, is it? King of Joseph's line. (8)
N You're welcome, Lofty: first with thanks decline. (3,2,3)



Note: Solve the clues and fit the solutions into the diagram jigsaw-wise, wherever they will go. Because the grid is wholly symmetrical, there are two possible ways of entering the solutions; the four longest ones indicate which way is correct.

O Where road and railway cross, the deal is straight. (2,3,5)
P A handy part for actor: is't a date? (4,4)
Q A bunch of Ks? New mate gets old-style tease. (4,4)
R A niche provides vacation for MPs. (6)
S Not keeping tryst with comic on his feet? (8,2)
T Supports of course where water's brown with peat. (4)
U Last month for painters: did they go too far? (6)
V A beast in fifths: they do the House in R. (6)
W A deer, what shame! A tree, won't pay! they say. (6 and 6)
X Is ten degrees too warm for present day? (4)
Y Where Rodney comes to grief in the wide sky? (6)
Z Doctor at last! Most bees have had a try. (7)

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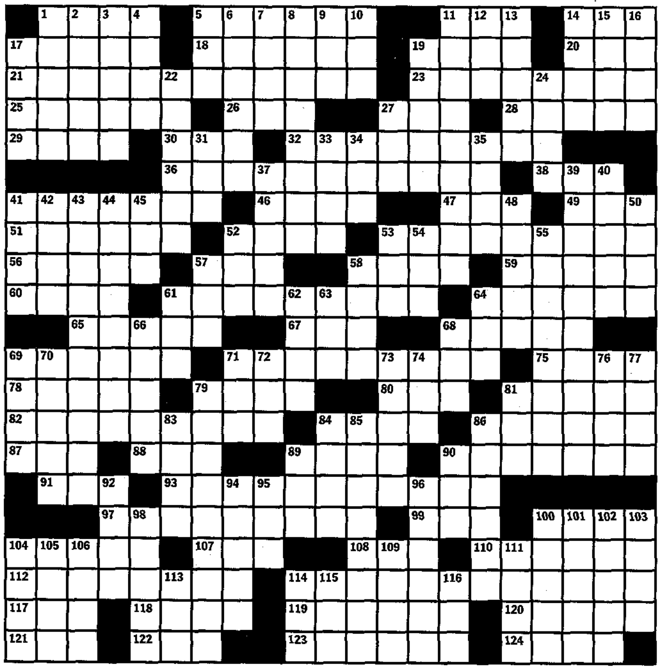
'Unanswerable Questions': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

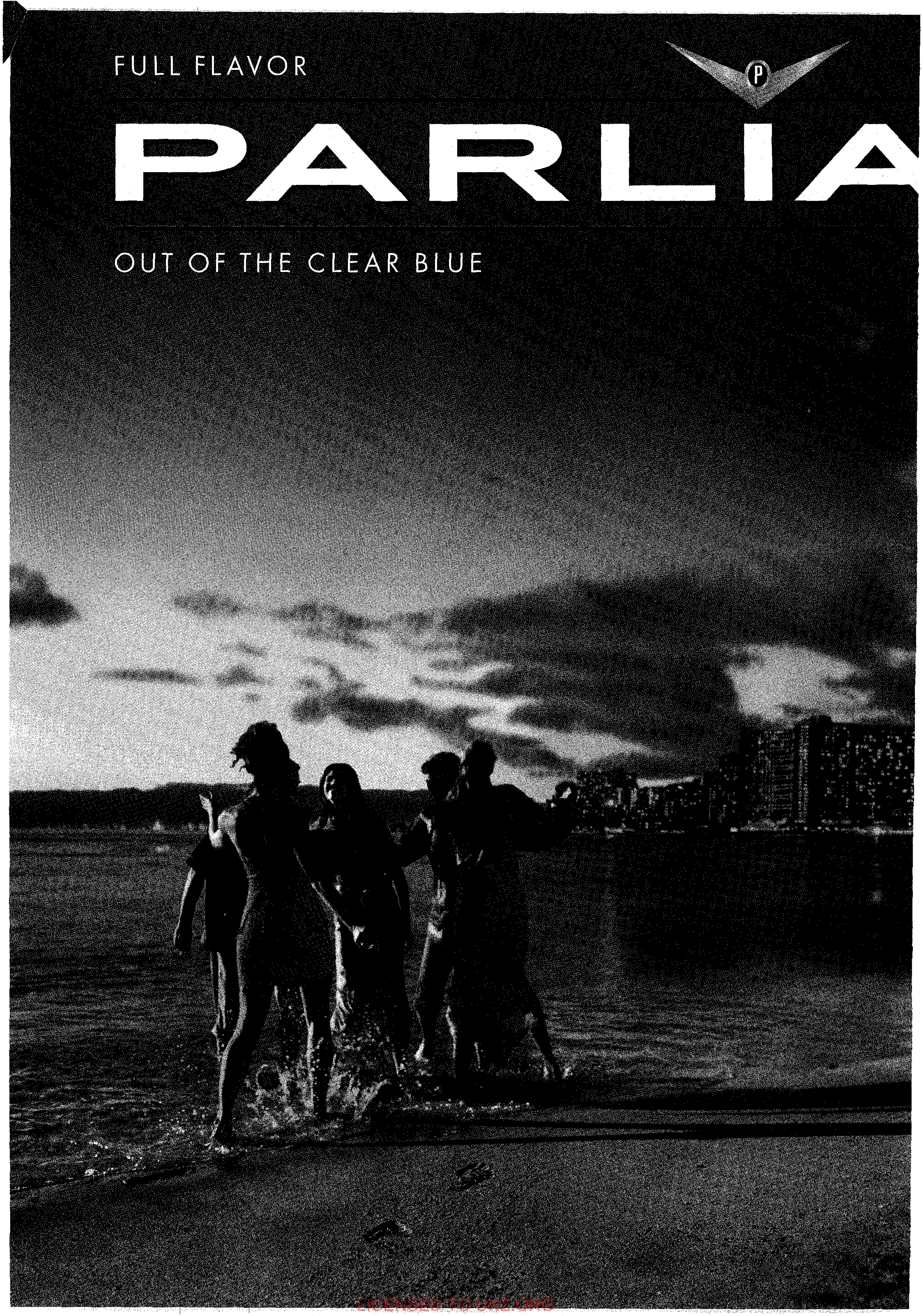
Rich soil
One of the clefs
Butter square
Rarer than rare
Carta preceder
Polish Solidarity leader
"Jaws" boat name
Taproom brew
If it's difficult, can ——?
In which marina did ——?
"Car 54, Where ——?" ('60s sitcom)
Sushi fish
Tennis-court fixture
Sunday instrument
Opposite of avec
Russian space station
Of significance
Whose load did ——?
—— Kippur
Allots tasks
Tattle
Charged atom
Aries animal
Aircraft
Remark from Charlie Chan
Whose nose did ——?
Pan-fry
Hindu mister
Tin Pan Alley product
Otherwise named
Give the once-over
What kind of gun did ——?
Shorthand pros
Toaster input
Parking field
Moonshiner's whisky
More than enough
Whose music starts ——?
Towering
Islamic Almighty
Broad bean
Quick to learn
Shaw of swing
Which bike did ——?
Italian auto, with Romeo
Building blocks
Yoko Lennon, formerly
88 Chem. workroom
89 —— were (so to speak)
90 Pitches forward suddenly
91 It gives a hoot
93 Did a sleeping pill make ——?
97 Surgeon's activity
99 Sash for Suzuki
100 The lion's share
104 Model of perfection
107 Memorable astronaut Grissom
108 Was the front-runner
110 Almost
112 When in church, does ——?
114 How fast did ——?
117 "Aladdin" prince
118 What the suspicious smell
119 Pater ——
120 Blarney, e.g.
121 Matched pieces
122 —— Plaines (Chicago suburb)
123 Indy 500 family
124 Army "caterpillar"

DOWN

1 George W.'s wife
2 Utah city
3 Warhol and Williams
4 Short-order dressing
5 Major U.S. carrier
6 Speed contestants
7 Actress Sommer
8 Straight routes
9 D-day vessel
10 Please the cook
11 Talking gibberish
12 Prefix with puncture
13 Claw
14 Phoned up
15 ——-Seltzer
16 Disaccustom gradually
17 Corp. execs' degrees, maybe
19 Classical musical
22 Mankind
24 Affectedly aesthetic
27 Japanese drama
31 Apr. 15 addressee
33 Whence the armless Venus
34 Vote-chaser, familiarly
35 Out of kilter
37 Guiding standard
39 How many schemes did ——?
40 Neighbor of Hong Kong
41 Lhasa —— (breed of terrier)
42 Smelting debris
43 How loud did ——?
44 Situated within the body
45 Kin of golly
48 "Right on!" in teen-speak
50 Chow hall
52 Escort's offering
53 Yankee manager Torre
54 No matter which
55 Kind of current
57 Imogene's co-star
58 Sp. miss
61 Dave's late-night rival
62 Robert who played Gershwin, 1945
63 Reel's partner
64 Filial relative
66 Alcohol base
68 On a winning streak
69 El ——
70 South American plain
71 Lincoln's 64-Down
72 She raised Cain
73 U.S. trade pact
74 Health facility
76 Similar to
77 Minus
79 Insulation-material trademark
81 Abbr. on a timetable
83 Croupier's implement
84 Coalition, for short
85 Makeup item
86 On a shopping spree
89 After an aitch
90 Country west of Syr.
92 Bank transaction
94 Safe place
95 Part of T.G.I.F.
96 Eccentric old guy
98 Beseech
100 Where Valletta is the capital
101 Drip-dry fabric
102 Moved sneakily
103 Use a word-processor
104 "Beauty —— beauty does"
105 Hill's go-with
106 Exude
109 One-named Art Deco designer
111 Wrong direction for Greeley
113 Wrath
114 Antelope that doesn't sound old
115 Countless ages
116 Voiced hesitations



ions to last week's puzzles appear on page 123.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PARLIA
OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE